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OF

**REV. JOSEPH EMERSON,**

PASTOR OF THE

THIRD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN BEVERLY, Ms.

AND SUBSEQUENTLY

PRINCIPAL OF A FEMALE SEMINARY.

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**BY REV. RALPH EMERSON,**

Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Theol. Sem. Andover, Ms.

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## PREFACE.

HAVE we not already enough of good biographies? perhaps some one may ask, as he very leisurely takes up this volume. The question shall speedily be answered. But first let a preparatory question or two be put to this inquirer. Have you, then, already become acquainted with as many good men as you wish to know?—and is there not much of the same benefit and pleasure to be derived from enlarging our acquaintance with the lives of the departed, as of those who are still with us?—and may it not be done with greater facility?—*Are* there, then, enough of good biographies already? No, we have *not* enough—nor shall we have, so long as God shall continue to raise up the fit subjects of such works. “History,” says an ancient, “is philosophy teaching by example.” Much more emphatically is this true of biography—the life and soul of history. The more fit examples for this purpose, the better. Each one has something new to teach, or to impress more vividly; and each has its special relations to particular circles and classes of men,

and to particular spheres of action. This is true biography in general.

But *christian* biography has something more exalted than mere human philosophy, to teach. It teaches the ways of God towards man in relation to an eternal and blessed existence.—Yes; and it will be studied, too, not merely in this world, but in the next. Biography is prized in heaven. The records of the judgment day, will give the disclosures of human life in relation to God. And the thrilling interest that will never flag during those long disclosures, will be the interest of biography. Nay, such exhibitions of man and of Providence, will forever continue to interest and profit those happy souls who delight supremely in the greatest wonders of creating and redeeming wisdom, love, and power.

If, then, it is desirable that earth should be made more like heaven, in its joys and its occupations, let it be filled with just and glowing biography. And if individuals would become better prepared for the upper world, let them devoutly peruse the lives of those who ‘have died in faith and gone to inherit the promises.’ This is the way to become acquainted with divinity, both for theory and practice. And hence it is, that God has so filled his own divine book with such sketches.

Possessing such views of christian biography, the author has been deeply impressed with the solemn responsibility to which Providence has called him, in the



preparation of the following work. It has, accordingly, been his devout aim, to bring to its execution, a spirit of candor, zeal, and christian love; and to cherish the solemn, yet joyful impression, throughout these labors, that he is to meet this dear departed brother in the eternal world; and to meet all who are to read this work.

Whether the present is a “good biography,” is not a question for the compiler to decide; but he may be permitted to say, that he has bestowed all the attention in his power, to render it a faithful and profitable account of “a good man.” Should this account be found useful to some preachers and some hearers of the gospel—to some teachers of youth and some learners of the best things—to some parents and some children; how rich will be the reward of this labor. To this end, the subject of this volume has been permitted to speak extensively for himself, by extracts from his letters and other productions. The revision of these letters, many of them precious memorials of affection, has often filled a brother’s heart with a rush of mingled emotions, that compelled him to drop the affecting relic and suspend “the pleasing, painful task.” The perusal, however, cannot thus touch the heart of a stranger; and the selections for publication, have been made with a view to *usefulness*, rather than to *effect*.

The gratitude of the compiler is here tendered to the kind friends who have forwarded these letters, or in other ways have aided his labors.

Perhaps a few readers may prefer to commence with the account of his ancestors, contained in the *appendix*, and which was originally designed to precede the small portion of autobiography, now placed at the beginning. The reasons which induced the subject of this work to commence these notices of his ancestors and himself, will appear in the sequel. Had he been spared to complete the design, we should have heard less of himself, and perhaps more of the age in which he lived.

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## CHAPTER I.

### HIS INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD.

*Birth—Constitution early impaired—Reflections on his baptism—Early education, physical, and literary—Anecdotes—Happy effect of early discipline—Influence of agricultural training on future character.*

Shortly before his decease, my brother dictated the following notices of his early life, in connexion with the sketch of his ancestors, contained in the appendix.

I was born at Holles, N. H. Oct. 13, 1777, four days before the surrender of Burgoyne,—perhaps on the very day, on which his proud, haughty, stubborn heart was made to bow and say, “*I must submit to these rebels.*” It was the brightest day during our struggle with our cruel mother country. Then did the God of armies most propitiously smile upon our arms, and turn the tremendous scale of destiny in our favor. But as I took no part in the glorious scenes, I can claim no praise for having been born at a crisis so peculiarly auspicious to us and to the world.

When my father first saw me, his heart devoted me to the ministry and gave me my present name, principally from regard to my great grandfather of Malden. Of this, I was early informed; and was afterwards generally impressed and pleased with the thought, that this was to be my profession. This impression probably had some influ-

ence to form my character—to render my morals a little more strict, my deportment a little more grave, and my meditations a little more serious, than otherwise they would have been; and perhaps actually proved the occasion of what has since come to pass in relation to this subject. If parents would thus early devote their sons to the ministry, and pray for them and educate them with any good degree of consistency, no doubt we should have a supply of faithful ministers.

When I was about six months old, I was smitten by severe disease, which lasted more than a year, and was often considered dangerous. It seemed greatly to impair my constitution, and perhaps laid the foundation of succeeding infirmities.\* In my earlier days, however, the evil effects of this disease, seem to have been in a great measure warded off by physical education—by being properly supplied with food, with sleep, with air, with exercise, with exposure, with shelter and with pleasant pursuits. O, that my education in other respects had not been incomparably less excellent.

*Baptism of my infancy.* This I consider as one of the greatest privileges I ever enjoyed. I do hope and trust, it has actually proved a blessing. Not that I consider it as regeneration, or as certainly connected with regeneration, or as conferring church-membership. Such opinions, I regard as incorrect and highly injurious—as having done infinite mischief. But to be thus publicly and solemnly devoted to the glorious Three, for time and for eternity, by tender, believing parents—to enjoy the special prayers of minister and church—this surely is a privilege that should not be lightly esteemed. To me, the wisdom of God appears most striking in this precious and most endearing ordinance, by which the parents are most solemnly bound to train up their children for God. Though many parents do most horribly violate these baptismal vows, and bring much reproach upon the institution, yet there is no doubt, that christians in general, who thus give up their children according to what they under-

\* Part of this complicated disease, was rickets. He was also afflicted with *taenia*, by which his life was in great jeopardy and which caused such extreme hunger that he was suffered to see no food except the portion which was deemed safe for him to eat. Relief from this part of the evil, was obtained by the use of angelica seed.

stand and feel to be the divine requirements, do much more for the salvation of their children, than if they had made no such public engagement. And I do believe, that this rite has been among the means that God has blessed for the conversion and salvation of myriads. O if pedo-baptist christians would perform but half their baptismal vows in relation to their children, how blessed would be the effect! how soon would the reproach of infant baptism, be taken away.

*My early Education.* This was extremely imperfect. My physical education was incomparably the best. This related to the preservation and improvement of bodily health, strength, etc. This was nearly, though in many respects perhaps not exactly what it should be. I had plenty of food of the most suitable kind, simple, nutritious, but not luxurious nor much stimulating. The first and last meal consisted generally of bread and milk, and the second of a little meat with one or two kinds of vegetables, and bread compounded of rye and indian. Such fare I received with a keen relish and entire satisfaction. Such was the fare of almost all around me. Sometimes, though not often, I was moderately feasted by a portion of pies, plain cakes, or white bread. I scarcely ever tasted tea or coffee. Probably I enjoyed my food quite as highly as those children, who now fare sumptuously every day, and found it much more conducive to health and vigor. I delighted to work, and still more to play. I did much of both. My labors were rendered much more pleasant by having a little axe or hatchet, a little hoe and a little rake accommodated to my boyish hands and boyish strength. My sports were numerous, and sufficiently abundant. These perhaps might have been almost entirely superceded, without any injury to body or mind, by more numerous and perfect implements of labor, by better instructions in the toils of the field, and by performing numerous philosophical experiments such as children may easily perform with a cheap apparatus, and a little instruction. Indeed all their instruments of labor and of sport and multitudes of other articles, may occasionally serve for philosophical apparatus. It is important, however, that they should have older children with them, who have already some acquaintance with the subject, to take the lead in the first operations, and to explain such



principles as can be easily understood. In this way, no doubt, the child may early and insensibly become a little practical and theoretic philosopher, with great advantage to his conduct, to his skill in useful operations, to his mental improvement and future science. As far as possible, practice and theory should always go together. Theory can hardly be understood without practice, nor practice improved without theory. Their separation has been the bane of both.

*The literary education of my childhood*, was much inferior—almost nothing. My parents taught me very little, and my teachers scarcely more. I did indeed attend school several months in a year, but it was attendance rather than attention. I did scarcely any thing. Almost my whole business was, to sit idly upon my seat through nearly the whole of the six long, long, tedious hours of the school. Fifteen or twenty minutes might have been taken up in reading and spelling alone, four times a day. In all this there was scarcely any benefit. It conduced rather to dulness than to energy. It may indeed have had some effect to promote subordination and patience. But what a grievous loss! How much useful knowledge and important habit might have been gained, had I been properly stimulated and properly taught. Some have supposed these years the most precious part of pupilage. There are subjects enough that children can easily and delightfully understand and profitably pursue.

At eight or ten years of age, I was placed in a class, and taught to study my lessons. This rendered my literary pursuits somewhat more pleasant and profitable. But little progress was made, compared with what might have been. Besides reading, writing and spelling, at the district school, I paid some attention to English Grammar and Arithmetic. The latter interested me much, and I made some progress; but my attention to Grammar was perhaps worse than lost. The greatest advantage I then derived at school, was in reading the New Testament, with some parts of which I was very much interested. This was much the best religious instruction I then had.

My attention was much more roused to literature by committing to memory and declaiming facetious compositions for the amusement of my friends. These I could



understand and feel, and they greatly helped to improve my reading.

Reading Pilgrim's Progress had a still greater effect. I believed every word to be literally true. A good old man was kind enough to tell me, that every part of it had a striking and wonderful spiritual meaning. I thought him an old fool, and still chose to retain my opinion.

Still more interesting and stimulating, was the reading of Milton's Paradise Lost. Having heard a part of the story of it with the most thrilling emotions, I longed most ardently to read it.

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This is the last sentence of his narrative, as dictated by my brother to his youngest daughter, as she sat by his dying bed. Alas—it has closed when just begun! Would that he might have been spared to trace, in his own peculiar style, at least a few more lineaments in the picture of his opening mind, glowing as it was with the seraphic spirit of poetry, and 'ardently longing to read of that Paradise which we had lost by sin.' But God saw fit that here his labor should thus abruptly end, and his spirit be called to enter the Paradise regained by a Savior's blood. Bowing to the divine will, we must say, *Even so, amen!* Thanks to that God that spared his frail life so long; and thus gave him *a delight to work while the day should last.* Were his beloved pupils and intimate friends now present, they would unitedly bend the knee with me to implore that grace I so deeply need in attempting to continue this narrative. May it be simply for God's glory and the best good of those who may read it.

Being younger than himself by ten years, I can personally recollect no facts respecting his childhood. Before closing this chapter, however, I will adduce one or two which I have learned from his acquaintances.

At the earliest period, he was distinguished for the frank declaration of truth. If, for instance, any disturbance occurred in school, his teacher would always rely on his honesty to confess or to declare the facts in the case, when called upon.

The same frankness early appeared in the expression of his opinions; and that perhaps in cases where nothing but

his honesty could apologise for the seeming impudence. A very respectable townsman, whose early trade was that of a shoemaker, and who for a while possessed but little property, used often pleasantly to relate the following short dialogue that passed between them. While Joseph was one day amusing himself in his shop by pounding leather, he noticed stones instead of andirons in the fire-place. "What do you have them stones there for? My father has andirons. Why don't you?" "O, I am a poor man. I can't afford to have andirons." He continued pounding, and in a thoughtful mood, and nothing more was said for some time. When the good man had forgotten what had passed, he was suddenly accosted again: "I don't believe that is the reason!" "The reason for what?" "The reason why you don't have andirons." "Well, what then do *you* think it *is*?" "I believe it is because you are too *shiftless!*" This was all as soberly said by him, as it was indulgently heard and pleasantly rehearsed by the kind neighbor.

Few that have been intimately acquainted with my brother, will here fail to recognize the germination of traits which were afterwards prominent in his character. He was himself habitually and deeply impressed with his inbred propensity to an abrupt, if not a blunt declaration of his independent opinion; and while he labored to cultivate a real independence of judgment as a sterling excellence in the pursuit of truth, he prayed much and labored much to soften the expression of his opinions, and to adapt his language to the persons he addressed and the circumstances in which he spoke. He often cautioned other members of the family against this propensity to bluntness, of which he was so conscious, calling it "that portion of old father Moody which some of us inherit." Indeed, he carried his caution to such an extent, as more frequently to err on the score of extreme delicacy, than that of bluntness, in the expression of adverse opinions, and in administering reproof. Whether it was from native feeling or acquired habit, no man would less readily wound the ear or the heart of a friend.

Another anecdote of his early childhood, I may here mention, which will serve to illustrate at once his native temperament and the power of early discipline. I have it from my sister Smith, who took the chief care of him in

his tender years, my mother being often too feeble. He was naturally irritable and impetuous. His friends may have supposed the reverse, but my sister assures me of the fact. At about the age of three or four years, he one day flew at his sister Hannah, in a great rage, and began to kick her. Upon this, Ama, (now Mrs. S.) took him by the arms, and holding him fast, remonstrated with him in the most serious and decided tones, for a good while. At length, all at once, he submitted; his hands dropped supine at his sides; and she never afterwards witnessed in him the like exhibition of temper; and probably no one else witnessed the like, from that time to his death. Passion, indeed, he doubtless afterwards felt, and sometimes exhibited in a degree. It would glare for a moment, says Mrs. S., in his eye, and then fade back into mildness. For myself, I can say, that I have not the least recollection of any indication of anger during his life; but my recollections of him are imperfect previous to the time when grace had increased what discipline began. How blessed are the effects of right discipline at the right time. What a decided victory did it help him thus early to gain. How much trouble and pain may it have prevented to his parents, playfellows, schoolmates, and more important associates in active life. And how much positive good may it have occasioned, by contributing to turn the strong tide of his passions into the prolific channels of sympathy and love. And who can tell the influence it may have exerted, under the providence and Spirit of God, on the early subjugation of his heart to the obedience of the faith! Had the masculine mother of Bonaparte, instead of encouraging his unhallowed and ambitious spirit, but rightly interposed the check of timely discipline, that man of blood might perhaps early have become, (what his ungodly companions began to fear of him under the pressure of his final exile,) a "METHODIST," a pious man, perchance a mighty preacher of righteousness. Surely the time will come when the christian discipline of children will be better understood and better administered, in the spirit of mingled firmness, love and faith, and with suitable appeals to the conscience. *Not till then*, will the little Bonapartes, and Nebuchadnezzars, and Manassehs be saved from a life of blood, and bitter repentance in exile from among men, and the earth be afflicted with war no more.

Still, we are not to attribute too much to the power of early education, lest by extravagant theory we destroy all faith in its real power. What it appears to do for one, it may not effect for another. There are springs in the complicated machinery of human action, that none but the eye of the Omniscient can see, and no finger but his can touch.

As it respects my brother's readiness to labor, of which he speaks, I have no doubt, but as to the amount which he performed on the farm, I doubt whether his statement, as it is liable to be understood, will convey a right impression: and as physical education now justly claims so much attention, it may not be improper to enlarge the statement, especially as it respects one who was always an invalid, and whose constitution might perhaps have been further benefitted by more of such labor. I well recollect his dexterity and delight in raking hay. Some of the other employments of the farmer, he may also have understood: but I greatly doubt whether he ever understood or performed much of such business. His early life was frequently a topic of remark by my father in my hearing; but while he gave him large credit for other and more important things, there was but little on the score of manual labor. No charge of idleness was ever hinted; but a want of adapt- edness to the business of a farm, was a frequent theme, and one that was occasionally illustrated by examples that would make a farmer smile. One day, my father set him to drive oxen at the plough. He took the whip for the purpose, and very honestly went, as it happened, to the *off-side*. The whip was resumed, and his labors in that department dispensed with. In fact he never knew how to speak to an ox or a horse, nor how to take care of either—a deficiency of which himself seemed less conscious than his animal. God had made him for other cares, and to these higher cares his father had dedicated him in infancy. And as no expectation was entertained of his becoming a farmer, probably but little effort was made to enlist his feelings or improve his skill in those parts of business for which he discovered no particular taste. His health was also too frail for very efficient labor. Our tender mother, while she lived, was at least sufficiently afraid that her sons would be injured by hard work; and he was pretty early dismissed to his studies in

preparation for college. Had he labored longer on the farm, and become more familiar with the complicated routine of its manly, invigorating, and improving occupations, it might have given him more vigor of constitution, while it could not have failed to benefit his practical judgment in all human affairs. I know of no occupation so well adapted to produce this last mentioned and very desirable effect, as that of the farmer. Common sense is every thing to the farmer, and must be kept in constant requisition. A tact for devising expedients to the accomplishment of the details of his business, is incessantly cultivated. The mechanic may work merely *by rule*, and thus himself become almost a machine—very exact and nice, so far as his rules will guide him, but nonplussed when these fail. His mental effort, in that case, becomes chiefly that of the memory, not the judgment. Not so with the farmer. Constantly compelled to act in new circumstances, for which he has no specific rule, he is called to continual acts of independent judgment. Every foot of fence that he makes, every step that he guides the plough, every stroke with the scythe, the sickle, or the hoe, demands a fresh and prompt exercise of practical judgment. So does the estimate, the care, and the management of his animals. Thus the farmer becomes what himself so significantly designates by the term, *a man of common sense*. Practical philosophy is his pursuit from morning to night. Thus the New-England youth, bred on the paternal farm, may thence shape his course for any profession, and excel in it those who have done nothing but to study for that profession. Master of expedients, inured to hardship, and acquainted with common character, he may go to the ends of the earth, and take the lead in any business. Give us then the farm, in preference to any other school, for both physical and mental improvement, during a suitable portion of the period of youth.

The invigorating *sports* of my brother, were longer pursued; and, as himself intimates, with a keener relish. Few could propel or catch the ball like him; and he was long remembered on the tennis common. He was also fond of fishing, and hunting, and skating. Still these pursuits were not regarded as his business, but his recreation, to prepare him the better for efficient study. But



whether to work, to study, or to play, it was done with his might.

I may as well observe here as any where, that in person, my brother was tall, and slender, in proportion to his size, lacking an inch or two of six feet in height;—alert in his motions, but not strong. In the latter part of life, he was bowed and emaciated by disease. His countenance was rather dark, and his eyes hazel, with a mild expression.

Some incidental remarks respecting himself while at the common school, will be found in the next chapter, in connection with other matters from his own pen.

In early life, he was facetious, and also rather fond of what are termed *practical jokes*. A vein of pleasantry, indeed, ran through his whole life; but well subdued and modified in maturer days.

One more fact is worthy of a place among the memoranda of his early years. It has been said of him, that, when quite young, and in the absence of my father, he would ask a blessing and return thanks, at the family table, with great solemnity and propriety.

## CHAPTER II.

FROM HIS CHILDHOOD TO HIS GRADUATION AT COLLEGE.

*At the Academy—Enters College—Relinquishes a project of leaving Harvard for Dartmouth—Influence of emulation on his character and studies—Death of a young brother—Religious state of the College.*

I have been able to learn but little concerning him during his studies preparatory for admission to college. A part of this time, perhaps the whole of it, he was at the academy in New-Ipswich, N. H., then under the care of Mr. Hubbard, who was afterwards professor in Dartmouth College. But I have no facts illustrative of his character or his proficiency in study while there, except the flattering mention of him in my hearing, some years after, by Esq. Hartwell, in whose family he boarded.

In the year 1794, he entered the freshmen class in Cambridge College, in the seventeenth year of his age, at the time when his oldest brother Daniel, since dead, left it. At the close of his first year in college, as appears from the following letter, he made arrangements for removing to Dartmouth College. I insert the letter entire, as much for the purpose of showing the characteristics of his mind at that period, as for the account it contains of his circumstances. It is addressed to Mr. Stephen Bemis, then a student at Dartmouth.

*Cambridge, Sept. 24, 1795.*

MY FRIEND,—Since I am greatly pressed for time, I shall say, what I have to say, in our vernacular tongue. When I saw you last, I expressed some intentions to dissolve my present connections, and to become your classmate. All this I suppose you took to be a mere jest, and thought my words were rather intended to keep conversation alive, than to signify any real design to leave my present habitation. Whether you understood me to be in earnest or not, I



cannot tell; but I assure you, what I said was the real expectation of my heart. My intentions increased continually by slow degrees until commencement. After I went home in vacation, they soon grew to a resolution, which every day became more fixed; and one thing, which served to strengthen it, was, that I did not expect a room in college, and it would not be convenient living out in town. I carried my determination so far, that I even provided means for my transportation, and thought there were at least ten chances that I should go, to one that I should not. A few days before our vacation expired, I made a journey to Cambridge, in order to dissolve my connections. Upon my arrival here, I found the government had assigned me an excellent room; other circumstances too seemed to rise up and forbid my leaving this antiquated seat of literature.

Frequently did the many pleasing hours, I had spent here, recur to my mind, and frequently did my heart palpitate with the great esteem I had for many of my class. Sweet was the remembrance of past times. I went immediately to Charlestown, where I found my brother, who used many arguments, and reminded me of many circumstances, before unthought of, all of which tended to dissuade me from my former determinations. The next day I returned to Cambridge, where I reviewed my transactions, and weighed, as justly as was in my power, every circumstance. One minute, some advantage peculiar to your college, would so forcibly impress my mind, that I was fully determined to take up my connections here and go to Hanover; the next, some circumstance peculiar to Harvard, would directly invert my mind. One moment I figured to myself, how I should be transported in walking with you upon your delightful green, on the fertile margin of that beauteous river; the next, I considered that my mother's life was not expected from one month's end to another's, and I should not hear from home once in three months. Thus was my mind alternately agitated between two resolutions, till I at last fixed upon a determination, which I fear will seclude me from your presence for a longer time than I shall patiently wait. Yet, thanks to old Cadmus,\* I have one consolation left; I hope the short

\* Alluding to the alphabet, a portion of which was introduced into Greece by Cadmus.

distance of one hundred and forty miles, or less, will not entirely cut off all means of conversation, and flatter myself that I shall frequently receive such pleasing portions of your thoughts, by the medium of letters, as shall be like the balm of Gilead to my soul, and afford infinite comfort to my mind.

I have a thousand things to write; yet a thousand things must go unwritten at present, since I have neither time nor room to write them.

O may Minerva seat you on her throne,  
May all the muses own you for their son.

Yours, εἰς τὸν αἰῶνα

J. EMERSON.

Thus the scale barely turned in favor of his remaining at Cambridge,—and so turning, virtually decided his whole destination for future life. Scarcely can a more important thing be named in the external circumstances of a young man, than that of the college at which he is to complete his early course of study. There, peculiarly, is his mind to be shaped, and his intimacies to be formed with those who are to act their part with him in the drama of life: and from that point he takes his destination in respect to all that is to follow. Had my brother, for instance, removed to Dartmouth, he might never have resided for a day in any one of the places in which he afterwards abode for years; and perhaps would never have seen one out of a hundred of those who have since become endeared to him by relations which are to last for eternity. Whether he would have done more or less good in the world, or have been more or less happy, we cannot conjecture; but the consequences would doubtless have been widely diverse to himself and to others. The contemplative youth, the parent, the guardian, who takes this view of the complicated wheels of Providence, will never decide a question so deeply fraught with unknown consequences, without first committing his way to that God “who knoweth the end from the beginning.” So trivial a circumstance as the ‘accommodations of a room,’ will weigh but little in the scale of duty, which is lifted for the balance of *moral probabilities*, not temporary convenience.

The "room," however, was not the only thing with my brother, in this case, though it came to have a serious bearing on the question: but it has been intimated to me, by a respected correspondent, that it was an early trait in his character to vibrate, and to decide questions sometimes from the circumstances of the moment, especially when feelings of friendship were involved in the decision. The above letter appears, indeed, to bear such an impress; but he subsequently learnt a more divine logic.

I shall here subjoin some connected extracts, taken from two pieces of his on *emulation* as a proper stimulus to effort. The first of these pieces was published in the Connecticut Observer, of 1828; and the other in the Annals of Education, for 1832, vol. ii. p. 354. While these extracts will cast light on the period of his college life, they will be found also to reflect back considerable upon the earlier period of his childhood.

It may be proper, before the extracts, to remark, that my brother expressly defines the sense in which he uses the term *emulation*, being the same as the scripture use of it in Romans xi. 14, where Paul speaks of 'provoking to emulation them which were his own flesh'—'a desire to do more than others in what is just and good,'—not an unhallowed and envious ambition. Had the term been uniformly employed in this sense by others, and had all been able, from their personal experience, to enter into its genuine import, there would have been less dispute respecting the *thing*, if not concerning the means to be employed for exciting it. But we proceed to the extracts, the principal object of which is not here so much the *discussion* as the historic allusions it contains to my brother's early history.

"*Experience* has taught me to favor the use of emulation. And here I must beg for the utmost exercise of candor, to overlook the apparent egotism of stating my own experience. This is my strong hold. At least next to the bible itself, which bids me regard whatsoever things are excellent, and covet earnestly the best gifts, experience is my strong hold, from which it seems to me, I can never be driven. Is it not most unpropitious to the progress of mental philosophy, that a person can hardly publish the exercises of his own mind, but at the risk of his character?

Presuming upon the indulgence of my readers, I will venture to testify a few things, that I know, upon this subject.

“ I have not felt those dreadful effects from emulation, that many fear—that many think inseparable from its vigorous exercise. I do acknowledge my indebtedness to emulation. If any mental principle has ever done me good, it is assuredly this; though not indeed without some alloy of evil. Most confident I am, that it has conduced to restrain me from many evils—that it has conduced to make me more industrious, more orderly, more obedient to parents and teachers, more moral, more knowing—that, if I am truly religious, it has conduced to make me such, to make me a better christian, a better teacher, a better minister.

“ But these are only general statements. The argument would be entirely defective, if I did not descend to particulars. I felt the power of emulation in early childhood. I felt it in my boyish sports, in my rustic toils, in the beginning of my literary pursuits. It roused my activity, and made me run to my labor, as well as to my school, and to my play. Sometimes I had the happiness to outstrip others; but often saw my fellows before me in the race. I trust I was not much exercised with envy for the latter, nor contempt for the former. I did indeed feel contempt for those, who seemed to be scarcely touched with the spur of emulation, and whom I could hardly regard as my competitors.

“ And now I must be allowed most solemnly to testify, that according to the best of my recollection, I never indulged in hating a rival; no, not for an hour; nor had occasion to strive against it. If, for a moment, I ever felt the stir of envy, in consequence of sudden and grievous discomfiture, it was but for a moment. It was but the lightning's stroke upon the tranquil sea; when, instantly all is smooth and peaceful. Nay, my rivals have been among my dearest friends. This was especially the case with my greatest rival; not indeed the greatest in genius or attainments; but the greatest in contest; by whom I have been the most outdone. As my argument rests much upon this case, more than upon any other of my experience, I must beg leave to state it with some particularity. Our contest was at school, in our boyish days, at

the age of twelve, thirteen, and fourteen. He was about a year younger than myself. HONESTY seemed to be written in large capitals upon his face. Doubtless he was in this respect, such a one as Shakespeare would pronounce 'one of ten thousand.' Neither of us had then much to fear from any other rival. The contest was in spelling and writing. In these he won the meed and the prize. But I did not hate; did not envy. I felt no disposition to complain of him or of the teacher. I felt that he had gained every inch of advantage by fair means, by lawful striving; and that he deserved to be thus openly crowned. And I believe the whole school rejoiced to see such honor conferred upon one, who, though not a leader in sports, not eloquent, not facetious, not possessed of any special personal attraction, except that *honest look*, yet one who never injured them, who gave them such an example of punctuality, application, and patience, and who perhaps never received from his teacher one word or look of displeasure.

"It is worthy of special notice, that while we were thus emulously pressing towards the mark, we often aided each other in the race; and I believe neither of us ever did the least thing to retard his fellow. When our associates were engaged in sports, we were sometimes employed together, in pronouncing words to each other in the spelling lesson, each aiding his competitor to gain the ascendancy. This was done, as I trust, without the least unpleasant emotion. This mutual kind feeling, I am confident, has never ceased; though I know no reason for my special attachment to him, but his good conduct. Had he won the prize by unlawful means, no doubt my resentment, my envy, my fierce wrath, would have been kindled; and our contentions might have been almost like the bars of a castle.

"The stimulating influence of such a friend and rival, I consider one of the greatest blessings I ever enjoyed. To be seated continually at his side, sometimes above him, though more frequently below him, to see his intense application, his untiring patience, his vigorous efforts for improvement, his unexceptionable morals, and propriety of conduct—could not but be favorable to my progress. It might indeed have been salutary in a mere friend, but much more so in a rival. If I have been enabled in any



measure to benefit others, I have probably owed it more to that boy, than to any literary teacher. Nearly similar, as it respects the feelings excited, have been all the literary competitions of my pupilage. I cannot doubt that they conduced to preserve me from idleness, from truantship, from animosity and misrule.

“The effects of my emulation at college were happier still. There its influence was more energetic. I was particularly excited by the exhortation of an elder brother, who panted for my improvement. I can never forget the force with which his words dropped upon my heart. “From two-thirds of your class,” said he, “you have nothing to fear. With the other third, you must dispute every inch.” Kindled to enthusiasm, I bounded forward in the race. But it was not a race of malice. My chosen, my dearest associates were almost wholly from among those, from whom alone, as rivals, I had any thing to fear—with whom I delighted to reciprocate instruction to the very utmost. I never grieved, I always rejoiced, to hear their correct and ready answers, their fine translations, their commanding eloquence, their thrilling rhetoric, and every performance suited to awaken in the teachers the glad *well done*. Nor did I rejoice, but always mourned, when they manifestly failed of their wonted excellence. I do not recollect ever to have had a contention with any of them, unless the most friendly contending for eminence is contention. I never was displeased with their good performances; but only stimulated to desire and strive to do as well—if possible, to do better. Nor was I grieved or envious, when some of them, by more honorable appointments, were placed before me. If they had not surpassed me in diligence and good conduct, they had been favored with superior talents and superior health. I felt that they had fairly earned the meed they enjoyed.

“My emulation was considerably quickened by regard for a most honored father, from whose funds were all my pecuniary supplies. I wished that a good report might be truly made to him of my conduct and my scholarship; and I had scarcely any idea of scholarship, but by comparison with my fellows.

“A still happier effect, which I then most probably realized from emulation, was, that it apparently delivered me from the destructive influence of the theatre. It delivered



me when I was actually sinking in deep mire. It would have been better still, if it had saved me entirely from the polluting touch of that moral pestilence. This it did not do. With grief and shame, I must confess, that neither this, nor a religious education, nor studious habits, nor all these and other motives united, did entirely prevent me from entering that school of vice. A few times I attended. With the honest gains of a most tender father, and without his consent or knowledge, I purchased this jeopardy of my soul. This I did to the neglect of my studies, to the neglect of college exercises, to gratify a vain and wicked curiosity. I violated a wholesome law of the college, that I had particularly bound myself to keep. I sent a false excuse to my teacher, for neglecting a recitation. This was a sudden and tremendous plunge from virtuous habits, which is probably not very frequent in the history of ruin. Nor was this the worst. I was charmed, I was infatuated with what I had seen and heard. My heart was often dancing to the syren song of '*The merry, merry mountaineers.*' It echoed back upon recollection, when I should have been absorbed in study. And when I consider what powerful restraints I overcame, how aggravated were my offences, I have reason for admiring gratitude, that I was not given up to my own lusts a prey—that I was delivered as from the very jaws of the lion. Of this deliverance, I consider emulation as having been, under Providence, the principal cause. By emulation, I had acquired studious habits, a relish for books, and a lively sensibility to character. These, for a time, were depressed by theatrical enchantment. But soon the glare of the stage became somewhat dimmed, these forces resumed their ascendancy, and those chambers of death were forever forsaken. But for emulation, I might have gone from the theatre to haunts more infamous, and from those haunts to the eternal pit.

“Soon after that great deliverance, (probably the greatest ever conferred upon me by the providence of God,) my attention was powerfully arrested to the concerns of immortality, in the midst of the excitements of emulation, without any particular cause that I now recollect. The place of my residence was the very frigid zone of religious feeling. Not that emulation directly produced this solemn impression. There was nothing around me that was

sued to provoke to serious emulation. And ere long, as I humbly hope, I was brought, though not in that place, to embrace the Savior.

‘Thus it really appears to me, that I have derived from emulation several important advantages, which without it, I should in all probability never have enjoyed.

“In conclusion, therefore, I must be at the greatest remove from thinking it possible, that this fundamental principle of our nature is evil and only evil continually.”

Those who were intimate with my brother, will recognize his image at once in the above extracts, and to such I need make no comment, and no apology. But to those who knew him not, I feel bound, in justice to his character, to say, that the aspect of egotism here, for which he apologises, was the offspring of a far different principle—an enthusiasm in moral science, which would prompt him at any time, to subject his own character, his own heart even, to the anatomist. In the voluntary and almost too thorough discharge of the self-denying office, he has here preferred a charge against himself, of which I presume he would never have been thought guilty, viz. that of ‘sending a false excuse to his teacher.’ The like plain dealing with himself, is elsewhere to be met with in his writings: and were it not that this is the scripture manner of giving biographical sketches, I might be more tempted to draw the pen over such passages, pleading in my justification the old and good natured adage, *Nil de mortuis nisi bonum*. But were his spirit to witness the obliteration, would it not rebuke the presumption of thus marring the truth of the picture, and preferring the authority of a *heathen adage* to the inspired example of sacred history? I shall then let such passages stand, and shall endeavor to aim at the like honesty in what I adduce from other sources. Man must be presented as he is, if we are to instruct from real life, instead of amusing the reader with fiction.

The conservative influence of emulation, was by no means peculiar to my brother. Were it meet, I could name a very distinguished scholar at Yale, and who is now a no less distinguished preacher in one of our cities, who declared, in my hearing, more than twenty years ago, that nothing but his ambition kept him back from absolute profligacy and ruin, while in college. I could mention

many other instances, in which I have no doubt of the same salutary effect. This effect is too commonly overlooked in the discussion; and may serve at least to console us under the serious moral evils which are often found, in fact, as attendants on literary as well as political competition. Comparatively few emulous spirits, I fear, are found possessed of such magnanimity as to *love* a rival in proportion as his excellent qualities enforce their *respect*. Still it is clear that Paul would fain rouse us to a holy emulation; and it is our own fault here, as in every thing else, if our emotions are not holy.

While in college, my brother suffered much from sickness. Indeed, he was always an invalid. He also kept school some portion of the time, as in Holles, in the winter of 1796-7. Still his scholarship was respectable, as is indicated by the part assigned him on taking his first degree, viz. a forensic disputation, in which he is said to have acquitted himself well.

In reference to the terms of profound respect in which he speaks of the performances of some of his classmates, it may afford some explanation to state, that his class was distinguished by the names of such men as Story and Channing.

But a still more important topic than merely that of the developement and cultivation of his intellectual powers, now claims our attention. It was during the third year of his college course, that he hopefully passed from death to life. For several years, there had prevailed, in his native place, an uncommon degree of attention to the "great salvation," and many, in gradual succession, had been added to the church. Here he had spent his vacations, enjoying not only the preaching, but the familiar society of his brother-in-law, Mr. S., and, as will be seen by subsequent notices from his pen, it was to these means chiefly, under God, that he attributed his conversion from sin. When he offered himself as a candidate for the communion of the church, he presented a written statement of his religious views and feelings, for the satisfaction of the brethren. Such was then the custom in that church, and such it continued till within a few years. These written statements were read before the whole congregation at the close of the services on the Sabbath, two or three weeks before the season of communion, at which the candidate

was to present himself for admission to the church, provided no objection should be brought against him. The public reading of these "*relations of experience*," as they were called, was often immensely solemn, and not unfrequently proved the occasion of an effectual impression on the minds of some who had before remained obdurate. What added much to the effect on some minds, was the circumstance, that during the reading by the pastor, in the pulpit, these candidates stood before the assembly in the broad aisle, thus appearing as though they came out from the world to be separate, as at the day of judgment, while there was openly declared what God had done for their souls. Many a time did this prove too much to be resisted by the stout heart of an unbelieving husband, or wife, or parent, or gay companion.—Still there are, doubtless, evils to be apprehended from such a custom; and it is not my object to complain of its discontinuance.

The following is the statement presented by my brother, as found in the archives of the church. I give it simply as containing an authentic and solemn declaration of the religious state of his mind at that momentous period, and not for any special excellence in the execution.

#### TO THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IN HOLLES.

The great Jehovah, who is ever calling to the sons of men, sometimes in the thunder of his providence, and sometimes in a still, small voice, to repent, return and live, has frequently called my attention to religion. But with shame I acknowledge, that I have resisted conviction, and in my heart said to the heavenly messenger, go thy way for this time, at a more convenient season I will call for thee. Many excuses did I frame to justify my neglect of religion. Sometimes I have thought that, as I did not allow myself in the practice of any known vice, as my moral character was in a degree unspotted, that I had done nothing for which I could expect eternal misery; not considering that my heart was carnal, that it was at enmity against God, that my thoughts were evil continually. Sometimes I considered that an attention to religion would infringe on my college exercises; and thus neglected the one thing needful, for things infinitely less valuable. At other times, I cherished the idea that youth

was the spring of life, the season of gaiety; and why should I be sorrowful? that religion would deprive me of amusements, which I could not bear to relinquish;—thus exposing myself to eternal torments for a momentary gratification, unworthy of the name of happiness. Resting on pretences like these, such foolish, such impious pretences, I have lived for so many years, casting off fear, restraining prayer, without any grounds for hope, without God in the world; until of late, I trust, God, in infinite mercy, has been pleased to give me a view of the depravity of my heart, of my own insufficiency, of the fulness of Christ, of the beauty, consistency, and harmony of gospel doctrines, especially regeneration, the necessity of faith in Christ, the influence of the Holy Spirit, and election; and I hope and trust that I have in some degree tasted the transcendent beauties of religion, and seen that the Lord is good. Desirous to obey all the commands of Christ, and to comply with his institutions, I humbly present myself to join in full communion with this church, asking an interest in your addresses at the throne of grace for me, as the least of all saints, that, by divine assistance, I may exhibit to the world, and to my own conscience, a character, worthy of the honorable, the dignified name of CHRISTIAN.

JOSEPH EMERSON.

*Holles, August 5, 1797.*

Such are the views with which he publicly took the vows of God upon himself, in a good profession, which he continued ever afterwards to witness before men. Had not this document been designed for a promiscuous assembly, we may well suppose it would have been more minute and specific in some points respecting his moral and religious history. In one particular, I am able, from authentic information, to supply the defect, by mentioning the chief thing to which he alludes. The particular is that in which he speaks of his previous apprehension, 'that religion would deprive him of *amusements* which he could not bear to relinquish.' *Dancing* was the amusement which he felt and plead that he could not then relinquish for the sobriety of christian life. This "vain recreation," as the church covenant denominated it, had been but too common and too reputable among the youth of the first families in the place. He had practiced and enjoyed it much;



and now urged the plea, with those who pressed him to the duty of repentance, that he needed the relaxation and exercise which were thus afforded. It was the charm which held his soul for a while in bondage. When once broken, and the captive free, his frank avowal, as seen above, exhibits clearly the light in which his quickened conscience regarded the practice. And so doubtless does every conscience regard it in the like circumstances. Plead for the innocence of this amusement as we may, it still remains an unquestionable fact, that it has a powerful tendency *to keep the heart from God*. Of course it is morally wrong, in the shape in which it is actually practiced; and is fraught with the most deadly influence, as respects the practice of vital godliness among the professors of religion, and the salvation of such as are still impenitent.

The view which the church took of that prevalent practice, as expressed in the revision of their covenant, (I believe about that period,) together with the great revivals which ensued, had a powerful influence in speedily rendering the amusement disreputable and obsolete in the best circles. The effects of their decided course in doing away this enchanting temptation, have doubtless been the occasion of gratitude in the hearts of many who have since grown up in ignorance of the art, and unincumbered with its impediment to the great object of our existence. Some, however, murmured, at least for a while.

On the return of my brother to college, as appears from the following letters, he was brought low by sickness. I have heard him speak of one or two periods in his early life in which he was so reduced as to be unable to turn himself in bed, and his life was nearly despaired of: perhaps this was one. Our family, too, were at that time in deep affliction, from the inroads of mortal disease.

TO MRS. SMITH.

*Cambridge, Sept. 24, 1797.*

AFFLICTED AMA,—Most cordially, my sister, would I let fall a tear of sympathy with you, with all my bereaved friends; but tears are not mine; my eyes have long been dry, and grief will not moisten them. Your wounded



bosom bleeds afresh. But a few days have deprived you of two of the dearest, the choicest blessings of life. Your child, your only child is not. Our brother, the boy of your tender, your affectionate nursing, whom you have so often warmed in your bosom, and lulled to sweet repose, has likewise taken his flight to that land whence no traveller returns. Without doubt, these melancholy events have pierced your soul with pangs more poignant than I can feel, or perhaps conceive. I can imagine you, sitting in solitude, your heart overflowing with sad reflection, calling to mind the many hours of anxiety spent in fostering your brother and your child, and the pleasing sensations excited by a smile, or an articulate sound; and recollecting the anticipation of a thousand joys to be derived from their future society and welfare. Such consoling visions have now vanished; and I fear your grief is almost insupportable. Need I tell you where to apply for comfort? Surely the God of mercy will pity the broken-hearted daughters of affliction, who trust in him. Religion offers balm and oil for every wound. Adversity is a profitable school to the wise; for afflictions spring not from the dust, neither do troubles grow out of the ground. Dr. Young, notwithstanding all his lamentations, finally counted it among the greatest blessings of heaven, that his heart had bled. I hope you have already had cause to say, that it is good for you that you have been afflicted.

“ Our dying friends  
Are angels sent on errands full of love;  
For us they languish, and for us they die:  
And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?”

My disorder has almost entirely left me. I have plenty of appetite, begin to recover my flesh, am strong enough to step with ease from the floor into a chair, sit up almost the whole day, presume I could walk thirty rods, and think myself rapidly recovering. Expect to see Holles in about three weeks.

To another sister, now Mrs. S. Chapin, he thus writes the next day.

“ What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,  
To wake the soul to sense of future scenes?”

O my sister, it is a great, a difficult thing, in all circumstances, to feel as we ought. Resignation is a hard lesson

to be learnt. Verily we have lost a brother. The beauty of our family is gone. No more will his prattle delight us, no more will that fair countenance gladden our hearts, We mourn; we ought to mourn. Humanity demands, and nature cannot withhold a sigh. But we have reason to sing of mercy as well as judgment. While we mourn the loss of one brother, let us rejoice that the other, for many days equally dangerous, still survives. Have not you and I been brought almost to the brink of the grave? And who hath raised us to our present comfortable state? Bless the Lord, O our souls!

These children died of dysentery, then prevalent in the neighborhood. The son of his doubly afflicted sister, was but a year or two old. The other deceased child, her brother Samuel, had also been to her as a son; for from his birth, my mother saw not a well hour, and he had consequently been consigned to the special care of this sister. The other brother, W., who had been very sick, but was recovering, was a twin to the one who died. These facts will explain the peculiar language in the above letter.

Shall I here be indulged in a brief reminiscence of that day, to me so sad, yet so instructive? Though myself but a child at that time of desolating disease, yet the scene lives in my memory as one of yesterday. I beheld these twin brothers, both sickening on the same bed with alarming disease. At an early stage, W. was regarded as in the greatest danger, and his life began to be despaired of. At that crisis, the yearnings of my heart were beyond description. I seem, even now, to see the very spot in the pleasant pasture, where I walked mournfully by myself, as the sun was setting, and my spirit oppressed with the apprehension, that this brother, who now seemed quite the dearest to me, would die before another morning. My heart was continually exclaiming, "if one of them *must* die, O that it might be S.—he is not half so dear!"—And so indeed it came to pass. I had my childish preference in the dire alternative. For within three days, the balance turned. W. became convalescent; and S., feebly waving to and fro his emaciated hand, was heard, at intervals, uttering those shrill, hollow, dying moans, that seem still to pierce my soul.—The changed scene had changed my preference. "O that my dear S. now

might live ; and let W., or let myself die in his stead." Such were my real feelings in that early trial of an untaught heart.—Should some of my readers derive a portion of the benefit which the recollection of that scene has afforded me, my object will be gained, in a digression so personal. I hope I have gratefully experienced its aid, in curing me forever of such baseless and extravagant *preferences for departing good*. It has also led me more highly to estimate *continued* blessings, by forestalling the view of their departure.

We return to the subject of this memoir. The following letter is to his brother Smith, already named. It will be read with special interest by such as are desirous of knowing the religious history of Cambridge College at an important period in its modern progress.

*Cambridge, March 17, 1798.*

RESPECTED BROTHER,—I returned to college this term with a determination to cast off the fear of a fellow worm, and to shew that I am not ashamed of our common cause. Upon such subjects, however, a degree of prudence is to be used. Nothing tends more to disgust, than an ostentatious parade of religion. But I am persuaded men are much more apt to neglect favorable opportunities for religious conversation, than to introduce such topics unseasonably. Every friend to the cause of Immanuel, ought, with great assiduity, to strive to improve every opportunity of speaking well of his glorious Lord and Master. Religion, pure, vital, undefiled religion, we have reason to fear, is growing more and more unfashionable. This appears to be the triumphant opinion of many, the language of whose conduct is, "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." They sometimes profess to believe the bible, and tell of the excellencies of christianity ; make great professions of philanthropy, and pretend to rejoice at the great liberality of sentiment which appears so prevalent. Rather than harbor a thought, that the doctrines preached by Calvin and his followers can be possible, they would not only relinquish the everlasting basis of the christian hope, but even abandon themselves to all the horrors of atheism. Believe Hopkinsianism ! Sooner than be guilty

of an absurdity so glaring, they would point to the grave, and exclaim, "*the place of eternal rest!*"

But, my beloved brother, these things ought not to move the friends to those doctrines which so often flowed from the lips of the Lamb of God, and from the lips of holy men who spake as they were moved. Were all the sophistical arguments in the whole hemisphere of learned error, to be collected, and their essence extracted, it would never form a single truth. Let us then take the bible for the man of our counsel, search it with indefatigable perseverance, and fervently pray to the Father of lights to protect us from error, and smile with benignity on our attempts to know the truth.

You must not expect to find in my letter the regularity of a Hopkinsian sermon. I write my thoughts as they rise. I was telling you, that I resolved not to be ashamed to confess even to the most hardened infidelity itself, that *Jesus was, and is, and ever will continue to be, the Christ*, etc. It gives me no small degree of pleasure to find, that some of my class profess their belief in the necessity of regeneration. With some of these, I have had considerable conversation, and some have been led to think, from some of my observations, that between me and a Hopkinian, the difference is small. Such an idea circulates among I know not how many. Some would rather see me an atheist; others affect to pity my credulity; some ridicule my superstition, while they think it no matter what a person believes, provided he conducts with a tolerable degree of propriety.

My health is such that I study very little. Cease not to pray for your affectionate brother,

J. EMERSON.

In colleges, and other communities, revolutions in religious opinion are not the work of a day. No changes among men are so important in their results, both for this life and the future. The causes, then, and the progress of such changes, are of supreme interest to the philosopher, the christian, and the philanthropist. In this view, the above letter possesses a special interest, as already intimated. It gives us a simple view of the religious feelings and antipathies then predominant within the walls of

the college, at least among the undergraduates. This account, too, we have, not from an enemy to the institution, who might be disposed to prophecy evil, and to exaggerate its indications, but from one of its own sons, then in its bosom, and who hoped better things, and was earnestly engaged to effect better things. It seems that then there existed that sickly sentimentality which is sometimes heard uttering the plaintive moan of "charity" in behalf of error, and even of infidelity, while at the same time it is full of asperity towards all who have any zeal for godliness. I know not a more ill-boding prognostic than this, to be found in any seminary or any community. It is not charity itself, (that holy *love* which Paul commends,) but is rather a cloak, but ill assumed, to hide the want of this cardinal grace.

But though these indications of evil were thus early visible among the students, now perhaps equally corrupted in habits by the vices of the neighboring metropolis; it was not till some years after, that the college itself was completely revolutionized in its officers and guardians. Time was requisite for the leaven to spread, and to infect the greater fountains of influence and collegiate control. Time was requisite for a somewhat sounder generation, then asleep in those seats of influence, to pass away, and their places to be filled by men whose religious feelings and principles were forming under the moral influences at that time predominant in this ancient seat of learning.

A few words more may be requisite, however, in this brief sketch of one of the most important events that demand our notice in connection with the subject of this memoir. It is not to be supposed that the religious principles of those students who were imbibing a prejudice against Calvinism, at once became fixed and definite in their final shape, in opposition to the generally received doctrines of the gospel. All which the candid observer would remark on this stage of the progress, is the existence of a great and undeniable influence, existing in the current of college feeling, to prejudice the forming mind against sound doctrine. The *extent* and power of this influence, operating in connection with other causes, is now to be traced in well known events that have since ensued. Within the more immediate influence of that college, discord has been sown in what had long been the most



peaceful religious communities. Many churches have been rent in sunder : others have been perverted, or paralyzed, as to christian life and effort. And large funds have been diverted from the intention of the donors, (whether righteously or not, I will not here stop to inquire.) Vast, already, has been the amount of real suffering in pious hearts, and of moral evils in the community, from these apparently small beginnings. When or where the evil will end, is left with Him who can say to its proud waves, *hitherto shall ye come, and no farther.*

I have just said, that this has sprung from *apparently* small beginnings. But if we trace back the stream of moral causes, we shall perhaps find the torrent collecting from a much more expanded surface. For, whence came this corruption within the walls of college? Surely the puritans did not infuse it. Nor are we to ascribe it all to the debauchery and the laxity in doctrines then prevalent in the metropolis, however great their influence. In addition to these, I have time barely to refer to two great sources of corruption, which affected the country at large. The first was the immoral influence of our revolutionary war. The second, and by far the most threatening, was the French philosophy, coming as it did in quick succession to the first, and connected with it. This philosophy had taken early root, and was widely spread among the youth of our land. As their fathers had reapt laurels on the field of strife against political domination, so these sons fancied an equal harvest of glory in ridding the world of the dominion of "religious prejudice." The mind became frantic for revolution. This was the order of the day. But precisely what to attempt, they knew not. Particularly in our seminaries, was this spirit manifest. Nor was it confined to Harvard. In Yale college, for instance, at the time Dr. Dwight became its President, (1795,) it was perhaps even more prevalent than at Cambridge. Happy beyond conception for our country, that such a man as he was found at such a time, and for such a place—a man no less distinguished for his thorough orthodoxy, than for his unrivalled capacities for such a station and such a crisis. In that vast source of influence, the tide was stemmed—was turned.\* Not so in Cambridge. Though held in

\* See *Life of Dwight*, by his brother.



some feeble check for years, till this spirit had become modified in form, perhaps more decent in appearance, certainly more definite and fatal in its aim, it at length assumed the very name of religion—and the revolution in this college, soon became complete. These two colleges were then the two eyes of New-England; and another Dwight might have saved this beloved land from all it has since suffered, and has now to dread from religious defection. But, ah, what would now have been our moral and religious condition, if a kind Providence had not even raised up that one as a deliverer to his people!

I have chosen to make the above remarks at once. It will preclude the necessity of comment on any further remarks that may occur, from the pen of my brother, on the same general topic.

I well know that there are men, whom I highly respect, and some of them my particular friends, who doubtless hold very different views from these, in respect to the nature of these results; and who believe that, on the contrary, a great *improvement* has been effected in religious doctrine—an improvement worth all the trouble and all the anguish of feeling it has occasioned. Still, such men, should they see these pages, will doubtless very freely accord to me the privilege themselves so highly prize—that of a free expression of views on a topic so important, when it comes directly in our way. Nor do I doubt that every reflecting mind will, at all events, agree with me, in regarding the following as an extremely interesting and practical question, in moral causes, as connected with education; viz. How is it, that the sphere of influence filled by Yale College, has become so different from that of Harvard University?—a difference that bids fair to widen still more, through the infidelity now rising in the latter region! And especially, in view of what is now taking place in our metropolis, will they not unite in the ejaculation—Lord, save us, or we perish!

## CHAPTER III.

FROM HIS GRADUATION TO HIS SETTLEMENT IN THE  
MINISTRY, 1798—1803.

*Teaches an academy in Framingham—Honest frankness of his character—Studies divinity with Dr. Emmons—Poetry—On writing prayers—Manner of life at Franklin—Resides at Cambridge—Corresponds with his former pupils—On decrees, self-determining power, chirography, education—School-teaching as connected with the pastoral office—Returns to Franklin—Remarks on Darwin, Young, the study and reading of poetry and prose—Begins to preach, and is appointed tutor—Efforts to ascertain his own faults—Letter from J. Metcalf—Didactic and social traits of character—On best habits in all things—Poetry on Mrs. Steele—Death of his mother—Eventful correspondence—Death of other relatives—Preaching—Journal—Habits of study—Resolution and plan for studying the Bible—Projects, resolutions, and expectations—Call to settle at Beverly—Admiration of Baxter—Answer to his call—Formation of the church in B.—Feelings in view of his approaching ordination.*

About the time of his leaving college, my brother took charge of the academy at Framingham, where we find him at the date of the following letter.

*Framingham, Dec. 7, 1798.*

SISTER AMA,—I hope you will not be very much disappointed that you see this letter instead of your brother. Much less will your husband regret my determination. However, I believe I shall not progress very much in Hopkinsianism. It is not absolutely certain that I shall

spend the vacation with Mr. Emmons, as I have said nothing to him concerning the matter. I shall probably see Franklin to-morrow. I should certainly come to Holes this winter, could I be sure of seeing Hannah, [then married to Rev. N. Hall of Granville, N. Y., and since dead.] It seems almost an age since I saw her. I fear I shall not see her for seven long months. Not a syllable have I heard from Granville since last summer. I almost regret, sometimes, that I did not try to visit her. I do not know that my affection for her is stronger than it is for any other person, but it seems sometimes as if I liked her better than every body else. Surely I never knew before how much I esteemed her. You now seem almost like an only sister.

My school has lately been small. My task has been easy, and my health was never better than it is at present.

He spent about a year at Framingham; where, if I may judge from letters that now lie before me, he formed many agreeable acquaintances, and passed his time very pleasantly. Most of his letters, at this period, are written with much sprightliness, and warmth of affection, but bear less of the impress of fervent piety than those of some other periods. Occasionally they are tinged with a pensiveness, not uncommon to a sensitive heart at that period of life, and soon after leaving the university. The following brief extract may serve as a specimen.

*Framingham, July 9, 1779.*

The toils of the day are past. Toils?—no, they are not toils, they are pleasures. My days are happy, though they seem “swifter than a weaver’s shuttle.” The moon is hastening to quench her lamp in the waves of the Pacific. The lamp of this mortal life is hastening to be extinguished in the ocean of eternity. All, all is silent as the house of death. O Harvard! thy joys rise fresh to my soul. Sweet are the joys of Harvard; but they are past. Sweeter are the joys of Framingham; but they are past, or hastening to be gone. Still sweeter are the joys of futurity, which feed my rapturous hopes. “He knows not how to fear, who dares to die.” Many times have I traversed the plains of Cambridge, when darkness and

silence were my sole, my pensive companions. These words were my never-failing solace :

“ Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne,  
In rayless majesty now stretches forth  
Her leaden sceptre o’er a slumbering world.  
Silence, how dead ! and darkness how profound ! ”

The following sentences are too full of weighty truth, and too strongly show one of the most prominent traits of the writer, to be omitted here. “ Flattery I detest. It is the child of nonsense, or of vice, or of both. He who flatters a lady, at the same time implicitly tells her that he is a knave, or a fool, or that he thinks her one.”

In the genuine spirit of these remarks, he appears to have conducted his social intercourse through life. I do not believe he ever intended to flatter any individual. And yet, of all the *honest* men I ever knew, he was perhaps the most ready to mention frankly and soberly to a friend, what he supposed to be the excellencies, as well as the defects, in the character of that friend. And this he did upon principle, judging it to be as plainly a duty to prompt and encourage one to the increase of his good qualities, as to admonish him of his faults. His delight, too, in the excellences of his friend, doubtless often led him to an undue estimate of their powers or their moral qualities ; and from this source, the undesigned effect of his conversations or his letters, might not unfrequently be allied to that of the flatterer whom he abhorred. Still his manner was so serious, and so ingenuous, that in cases of the greatest over-estimate, he was not likely to be suspected of this sinister vice. And, as to the effect, I suspect that, in most cases of such mistake, while the individual felt grateful for the good opinion, he was left to think that his frank and kind-hearted friend did but imperfectly understand his case, and that it would be his wisdom to amend the faults so lightly touched upon, and as speedily as possible to attain to that balance of positive excellence thus prematurely awarded.

In July of this year, he left Framingham for Franklin, where he studied divinity under the care of Dr. Emmons, with some intermissions, for two years. This step was sorely against the will of his father, and some other friends,

who at that time but imperfectly understood the opinions of Dr. Emmons, and who were filled with apprehension for the effects of his rising influence among the churches. Their estimate of him and his doctrines, was afterwards materially changed. Though reluctant to take a single step against the wishes of such a parent, yet my brother thought it his duty to avail himself of the instruction of this distinguished teacher, who had already guided many in their studies for the sacred profession. Perhaps, too, he also had a curiosity to learn more perfectly the new doctrine of Hopkinsianism, from the fountain head. I know not that he ever regretted this step; but have reason to believe he always rejoiced in it as the means of attaining to a higher degree of accuracy and precision of thought and expression on the great subjects of religion, than he would probably have attained elsewhere.

When thus removed, his thoughts naturally reverted to the scenes he had so recently left. In a letter to one of his former pupils, he thus writes, under date of November 5, 1799 :

“Doubtless you are sensible that I left Framingham with a degree of regret. I there formed many very agreeable acquaintances. I have often been asked how I liked Framingham. The substance of my answers has been, that I was very happy in my school; that I was treated with great hospitality and politeness; that the place contained a very fine circle of young ladies, many of whose minds were seasoned with the salt of knowledge and the spice of refinement. But what could I tell persons, when they inquired concerning that “pearl of great price,” without which all the knowledge, and all the refinement, that any mortal can possess, are as “sounding brass, or tinkling cymbals?” What could I do but be silent, or reply, that I found in Framingham almost every thing conducive to happiness, except religion? This was my answer, and I would gladly be convinced, that it was without foundation. What says your experience upon this subject? Did I mistake, when I represented that religion was almost entirely out of fashion, especially among young persons? If I did, please to tell me, and tell me your reasons for thinking so. I do not pretend to exculpate myself. If my conduct in this respect be “weighed in



the balance" of reason, I know it will be "found wanting." I did not inculcate the importance of religion with the frequency, nor with the assiduity, which so momentous a subject demands. My popularity would probably have been greater, if my pretensions to religion had been less; and if I had faithfully performed my duty in this respect, my reputation would have been still less than it was. These remarks, however, I am persuaded, are not applicable to all. No, "I am persuaded better things of you," than to suppose that you would despise, or more lightly esteem me, on account of my pretensions to religion; or because I sometimes told my pupils, that they were possessed of immortal minds, capable of incalculable bliss or wo."

I find also among his papers, a fragment of a poem, on the same scenes, dated at Franklin, 1800.

When toilsome studies of the day are o'er,  
 And learned volumes can delight no more;  
 When Phœbus, sunk beneath the western seas,  
 Paints hovering clouds with every tint to please;  
 Oft mem'ry turns, with joyous musing led,  
 To the fair plains, where Framingham is spread;  
 There walks the vallies, there ascends the hills;  
 There views the green groves, there admires the rills;  
 Inhales the breezes of retiring day,  
 And drinks the song of whippoorwill so gay.

But still more oft, when midnight curtains spread  
 Their sable horrors round my slumbering head,  
 Creative fancy bids me turn to view  
 Those pleasing scenes, I once enjoyed with you.  
 Again we ramble devious by the moon,  
 Or chase the minutes with a cheering tune;  
 Condole the woes of innocence betray'd,  
 Or curse the wretch that can deceive a maid.  
 Thus fly the seconds; thus the hours move on;  
 Till, haply waked, each fancy'd scene is gone.

Nor you alone, my partner do I find  
 In such glad visions that arrest my mind.  
 But other scenes, with other pleasures fraught,  
 In fancy wrapt, my roving views are caught.  
 Oft at the \* \* \* \* \* with facetious glee,  
 I hear a joke, or feel a repartee.  
 There was my other home, there oft I sat  
 To hear some story, or some tale relate.



How flew the moments! How did time expire  
 How quick the clock-bell warned me to retire!  
 Bid me withdraw, and quit the gladd'ning dome,  
 And hie in silence to my stated home.

Frequent, where once I trained my little school,  
 In nightly dreams I rule, or seem to rule,  
 Censure a whisper, or a laugh reprove,  
 And try their honor, or their shame to move;  
 Tell them of comets, with their fright'ning blaze;  
 Trace their mistakes, or emulation raise,  
 Point out the faults of Alexander's scheme,  
 Inspect a letter, or review a theme,  
 Or mend a pen, or hear a class recite,  
 Or lecture misses, that they all may write. [i. e. letters.]  
 Sometimes, invited to a social ring,  
 I hear them prattle, or I hear them sing;  
 Or sit and muse in thoughtfulness profound,  
 In sullen silence, while the dance moves round.

These once were real scenes—alas, they're fled!  
 With what celerity the moments sped!  
 These once were real scenes. No more they'll rise,  
 But when kind Morpheus seals my weary eyes.

Thus through the world, from scene to scene we run,  
 Our pleasures ending ere they're well begun;  
 And when we strive some fancied bliss to gain,  
 Th' expected transport sickens into pain.  
 The rose and lily, that in spring so gay,  
 Pour their sweet fragrance on the lap of May,  
 Must shortly wither, and their charms decay.  
 Thus does fond man a few swift moments bloom,  
 Then sinks forgotten to the mould'ring tomb!  
 The beauteous nymph, whose unaffected smile  
 May lush our sorrows, or our woes beguile;  
 Whose soul is softness; and whose sense-fraught eyes  
 May shame the stars, that cheer Hesperian skies;  
 Whom every grace and every charm adorn;  
 Who seems an angel in a female form;  
 May, instantaneous, lose her vital breath,  
 Pierced from the quiver of relentless death.  
 But should the despot spare the fatal blow,  
 Till fourscore years in quick succession flow,  
 Yet, long ere she this period attain,  
 Her days are sorrow, and her nights are pain.  
 Care after care heaps wrinkles on her face;  
 Charm after charm forsakes her form apace;  
 Old age advances to augment her sighs,  
 Bows down her body, and bedims her eyes;  
 Till, quite bereft of every friend and stay,  
 She sinks unsolaced from the face of day.

What then is life, that we should wish to live?  
 And what are charms, that do not time survive?  
 What all the joys, to this dark world confined,  
 And what the pleasures that pollute the mind?  
 — Perhaps a moment, or perhaps an age,  
 May intervene, before we quit the stage ;  
 Perhaps ten thousand, or a single day,  
 Before we leave these tenements of clay.  
 A few more times our heaving lungs may swell,  
 Our throbbing hearts a few more pulses tell ;  
 A few more times the clock bell's faithful tone  
 May tell vain mortals that an hour is gone ;  
 A few more times our table may be spread,  
 To nourish nature with our daily bread ;  
 A few more times the sun may ope the day,  
 And smiling Luna pour her evening ray ;  
 A few more tides may wash the oozy shore,  
 And screaming owlets distant dirges pour ;  
 A few more times the day we style the Lord's,  
 May call attention to the preacher's words ;  
 A few more funerals may bedew our eyes,  
 A few more wonders fill us with surprise ;  
 A few more whims may set our souls on fire ;  
 A few more insults swell our breasts with ire ; —

The above is thus abruptly closed, because the remainder is lost. This may serve as a specimen of his poetic compositions. Others might be presented, at different periods, of perhaps higher merit, but most of them either present nothing directly to the purpose of his history, or contain personal allusions, which it is needless to obtrude on the reader's notice. He did not, however, attempt so much in the way of poetry as some might expect from so ardent a lover of the genuine productions of the ethereal art.

About this period, I find among his papers an excellent prayer, filling two sheets, and evidently composed to aid him in his preparations to lead in the public devotions of a religious assembly. I mention the fact for the purpose of remarking on the probable effect of such an exercise on what was considered as his eminent "gift in prayer." I recollect once hearing him urge the importance of studying propriety, adaptedness, and variety of expression, in public prayers ; and that the frequent exercise of writing prayers, was admirably fitted to the attainment of this end in young ministers and others who may be called to lead in the devotions of God's people. The object was not to

write a single prayer or two, and commit them to memory. This would rather promote a dull *formality*, which is one of the chief things to be avoided by the exercise. The individual should write many prayers, from time to time, but commit none of them to memory. In this way he will acquire a propriety and copiousness of utterance on the great and more general topics of prayer. He should also make the very act of writing, a devotional exercise in itself. In so doing, he will avoid the greatest objection to the thing, that of making so solemn a business the work of the mere intellect, instead of the heart. So done, it may and it will be a delightful season of devotion; an hour spent in 'praying with the heart and with the understanding also.'—To what extent my brother followed this practice, I know not, as the manuscript before me is the only proof I have that he ever did it, though I have long known what he thought of the utility of the exercise.

But while my brother was in favor of such methods for the improvement of *extempore* prayer, he was decidedly opposed to the use of set forms of prayer, as having a direct tendency to destroy the very life and soul of genuine devotion, as well as to prevent all appropriateness to peculiar occasions.

Under date of April 5, 1800, he writes to a friend as follows :

"Miss H—— A—— has been here several days. I have spent many very agreeable hours in her company, notwithstanding my own conscious insignificancy from a sense of her superior knowledge. I find her a very different character from what I once imagined. As to her knowledge, my former idea was right; but I little dreamt of finding her possessed of so delicate a taste and a sensibility so lively. How is it, E., that my preconceived opinions of persons, have almost always been wrong? Whenever, from hearsay, I have formed a very good or a very bad opinion of any person, upon personal acquaintance it has almost invariably proved the reverse. Suffice it to say, there have been exceptions.

"Miss A.'s History has afforded me much entertainment. I think it an excellent book for a social library, and worthy the perusal of every American, male or female.

“ I have lived here six months, with scarcely any society or social intercourse, but what I have found in the house. Comparatively speaking, I have hardly set foot in a neighbor's door all the while. Though not ambitious to form new acquaintances, I have not forgotten my old ones. Yet I do not live in a hermitage. I have as much company, perhaps, on the whole, as is for my advantage; and it is such as is very far from being disagreeable. Here I can enjoy conversation, either serious, solid, or cheerful.

“ I feel more and more confirmed in my resolution not to attempt any more poetry. Some days ago, however, I wrote a few lines without thinking of my purpose, but I soon recollected myself. I have burnt some of my manufactured rhymes, and the rest, except a few that I have had the weakness to put out of my power, are in the most imminent danger of conflagration.”

About the middle of the next month, we find him at Cambridge, where he went with the intention of remaining six months as *resident graduate* of the college. Here he pursued his studies, and, as I am informed by gentlemen then at the college, occasionally read a dissertation before the students in the chapel, as was incumbent on all the theological students. While at Cambridge, he was probably guided in his studies by Dr. Tappan, a divine essentially of the *old school*, and then professor of divinity in the college.

After leaving the academy at Framingham, as appears from numerous letters now before me, he kept up a correspondence, for some years, with several of his former pupils. These letters afford ample evidence of his lasting friendship to his pupils, and the pleasure he still felt in prompting and guiding the improvement of their minds. I have already made extracts from some of these letters, and shall give some more, though the proposed limits of this work will compel me to omit the greater part. I find him frequently giving liberty to the individual addressed, to show his communication to others of his former charge, as his object was that of communicating what benefit and rational pleasure he could to all of them. The following long extract will illustrate several points in his history at this period, while it may afford instruction to some on topics of serious moment.

*Cambridge, Oct. 30, 1800.*

I believe, N., I never before sat down to write you a letter, when I felt so undecided respecting matter to compose it. I do not plead penury of ideas. Like Elihu, the son of Barachel the Buzite, I am full of matter. I feel as though I could write the remainder of this century, and yet leave many things unwritten, which I would gladly communicate. The difficulty is to select, rather than to conceive materials. To write a volume, like my last, would greatly interfere with the discharge of many important duties. A few hasty pages are all I can consistently promise you. I could begin with myself, and give you a particular account of the occurrences which have diversified my life, since I saw you last. Many of these have been important and interesting. I hope they have left good impressions on my heart, and will have a happy influence in forming it to virtue, as well as in improving and enlarging my understanding. I could tell you how many excellent books I have read, and how many I wish to read. I could give you a particular account of the origin, progress, and termination of my correspondence with Miss E. P., whom I never saw. I could take up much time and paper in describing and characterizing my correspondents, with whom you are not acquainted. I could relate the intentions I have formed, and the plans I have laid, to visit my friends in Framingham, and probably offer a satisfactory reason for altering my mind. I could give you an account of the visit I have lately made to Newburyport, and faintly describe the emotions which I felt at viewing the grave of Eliza Whitman (Wharton) yesterday in Danvers.

But leaving the relation of the things above mentioned for the present, and perhaps forever, I will converse with you a while respecting the contents of a letter, which a few hours ago I had the gratification to receive—which gratification, as I instantly knew the hand-writing, was not increased, even when I saw your name at the end of three long pages. As I cannot be very particular, a few brief observations must suffice for this time.

Like yourself and many others, I once thought it much easier to reconcile our freedom with God's foreknowledge, than with his decrees. A more close examination of the matter has induced me to believe otherwise. I have not



time to express my ideas more fully on this subject, than they are expressed in my last letter.

You suppose, that God, having capacitated man to act without an immediate exertion of divine power upon his mind, might know how man would conduct without determining his conduct. Supposing your hypothesis true, or rather the first part of it, which supposes man capable of acting without divine influence, let us see if the difficulty is in any measure alleviated. You will probably grant, that, if man had been endowed with different powers and faculties, and placed in different circumstances, his conduct also would have been different. God must know this, if it be a truth. And he must likewise know, that, if he endowed man with particular powers and faculties, and placed him in particular circumstances, man would conduct in a particular manner. Otherwise, it is hardly conceivable, to speak with reverence, that man's conduct could be foreknown, even by the Deity. When, therefore, God determined to make man just such a being, and to place him in just such circumstances, as he did make, and place him; did not God virtually, and to all intents and purposes, as it respects the subject under consideration, determine every event of man's life? I know of but one way in which the force of this mode of reasoning can be evaded with any appearance of plausibility. It is this. Some may imagine, that God gave man a certain power, which they are pleased to style a *self-determining* power, which enables him to will, to act, etc., or rather, by which he wills, without motive, or contrary to motive, independently of every circumstance in which he may be situated, and independently of God himself. Please to consider, N., we are on metaphysical ground. Let us walk slowly and cautiously. This self-determining power, they say, is not deduced by argumentation, but felt by immediate consciousness. Now, N., be kind enough to turn your attention inward, and read your own mind. Are you conscious, were you ever conscious, of any such power of self-determination? If indeed you be, or ever have been, no reasoning can convince you to the contrary. Intuition, or immediate consciousness is above reason, and mocks its efforts, when it opposes. I might pursue the notion of a self-determining power a few steps further, and inquire, whether in its exertions it is voluntary or involuntary, etc.

Such investigation might amuse you, if you have acquired a considerable relish for metaphysical discussions. But for want of time, as the subject under consideration does not require it, it must be postponed at least. Supposing, then, that we have such a self-determining power, which I am very far from believing, how can it effect the point we are considering? The Deity must certainly know the nature of such a power, and also how man would use it; or, more properly, how that would use him, if he were endowed with it. When God therefore determined to endow man with such a power, he must necessarily determine all the known effects of the power. Where then is the advantage of supposing its existence?

But you do not deny the divine decrees, though you confess yourself ignorant how they can be reconciled with our freedom. Here, N., you cannot doubt my willingness to assist you. In such an attempt I might be unsuccessful. In former years, my mind has been much perplexed in considering and trying to reconcile "these two points." Had I time, however, I would attempt to afford you some assistance upon a point, considered by some the most intricate in metaphysics. I could tell you that some consider it improper to ask, how these points can be reconciled. We know that many things exist, though we cannot tell how they exist. I could refer you to yourself and ask, if you can form an idea how you exist; how your soul exists; how your body exists; how these two substances, apparently so different, are united; how they mutually affect each other. I could desire you to consider with yourself, whether you can comprehend the growth of an animal, or the vegetation of a plant. I could ask you whether you can comprehend how the Deity can exist? or whether, for a moment, you can doubt his being? I might then inquire, whether you cannot believe some things which you cannot comprehend? In this way, as well as by metaphysical discussion, it is possible, that I might, in some measure, alleviate the burden, which a consideration of these matters may sometimes throw upon your mind. But I must dismiss the subject, earnestly desiring you to "search the scriptures," "to think on these things," and to think on them with attention, with humility, with sincere and ardent desires to see, to feel, to love the truth, and to bring forth the fruits of righteousness in

a life of piety, of beneficence, of joy—of joy?—joy in this world? Yes, my dear pupil, joy in this world in the exercise of that religion which speaks peace and good will to men.

I cannot describe to you my numerous avocations, but assure you, that for want of time to accomplish my designs, I am “pressed beyond measure.” In five or six weeks, I expect to be more at leisure. A few more remarks, therefore, upon your letter must suffice. I have in store for you some censure and some applause. With which shall I begin? With the censure? Well, then, prepare for a reprimand, and, if you please, repay me in the same coin. You cannot discharge the debt in a manner more acceptable. I shall be far from thinking such an attempt in you presumptuous. In reading your letter, I remarked,—what any person would obviously remark in reading most of my writing,—too great a degree of haste, and too little attention to chirography. Whether I have in any degree reformed, in this particular, a comparison of this letter with my last, will enable you to judge. If I have, I hope you will “do likewise,” “and much more abundantly.” An elegant hand writing, though not “the one thing needful,” is unquestionably a fine accomplishment. It is what I despair of ever acquiring; but, be assured, I shall never envy you the attainment. I might make similar observations to our friend M., and you may tell her, if you please. I am determined to form a habit of writing more slowly, and paying a more particular attention to the formation of every letter, than has hitherto been my practice. We should not totally disregard the “mint and cummin,” though “the weightier matters of the law” claim our first and principal attention. Two or three erroneous spellings are noticeable, which perhaps are owing entirely to inattention. The contractions *don't*, *can't*, which you have used, are very rarely admissible, and never, but in compositions the most familiar or trifling. Though I have sometimes used them in letters, yet I am almost convinced that it is best to omit them entirely.

With the sentiments of the two last pages of your letter, I very nearly concur. Perhaps more mature reflection may enable you to reply more copiously to some of the queries stated in my former letter. Subjects respecting education may often be introduced, and discussed in large

circles, without giving offence to any person. I think the people of — are too fond of large parties. A large and mixed circle appears to me a place in which it is peculiarly difficult to spend our time profitably to ourselves, or in a manner acceptable to our final Judge. As conversation is generally conducted in large parties, I think it tends more to pollute than to improve the mind. Think not that I am an enemy to social intercourse. Far from it. I could write a volume in its favor. But large parties are generally attended with very little advantage. As in such circles, fashion has laid an embargo upon every subject either serious or literary, what should we expect to find in them, but an alternation of silence and of frivolous conversation? And what else do we generally find?

I have not relinquished my design of writing a treatise, or at least an essay, upon the very important subject of education, principally for my own improvement and amusement. But I find much labor is necessary, before I can begin it. In order to preserve a tolerable degree of connection, proportion, and consistency between the parts, a general plan of the whole must be first formed. As it is one of my favorite subjects of contemplation, I have already projected the outlines of a part of it. But in order to mature it sufficiently to begin the execution, much reading and much thought will be indispensable. It is necessary to know what others have written upon the subject, in order to determine whether what appear to me improvements, are really such. Ten volumes, at least, I wish to read. Besides reading and thinking, something else is very desirable. This is experience. Many modes of conducting the different parts of education, which in theory appear so promising, might not bear the test of experiment. Another year's practice in a school, might afford important light upon this matter. But my profession, the profession of my choice, is theology; and my theological fathers and brethren would probably advise me not to undertake again the office of a pedagogue. But I feel more accountable to God, than to his ministers, for the manner of employing my time. Would health permit, I might possibly do as much good by preaching and keeping school at the same time, as by preaching only; though the voice of the world would be, that I did it for the sake of filthy lucre. Without men-



tioning the numerous arguments that have passed through my mind, for the measure and against it, I can tell you that I have more than once almost come to a resolution to undertake once more the arduous but agreeable task of literary instruction. At present, however, I feel quite undecided. Unless I have an opportunity of a previous interview, perhaps I shall mention the subject in my next.

In your next I expect a dissertation upon the utility of knowledge. You need not be afraid of tiring my patience by its length. Farewell,

The resolution above expressed, 'to write more slowly, and to form every letter more accurately,' is one which he kept to admirable purpose. From about this period, his chirography becomes much more easy and elegant; and what is perhaps rather a rare concomitant of such a change, so perfectly *legible* as to be read with almost the same ease as print. I may here add, that from this period, I scarcely find a single word omitted, or interlined, or misspelt, in the whole of his manuscripts. And yet, at least in later years, he used to write with great rapidity. Such accuracy, though in these comparatively minor matters, is a great saving of time in the course of a life, even should it cost occasional discipline for weeks or months. But how he should so soon attain to such accuracy, as neither to omit a word, nor to insert a redundant one, is surprising. I remember, however, that from principle, he rigidly enforced on himself the rules he prescribed for others. His chirography soon became fixed, according to a system of his own, and was ever after almost perfectly uniform. However great his hurry in writing, there was the same neatness and perfect legibility. This system he taught to his pupils in subsequent years; and it has been rare that one of them has failed of acquiring it in such perfection, that her chirography would not at once be recognized as that of his school. Legibility was the prime object he had in view: and with this were combined neatness, ease, and rapidity of execution, to the entire exclusion of needless ornament, as it tends only to obscure legibility. In chirography, as in almost every thing else, he had a specific *reason* to assign for every movement.

I need not remark on what is so obvious from the above extract, viz. the zeal with which he had already embarked



in the great cause of education—a zeal which never flagged to the hour of his death.

The remarks he here makes on the utility of combining the offices of preaching and literary instruction, remind me of a topic on which I have often heard him insist with much zeal; I mean the importance to a pastor of his having once been a school teacher, for at least a short period. This he considered as desirable on many accounts. The pastor would better understand the art of access to the youthful minds of his flock, in the pulpit, in the Sabbath school, in the bible class, and in parochial visits. He would also be much better able to discharge that important portion of duty which is ordinarily devolved on a parish minister, in the examination of school teachers, and the visiting and superintendence of schools. For these purposes, he very properly judged that a few months spent in teaching, must be of great use to the young preacher, in fitting him for the business of his profession.

I know not the precise time at which he returned from Cambridge to the agreeable mansion of his former teacher, where we find him at the date of the following epistle.

*Franklin, Feb. 1801.*

I begin with an intention of writing you a letter of considerable length. I have one favor to ask, which, I am confident, you will not deny me. That is, that you would not expect much regularity or connection in this letter. It will constitute the agreeable employment of my leisure moments for several days; and I shall be necessitated to write with more rapidity than may be consistent with much attention to accuracy or elegance in either chirography or diction.

You are pleased with the Botanic Garden, and, you need not be informed, that in this pleasure I most cordially rejoice with you. But my rejoicing is not entirely without alloy. I fear that my conduct toward you and some others has not been, in all respects, exactly right. Pause a moment, and see if you cannot conjecture in what respect.

You express a grateful sense for the assistance which you suppose I have afforded you in cultivating your taste for reading, and in kindling your desire for knowledge. And it is possible that my exertions may have contributed

to produce such effect. But there may be a taste for reading, there may be a most ardent thirst for knowledge, without religion. It is true I have not enjoyed so many opportunities, without sometimes mentioning to you the subject of religion, and attempting to vindicate its truth and importance. But I very much fear that in my verbal and epistolary communications with you, a disproportionate attention has been paid to those things which are not religion, to those things which do not imply religion; and that the *one thing needful* has been criminally neglected. The question is not, whether my conduct has been worse than that of any others who have named the name of Christ, but whether I have not acted an inconsistent part; whether my life and conversation have not exhibited religion as less important, less amiable, less worthy of our supreme attention, than the word of God has declared it. But to return to the subject. I can rejoice with you in your fondness of Darwin. But it is with trembling. Whoever can read the Botanic Garden, understandingly and feelingly, is admitted to a most delicious feast, of which the world in general cannot taste, cannot dream, cannot conceive. But it is a "Garden tempting with forbidden fruit." Whatever greatly engages the heart, which is not necessarily connected with religion, is in danger of perverting the attention from religious contemplations. This is not necessarily the case with Darwin's poetry; but this may be the case. And unless it leads us to look through nature up to nature's God, and to admire and adore the Maker and Builder of all things, it will produce the grapes of Sodom and the clusters of Gomorrah. The Botanic Garden is one of my bosom companions, and I hope never to part with it while I live; but I cannot say that I hold the poetry of D., or any other, not of a religious nature, in so high estimation as formerly.

You know my former opinion of Young. I read a portion of the Night Thoughts almost every week, and that with increasing admiration. I find new beauties in almost every line. It is true, he is not without imperfections; neither is the sun without spots. Young's obscurity is, I apprehend, the principal reason that he has so few readers, even among the serious. This obscurity appears to be partly owing to this circumstance, that he

crowds so many ideas into so few lines. Persons are apt to read Young too fast, and by too large portions at once. Three or four hundred lines is quite enough to be read at a time, and this ought to employ the closest attention for an hour, or an hour and a half. I believe many persons, who think Young's poetry above the level of their understanding, might read it with great satisfaction. And perhaps you may find it advantageous to read the Night Thoughts once through in this way.

There is another way, which I think you may practice with great advantage, in order to ascertain the meaning of Young, or any other obscure writer. This is, to read a few lines, and then write down the ideas in your own words, and those the most simple and familiar in your power. In such an exercise, you will find other advantages besides that of understanding your author. Without mentioning these, I shall make one or two observations upon what may be denominated *transposition*. In the first place, read over the piece you intend to transpose, in order to imbibe the general spirit of it. Then begin with the first sentence, and ascertain the meaning of every word and phrase, as exactly as possible. If it consist of members, see if they cannot be transposed to advantage. After deciding upon the member of the sentence with which to begin, think how it can be expressed in the most easy, familiar, and intelligible prose. You will sometimes find it necessary to use twice as many words as your author, in order to express the same ideas; and you may now and then intersperse an idea of your own, when you can do it with perfect ease. In this manner you may proceed, till you have finished twenty or thirty lines, which will be enough for one exercise. You and your sister may find a mutual advantage from transposing the same piece separately, and then comparing your productions. Figurative language may be retained or not, just as is most convenient; but always endeavor to be consistent with yourself in this particular.

To illustrate what I have said, I will attempt the transposition of a few lines; which, however, you must not consider as a model for your imitation.

I have just opened to a passage which will answer my purpose. It is near the middle of the *Relapse*, (Night 5,) and begins, "Our funeral tears," etc.

‘Though tears are generally considered as an expression of sorrow, yet they are extremely diverse, especially those shed at funerals, and flow from a variety of causes. Some are possessed of hearts so feeling, and sympathetic, that they cannot cease for a moment to weep with them that weep. Some whose emotions are less vigorous, require more time to work themselves up into a weeping frame, and thus show their condolence by their tears. Some who in secret will not heave a single sigh at the woes of a brother, will weep in public lest the world should think them destitute of natural affections. [*Like Moses’ smitten rock*, is a comparison I dislike.] Some weep in order to participate the praises of the dead, to show that they were the friends, to imply that they were the beloved of the wise and honorable. They dwell with enthusiasm on those qualities of which they suppose themselves possessed in common with the deceased, and in this way have the impudence to commend themselves without a single blush.’—This will serve for a specimen.

There is another exercise which I would recommend, and which I think you will find of great utility to yourself and others. Select some piece, with which you are well acquainted, such as Thompson’s *Lavinia*, hymns, and the like; and, in presence of your younger sisters, read, explain—explain and read it, until they understand it as well as yourself. By explaining the words, by reading with proper tones, emphasis, cadence, etc., with a little explanation of the most obscure parts, you may make even young children understand almost any thing which you clearly understand. This will be of vast advantage to them. It is perhaps the best way of leading them into a habit of seeking to understand what they read. And, by the way, I would just remark, that it appears almost impossible that children should not contract bad habits in reading so much, and understanding so little as is commonly the case. How is it possible that they should read *naturally* what they do not understand?

In the above mentioned exercise, great advantage will also accrue to yourself. The more you try to read intelligibly to a child, the better you will probably read. Scarcely any thing will have a greater tendency to induce you to read, and to form a habit of reading in the most easy, natural, familiar manner possible. Children are



now the best instructors I have in reading, or ever expect to have.

Though I have said much in favor of Young, yet he is not my oracle. Even in his *Night Thoughts*, are many sentiments not coincident with my own. Learn therefore to separate the chaff from the wheat. I wish you to read the "*Infidel Reclaimed*," and inform me whether you think all the arguments conclusive.

If I can give you any useful direction in your choice of books, be assured I shall do it with the greatest alacrity. Books are a very necessary means of knowledge. But a person may read all the books in the world without becoming learned. Thinking, *thinking* makes the scholar. I have told you often, and would now once more put you in remembrance, that you may habitually bear it in mind, to examine critically what you read, and to judge for yourself. Is not your reason strong enough to begin to go alone? Millions greatly injure their intellects, by carelessly reading many books. It is much better to read, understand, and digest a few good books, than to run over whole libraries in a cursory way, as is the manner of some. Miss More's strictures on female education merit an attentive perusal, and I hope will happily and usefully engage your attention for many hours. This is a book of uncommon and deserved celebrity, and I have purchased it principally for the use of my female acquaintances. Please to read it with your sisters as soon as is convenient, and then let M. T. have it, or any other person who will take the trouble to read it.

Not far from this time, he received a license to preach, and also an appointment as tutor at Cambridge. The letter from which I extract the following, is addressed to Miss G. Fletcher, a distant relative, I believe.

Warner, July 23, 1801.

Though "man that is born of a woman, is of few days and full of trouble," yet, considered as an immortal being, he is by no means contemptible. If we have good evidence to believe, that there is a "world to come;" if it be true, that we are probationers for an endless state of existence beyond the grave; then surely the work which God is now giving us to do, is solemn, interesting, and



important, beyond conception. For an individual entirely insulated from his species, to prepare for eternity, must be a work of vast importance. Still more important is such a work in society, where a person's conduct has perpetual influence upon others. As social duties increase, this all-important work must rise in importance. Who are committed to parents to be "trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord? Immortals. Who are committed to ministers, to be fed with the bread of life? Immortals. Who are committed to ministers to be warned, reproved, rebuked? Immortals. Pause then for a moment, and reflect. What has your friend undertaken? "To preach the everlasting gospel;" to be "a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death." "Who is sufficient for these things?" Will you not pray for me that my "faith fail not;" that I disgrace not my high calling? Perhaps you will think me wrong in accepting an offer so confined and arduous as that of a tutor. But I can assure you that upon mature deliberation I verily thought it consistent with my making the greatest possible progress in my profession. Be assured, my great object is to be qualified for my sacred profession. In comparison with this, all other qualifications appear lighter than vanity. In this you can assist me. I trust our correspondence may subserve this great end; and I hope, without proving an unprofitable encroachment upon your time. But how? Perhaps in many ways of which you do not dream. Almost every kind of knowledge, and especially the knowledge of the human heart, but particularly the knowledge of my own heart, appears to me highly desirable, in discharging the duties of my profession. And experience has in some measure taught me, that this may be acquired by a judicious correspondence. It has been said that every person needs bitter enemies or very faithful friends to remind him of his failings. Now, my enemies do not take the trouble to remind me of my faults. And as for friends, alas! how has the sacred name been prostituted! I trust, however, I have some who have fidelity enough to discharge the kind office. I will just mention a late instance. A few days ago, a gentleman gave me to understand that many in this town were not so well pleased with my preaching as with Mr. M.'s, and told me the reasons. This was a greater evidence to me of the man's sincere friendship,

than if he had commended my preaching three hours ; and surely I shall never think of him without emotions of gratitude and love. Among my correspondents, there is one, who, I verily believe, is faithful to inform me of whatever she thinks conducive to my welfare or improvement. It is Miss H. Adams. May I not hope to find another in Miss G. F. ? Perhaps you have not discovered the hundredth part of my failings. But it is highly probable you have discovered some of which I am ignorant. I trust you will not needlessly publish them to others ; but surely you cannot do me a kinder act, than to give me an opportunity to reform. You know the great object of my life ; and you can easily avail yourself of the remarks of others in addition to your own opinion, in order to admonish me of my faults in preaching. You may hear remarks which you think unjust, or unreasonably severe. The knowledge of such remarks may be the most beneficial to me of any. Fear not to wound my feelings, and, if occasion require, to " chide me in severest terms." If any thing that I know or think, can be equally advantageous to you, I will most gladly exert myself that it may be at your service.

He received his appointment as tutor while residing with Dr. Emmons. Some facts respecting this and other incidents of the same period, have been kindly forwarded to my aid, by his former pupil, Theron Metcalf, Esq.

*Dedham, 7th Oct. 1833.*

DEAR SIR,—I was highly gratified to find, some weeks since, that you were engaged in preparing a biographical notice of your late brother. I intended sooner to have given you the facts that I now propose to relate.

While Mr. Emerson was pursuing his theological studies with Dr. Emmons, W. E., son of the Rev. Doctor, and myself, were preparing for college. It became convenient for us, and was agreeable to our parents and your brother, that he should assume the direction of our studies. And I ascribe whatever proficiency I made in early life, and whatever taste for classical literature I may now have, and whatever acquaintance with Latin and Greek authors, primarily to his efforts and instruction. I doubt not my friend E. would say the same.

Under your brother's very special oversight, and at his earnest suggestion, young Emmons and myself went through a course of study far more extensive than was required for admission to any college—and more extensive indeed than was then prescribed *at the colleges* in general. At the age of sixteen, we were undoubtedly better grounded in Latin and Greek, and acquainted with more Latin and Greek authors, than most graduates. Still we entered R. I. college as freshmen.

You will pardon this apparent boasting, when I assure you, that it proceeds entirely from my respectful gratitude to my very efficient and beloved instructor—of whom I can most truly say, (so far as *classical* acquirements are in question,) that he is the only man who ever *taught* me any thing. If I ever gained any thing further in that department of study, it was wholly *by my own* exertions. Both Emmons and myself studied with other preceptors, before and after your brother went to Cambridge as tutor.

I wish to mention a fact somewhat *characteristic* of your brother, as you will readily perceive.

While he was teaching young E. and myself, he went to Boston, and remained two or three days longer than he had told us he should be absent. On his return, he mentioned to us, *half* confidentially, that President Willard met him on the steps of the State House, while he was in Boston, and told him he *was* (or *might be*—I forget which) appointed tutor—and desired him to accept or decline. Your brother requested two days, I think, to consider of it—and he told us this was the reason of his not returning to Franklin at the time he had intended. He also said he had refused the offer, before he left Boston, and spoke very decidedly of the matter, as inconsistent with all his plans, and not agreeable to his inclinations, even if he had no other definite views. He ended the conversation by enjoining *entire* silence, as it might seem like vanity in him to have mentioned the offer of a tutor's place at Cambridge. This was early in the afternoon, but before night he was on his way to Cambridge, to recal his refusal, and to accept the offer, and the change in his views *seemed to us* to be effected wholly by what I am about to relate. At any rate, we never knew or suspected any other cause for it.

Emmons and myself had more exalted notions of a tutor's importance and pretensions, than any full grown man would probably entertain. We were intended for R. I. college, but had some pride, and some belief, which your brother had not a little contributed to strengthen, that Cambridge was a much more eligible and dignified seminary. We therefore had indulged some lurking inclination to go to Cambridge, though we had never expressed it to others. We simultaneously caught at the notion, that if Mr. Emerson should be tutor there, our parents might consent to our following him—and we beset him with our unasked advice, that he would retract his refusal of the office, and almost promised him we would go to "Cambridge college," if he should succeed in obtaining the place of tutor. And I have no doubt that his purpose was changed merely by what we said and predicted. Towards night, he told me if I would get his horse, and if Emmons would do some other small service for him, he would ride as far as Medfield that evening, and the next morning proceed to Cambridge, and see if it was not too late for him to recant. And he accordingly did start, and reached C. the next forenoon, and informed President Willard of his change of inclination. He told us, on his return, that the President reflected on his "fickleness":—but finally, it was settled that he should take the place of tutor. All this was to be kept a secret, if he had not succeeded.

The result was, that we lost your brother's tuition, and wholly failed to obtain our parents' consent to go to Cambridge, to our sad disappointment, and to the mortification and regret of your brother, who had our following him much at heart. In after years, however, he expressed his gratitude to God that we did not succeed in our wishes—saying that the temptations of the place, and the influences exerted there, were enough to poison any young man; and that he rather wondered that any escaped contamination, than that so many suffered it.

While I studied under your brother's care, *his* studies, though ostensibly theological, were chiefly literary—and I believe Dr. E. was pretty severe on him for his "scholarship." I know he often rather intimated than declared his dissatisfaction at the wide range of your brother's "projects," as he used to term them.



I should like very much to see again, if it is in existence, a sermon your brother wrote, while at Franklin, on lotteries. It purported to be an election sermon, addressed to the Legislature, exhorting them to make all lotteries unlawful, and setting forth their immorality and danger in a much stronger light than was usually deemed accurate in those days. The text was from Prov. xvi. 33.

I fear this communication will be rather irksome than pleasant to you. It is not drawn up, as I intended when I sat down. But as far as it goes, it is accurate, and I have a mournful pleasure in committing it, now for the first time, to paper. Respectfully your ob't. serv't.

THERON METCALF.

This is the strongest instance I have known of a sudden change in my brother's course of life; and if we, like the good President, are disposed to regard it as bearing the aspect of fickleness, yet we shall readily admit that,

'Even his failing leaned to virtue's side.'

Doubtless he felt, as he appears always to have done towards affectionate and successful pupils, an inexpressible delight in the welfare of the young men, whose minds he had been firing with the love of knowledge. Filled with such emotion, and seeing the opening prospect of changing their destination for what he then regarded as greatly the better, and of having them about him for years to come, it is not very strange that the tutorial office should lose its forbidding aspect, and assume a new charm to his eye. The clear prospect of essential benefit to a single individual, always had a powerful effect on his mind. Hence I have frequently known him spend time and exhaust energies that he could but ill afford from more general calls of duty, in very animated conversation with some lover of knowledge that might fall in his way;—and that person perhaps a stranger whom he had scarcely seen before or could expect to see again. But while this was strikingly true of him, it is equally true that he seemed not very affable to strangers, unless they disclosed a desire and an aptness either to receive or to impart instruction; and sometimes, though not designedly, he *appeared* to treat them with neglect or coldness. The truth is, he had neither the talent nor the inclination to that species of



“small talk,” by which many render themselves so affable and agreeable in their transient intercourse. But to return to his two pupils. Though sorely disappointed in his hope of having them at his college, he was afterwards consoled, not merely in their escape from its temptations, above referred to, but in their continued and unrivalled success in the studies of their class, as it appeared at the end of their college course.

One thing which I happen to know as peculiarly disagreeable to him in the thought of being a tutor, was the extreme distance and reserve, so scrupulously maintained in those days between the officers and the students of the college. Perhaps on more mature reflection, it occurred to him, that it would be in some measure at his option, whether he should clothe himself with the same austere and troublesome dignity. Be this as it may, he certainly did not give himself this trouble, nor inflict this self-denial on his social feelings. The result was, if tradition be true, that he gained peculiarly the affections, without losing the respect of the students. He took care, however, to be complete master of the branches he taught; and his very nature prompted him to teach with all his soul, and do what good he could. This was enough, without standing for punctilios of etiquette; and his time passed pleasantly and usefully away, in a station which might have become beyond measure irksome by a different course. By making himself at home, in that seat of ancient dignity, and all about him at home, it became a home to him.

But while deeply engaged in science, it is pleasing to remark, from one period to another, his manifest growth in devotion to the sacred cause to which he had consecrated his existence. His *direct* appeals to those about him, on the subject of religion, were perhaps not very frequent, nor were they so in after life; but they were certainly very affectionate and earnest, and always timely. I subjoin the following, as a specimen of his correspondence with his younger relatives.

Cambridge, Nov. 7, 1801.

MY DEAR BROTHER R.—I understand you are unwell; I hope however, you are not very sick. It is an uncommon thing for you to be sick. You should remember, that sudden deaths are more frequent among persons, who

generally enjoy good health, than among persons who are weakly and often indisposed. And if you are now a little out of health, you have a good time to consider of these things. This opportunity, I hope, you will not let pass unimproved. I hope you will consider and realize, not only that human life is but a vapor, and the graves are ready for us, but also the vast importance of being prepared to meet your God; and not only consider the importance of being prepared for so solemn a meeting, but also give yourself up to God in an everlasting covenant, and hold yourself in actual readiness for the coming of the Lord Jesus. Do you not sometimes think of these things? Has religion no charms? Or does the word of God appear to you a fable—a small matter, unworthy to engage your attention? Is the salvation by Jesus Christ a small salvation? Is it unworthy of your contemplation; is it unworthy of your study; is it unworthy of your love? My dear brother, the angels desire to look into these things; and how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation? Do you begin to make excuses? Are you too young to be religious? Will it expose you to the ridicule and contempt of your mates? Will it deprive you of earthly comforts? Do you really doubt, whether Christ's yoke is easy, or his burden light? I entreat you not to think lightly of these things; not to put far away the evil day; not to flatter yourself with the expectation of long life. All I can do for you is to warn and to pray for you, whether you will hear or whether you will forbear. Do be kind enough to write immediately to your affectionate brother

JOSEPH.

To one of his former pupils, he thus writes :

*Cambridge, Nov. 11, 1801.*

I have often had it in contemplation to address you by epistle, and solicit a correspondence. Notwithstanding the great enlargement and the increased importance of my sphere of action; notwithstanding the new acquaintances, that I have formed, and all the new scenes, that from day to day are opening to my delighted view; still I have not forgotten my old friends. I still cherish the same emotions towards those, who appeared once so happy and respectful under my tuition, as when they were eagerly

listening to my instructions. I consider their time as valuable, their improvement as important, their souls as precious, as I did then. Though they may forget me, I trust they will always occupy a place in my memory and heart. I hope ever to feel willing to exert myself for their advantage. As circumstances forbid that I should often see them face to face, it is a great consolation, that I can hold converse with some of them through the medium of written communications.

If you should conclude to grant my request, I hope you will be very particular in mentioning the books and subjects, that have lately engaged your attention, together with your opinion upon them. I shall be happy, if I can assist you by communicating my thoughts upon almost any subject you may desire. Framingham news is always acceptable. You cannot want matter to fill as long an epistle as you will have patience to write. But especially I should like to know your opinions, feelings, or difficulties upon religion. This should be the great concern of all.

My present situation is perhaps, on the whole, the most agreeable that I ever enjoyed. Not to mention other circumstances, it is peculiarly favorable to the acquisition of knowledge and of property. Though I can truly say, that money is not my great object, yet a library worth a thousand dollars, together with some other conveniences of a literary life, appear highly desirable, and worthy of considerable exertion to be procured, provided we can at the same time be doing good to the world.

From another letter, I extract the following :

*Cambridge, Nov. 20, 1801,*

As we are endowed with reason, it becomes us to act as rational beings in all our conduct; and if there be a best way in matters however trifling, invariably to adopt it. Without offering any arguments in support of my remark upon the formation of essences, I leave you to reason, conclude, and act for yourself. And here by the way I will just observe, that I have lately been struck with the importance of examining and adjusting many matters which a few years ago scarcely ever came into my mind as worthy of notice. As man has been defined a

*bundle of habits*, it seems of great consequence that we should pay attention to the formation of our habits, especially those which regulate some part of our conduct almost every day and every hour. Perhaps you are insensible, with how much more decency, and in how much better order things may be done in this way; not to mention the saving of time, that might thus be effected. Upon the above principle, I always keep my handkerchief in my left pocket, hang my hat up on a particular nail, have a particular manner to lock or unlock, bar or unbar my door, etc. In a very short time such things become so habitual, that they are performed with very little thought, or interruption to the train of ideas, that may engage the mind. In this way it happens, that I am never put to the trouble and vexation of spending two or three minutes in looking for my hat, nor to unlock my door, when in haste to discharge some duty of my office. Perhaps you will smile at the mention of these things, and think me disposed "to be merry a little unseasonably;" but, be assured, I am in earnest, I am serious. There are three practical rules which should regulate all our actions. Every thing should be done at the *best time*; in the *best manner*; and with the greatest possible *dispatch* that may be consistent with the two first rules. With regard to the *best time*, that is, with regard to punctuality, I could say much in its praise. Perhaps it is more highly important to our sex, than to yours. To your sex, however, it may be of more importance than you ever imagined. I leave and recommend it, as a subject, on which you may "pause and ponder" to great advantage. But how shall we proceed in order to do every thing in the best manner, with the greatest punctuality, and dispatch? In writing, after making one letter, shall we stop to consider the best manner of making the next? Shall we always stop to "think twice before we speak once?" Were this the case with mankind, there would be much less said, than there is now; words would be heard at such a distance from each other, as to render the sense very difficult to be taken; and perhaps there would be some persons, who would not speak more than once a day, if at all. In walking, shall we, after taking one step, pause and compare circumstances, and reason in order to ascertain the best manner of taking the next? What time would be requisite to make a garment, should you stop

at every stitch, and debate in your own mind upon the most proper and expeditious method of taking the next? But these are distinct actions. Of such actions, or perhaps, strictly speaking, of those, which are much more minute and insignificant, the whole of our external conduct is composed. So far as these actions are not performed in the best manner, so far our external conduct is imperfect. If we neglect all the parts, the whole is neglected. There is unquestionably some mode of taking stitches which is better than some other mode; and she must be the best seamstress who, other circumstances being equal, takes stitches in the best manner. The same observation may apply to every manual employment. But how shall we perform these minute actions in the best manner, since it is absolutely impossible for us to reason concerning each of them distinctly? I answer, we must be philosophers. We must consult the faculties and capacities with which the God of nature has kindly endowed us. These as they relate to the point in view, are

*(Nov. 24th, 11 1-2 P. M.)*

the faculty of reasoning and the capacity of forming habits. We must therefore consult our reason, until by the help of a little experience, barely enough to try different ways, we ascertain the best modes of operating, and then practice these modes of operation until they become consolidated into the most inveterate habits. This, I humbly conceive, is the way to become a thinker. It will require the closest thought upon every subject, and thinking in time will become habitual. This is one of the best and rarest habits ever formed by females. The above mentioned is the way to become a practical philosopher, (much better than a mere theoretic,) a practical christian, a benefactor to the world, an ornament to the human name. "Think on these things."

I began this letter four days ago. Such are the duties of my station, that I am sometimes obliged to break off in the middle of letters, and even of sentences, to my dearest friends. But it is much better to write to one's friends in this way, than not to write at all. Is it not? I am tolerably punctual, notwithstanding. Saturday, I went to Beverly; Sunday, preached. Yesterday and to-day, I have been writing a long thanksgiving sermon, which I have just completed, James i. 17. I write just as my ideas



happen to arise.—Later than I commonly sit up.—Sleepy  
—Good night.

Nov. 25.

Have you any determinate idea of the meaning of the terms *depravity*, *regeneration*, *grace*? Do you believe that we “must be born again,” in order to see the kingdom of heaven. If you can get clear and just ideas of depravity, it will unlock the whole system of religion, as it respects the abovementioned subjects.

The following is to Miss B. E.

Cambridge, Nov. 30, 1801.

The person, who cannot endure frankness, is not the correspondent, is not the friend for me. Why should pilgrims travel through the world together without mutual acquaintance? Though I may know some things which duty requires that I should not divulge, yet I appeal to the Searcher of hearts; whether I am not willing my soul should be known to my fellow mortals, (rather immortals.) But the coldness of reserve must chill every fibre of the feeling heart. Though I do not profess greater sensibility, than many others, yet I cannot endure reserve.

With regard to diffidence, I know what it is. I have felt it; I have felt severely. It is a most cruel companion. Envy itself is scarcely more tormenting. I could tell you its disadvantages. And what you may think strange, I could mention its advantages. I have experienced them both. I will not now write a disquisition upon this subject, but only remark, that diffidence is not, I know it is not, invincible.

I would not discourage, yet I cannot forbear to remind you, that ‘he that thinketh he standeth should take heed lest he fall.’ Persons really religious will take delight in religion. But if you read the fifty eighth chapter of Isaiah, and the parable of the sower, not to mention other similar passages, you will be convinced, that persons may take a kind of satisfaction in meditating upon religion, who are not really religious.

Many of these letters to his former pupils, are much occupied with friendly criticism on their epistles to him, and remarks adapted to the peculiar case of each indi-

vidual. This was a great object of the correspondence. But however important in themselves, and however interesting these remarks might now be to such as are seeking improvement in the art of composition, we cannot make room for them here.

To another, he thus writes.

*Cambridge, March 14, 1802.*

Perhaps you have given up the expectation, I will not say the hope, of ever receiving another line from your old friend, who once rejoiced to think himself your instructor; who has spent so many happy hours in attempting to unfold your faculties by leading your mind into the knowledge—into the love of literature and of religion. My pleasure in doing this was the greater, because I felt it was mutual. Indeed such delight have I found in teaching others, that I am now in doubt whether I have felt most satisfaction in acquiring knowledge myself, or in communicating it to eager minds. And I trust through the divine blessing I have not always labored in vain—that I have not, in every instance, spent my strength for naught.

Perhaps it is superfluous for me to assure you, that I always have addressed you with the feelings of an instructor—of a friend—of a brother—of a fellow traveller to eternity. Whether I shall ever address any female with additional feelings and designs, perhaps no created being can form a rational conjecture. But I do take pleasure in writing to my friends.

This morning I opened Belknap's collection of Psalms and Hymns, in order to read a little sacred poetry. As I have a great fondness for the writings of Mrs. Steele, I confined my reading principally to her hymns. I read one, and another, and another, almost every one appearing better than the preceding. When I had read about thirty, I shut the book with a kind of melancholy, transporting admiration. Melancholy?—Yes, N. a melancholy transport. It seemed to be too great a luxury to enjoy alone. I most ardently wished for the presence of one or two sentimental females, with whom I might read, with whom I might admire the pious, the melting effusions of an angelic soul. In my heart I could not help exclaiming, "How happy must be the man, who can style him-

self her husband ; if he have a particle of taste, an atom of devotion ! Alas ! it may be, that he is destitute of both. Such strange inconsistencies, such dreadful incongruities, such heterogeneous beings are sometimes united by the bands of law. The contact, the mixture of congenial souls—of souls mutually attracting and attracted—is friendship—is the first ingredient of love. But when minds of different mould are forced, are fettered together, how strong, how dreadful the repulsion ! It may be, that this unrivalled poetess is condemned to drudge through this life with a man who is blind to the diamond of her intelligence, even when it shines with the greatest lustre—insensible to the flame of her devotion, though rising with the songs of angels and sister spirits to the throne of God.

“What pity, that so delicate” a soul,  
 The seat of so much piety and taste,  
 Where virtues, more than human seem to dwell,  
 Should for a moment, though on earth, be tied  
 To a cold mass of apathy and vice !  
 Should be condemned to journey, hand in hand,  
 With one who never dreamt of heavenly bliss ;  
 Nor felt, nor saw, nor thought a single charm  
 In converse or with angels, or with God ;  
 Whose soul, incased within its narrow self,  
 Ne'er strays beyond its bottle, or its meal.  
 O what a loss of happiness on earth,  
 If aught that's here below deserve the name,  
 When hands are joined, but hearts cannot unite.  
 To him, who sees a God in all he sees,  
 Whose every nerve will vibrate at the touch  
 Of beauty, offspring of the great Supreme,  
 To him how dear, by him how highly prized  
 The image of his God, a female soul  
 Whose every fibre God himself has tuned  
 To harmonize with his ! With her 'tis joy,  
 Such joy as solitude can never yield,  
 To sit, to smile, and silently to muse ;  
 With her 'tis joy to read, converse, admire ;  
 With her by moon light, or the smiling gems  
 Of heaven, where Philomel or silence holds  
 An unmolested reign, 'tis joy to walk  
 To some small eminence that lifts its head  
 Above the lake, the rill, the field, the grove,  
 And view the beauties spread on every side,  
 And feel the beauties that adorn her mind !  
 With her 'tis joy to weep, and to adore  
 Is transport, never tasted by the world.

But who can hear the music of her tongue,  
 Her evening pean, or her morning vow,  
 Without emotion? Who that has one nerve  
 Of flesh, one fibre not of adamant,  
 But melts to hear her sing? What then must be  
 His joy, whose soul, allied to hers, can join  
 The songstress, and augment the mutual joy!  
 Who then can guess the raptures he must feel  
 Who in the songstress views th' accomplish'd wife,  
 The object of his heart, himself of hers?  
 His hopes, his fears, his wishes, and his prayers  
 Are hers, and hers are his; they mingling rise  
 Through the great Savior to the Judge of all.

*April 1.*

I will sketch to you, N., the history of this very imperfect, inaccurate scrawl, which, had I time, I might transcribe and correct. I felt in a writing mood, seized my pen and addressed a few hasty lines to you, uncertain whether I should ever send them. When I had got about half way down the third page, it came into my head to quote a few lines of Thompson, with such alterations as the subject required. This quotation, you perceive, ends with the fifth line. I had no thoughts of proceeding any farther when I began. But here concluding not to send the letter, I thought I would make one experiment at writing blank verse, as I had never attempted it before. I proceeded, until I was tired, and threw it altogether into my table drawer, where it has remained undisturbed till to day. I send it, not that I think its intrinsic merit demands your attention, but as it may possibly afford you a few moments amusement.

Again to Miss B. E.

*Cambridge, March 30, 1802.*

Yours of January 16, is before me. Three months and a half! a long time for a letter from a female to remain unanswered.

You have not seen, nor heard me preaching at Framingham. You probably have not heard a syllable from me for nearly eight weeks. When I took a painful leave of your family, I did expect you would see my face again before now. Poor ignorant beings of a moment! We know not what a day or a month will bring forth. The time of my preaching at F. seems farther distant, than it

did, when I left you. But be assured, as soon as may be, I shall open my mouth, though not in parables, to a people with whom I have so frequently assembled to worship in the temple of God—to a people, among whom I number some of my firmest, warmest, dearest friends. Should I attempt to make excuse for so long neglecting to write, I might say, that my college duties have been numerous and pressing—that I have been out of health—that since I left you, I have numbered some of the most unhappy hours, days and even weeks of my life. To-day however, (April 1,) I am better, I am happy, notwithstanding the gloomy and frowning aspect of the weather. My spirits are so far from rising and falling with fair and foul weather, that I often feel best, when every body else is complaining of the weather. I feel best, Eliza, when I can resignedly and affectionately contemplate the glorious Author of my being. Here, here alone there is joy that is worthy of the name. In your short, short letter you have said something upon religion. I will just mention one of my sentiments, in which I differ from many. If I did not believe the bible, I should believe death to be an eternal sleep. What think you of that? Do express your ideas and feelings without reserve. You may write upon religion, upon books, upon literature, etc. But such need not be your only subjects. Nothing relating to the happiness of my friends in F.—of your father's family in particular, can fail of being interesting to me. Tell me how they do, what they do, what they say, etc. Let the pages of your letter be wings, by which I may fly to your fireside. Our opportunities of conversing face to face are rare. Do try to let me have the pleasure of seeming to converse with you, while I read your letters. Though I feel myself deficient in this respect, yet I wish you to do better. When you write to me, forget you were ever a member of my school. For a while, let the instructor be left in the friend. Write to me as you would write to an equal friend—as you would to a brother or sister. Avoid studying your expressions too much while you are writing. They may be corrected afterwards, if necessary.

You and your sisters are highly favored. Your father gives you time and opportunity to improve your minds, and takes peculiar satisfaction in your progress. He



sees, he rejoices, that you are disposed to improve your privileges. Be not weary in well doing. Go on unto perfection. Retired from the busy world, it is the duty of each to assist the rest. Enjoy with thanksgiving what the God of nature is putting into your possession. Rejoice in each other's society; rejoice in each other's improvement. If convenient, spend one, two, or three hours every day in reading, one to the rest. Farewell.

The next is to another of the sisters composing this family circle.

*Cambridge, June 9, 1802.*

N.—You do me honor in considering my correspondence a privilege. If I have ever been instrumental of improving your mind, or contributing to your innocent and rational enjoyments, I desire to be thankful to Him, who has put it in my power. I must caution you however against expecting much satisfaction or advantage from my future communications. My constitution is exceedingly feeble, and my health much impaired. What is to be my future portion in this life, I am ignorant. I am not very unhappy. It is matter of joy, that all things are under the direction of infinite wisdom and goodness. I hope I am prepared for any event. I have not those ties to the world, that I possibly might have by a few years continuance, and perhaps it is better for me to depart now. My mother is dead, and I should leave no connection more tender than a father, to cherish my memory. Think not, that I am delirious, though I thus write. I hope never to relax my exertions to do good, while I am continued in the world. I trust the contemplation of death will not tend to accelerate its progress, nor diminish either my happiness or usefulness. Does it not become us, as rational, accountable, dying creatures, occasionally to lift the veil of time, and look into the other world? Our fathers, where are they; and the prophets, do they live forever?

I long to see my friends at F. I hope your next will not be shorter. Farewell.

To his Father.

*Cambridge, Aug. 13, 1802.*

My last visit at Holles was uncommonly agreeable to myself, and, I trust, greatly contributed to confirm my

health. Since my return to Cambridge, I have been able to pursue my studies, and attend to college duties, with no small satisfaction. Last Sabbath I preached at Lynn, in the parish of Mr. Roby, whose age and infirmities seem to have terminated his ministerial labors. I have engaged to supply them three Sabbaths more; the last of which will be in the vacation. Afterwards, it is my determination to visit Providence, New-Haven, Conway, Granville, etc. I hope my friends at Holles will write to sister Hall, and send the letters to me at commencement time. I shall have time to stay but a few days at Granville; and shall return by the way of Holles, and stay a night or two if possible.

Mr. Hill brings good tidings. I began to fear that God was about to cease from his mighty and marvellous works among you. The friends of religion have reason to rejoice that, in so many places in our land, there is evidence that the Lord still remembereth his Zion.

Your dutiful and affectionate son,

JOSEPH EMERSON.

Again, to Miss N. E.

*Cambridge, Nov. 16, 1802.*

What shall I say to you, N. ? Why, by want of something more instructive and agreeable, I will say that I am sick; yet not sick of living, not sick of my profession or office, not sick of my friends; much less am I sick of receiving and perusing your letters; nor indeed am I very sick of any thing. I am still able to perform college duties with a considerable degree of satisfaction, though in some measure afflicted with a cold and cough.

*Nov. 22.*—My indisposition increasing, compelled me to suspend the “delightful task,” before I had completed a single page. I am far from being well at present. I was so unwell yesterday, that it is uncertain whether I should have attended public worship, unless I had been under obligations to preach; but I was probably less injured by preaching than I should have been by merely hearing.

I am gratified with your frankness upon religion. If I rightly understand your letter, you seem to entertain some hope that you are a child of God, in the highest sense of

the phrase. I will not venture to encourage you in your hope; neither will I damp your feelings by saying that I think your hope unfounded. You will, however, excuse, and, if you please, answer one query. If you entertain a prevailing hope that you belong to the invisible family of Christ on earth, what has hindered you from publicly naming his name, and uniting with his visible church?

From the many examples you have had of my long letters, you must suppose that it is with reluctance that I bid you farewell.

JOSEPH EMERSON.

The next brief extract is from a communication to the same friend, delivered a week or two after it was written, by his own hand, (as will soon appear,) and in connection with an additional letter on the same subject.

Cambridge, Dec. 8, 1802.

DEAR N.—This letter begins our correspondence on a new foundation; or closes it—perhaps forever. I address you in a new style, with new motives, and upon a new subject: yet, N—, a subject to me in reality new.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here I think it best abruptly to stop, in respect to this portion of his communications, though sufficiently fraught with historic matter. Should any one be at a loss as to the *general* import and *object* of these letters, thus suppressed, his doubt will be removed by the following equally brief extract from the reply of Miss E.

\*\*\*\*\* “Had not these letters been presented by your own hand, I should almost have supposed them counterfeit. But I now believe these lines to be the traces of your pen, and must think them the language of your heart: for I have ever considered my faithful instructor to be as perfectly sincere as it is possible a mortal can be.” \*\*\*\*\*

But enough. Whatever an idle curiosity might demand, here is not the place to gratify such a curiosity: nor do I, on the whole, think it the place to exhibit an example of such a correspondence, conducted on strictly christian principles, and with the most pure, and rational, and elevated views and aims. I shall, therefore, confine my ex-

tracts from this correspondence, to the occasional notices it may contain of facts and feelings on other topics. Suffice it here to say, that this correspondence continued without interruption, and with an ardent and increasing attachment, till Miss Nancy Eaton, of Framingham, became his wife, as will be noted in its place.

While acting as tutor, he also preached in different places in the vicinity of Cambridge. On one of these occasions, he writes as follows :

*Stoneham, Dec. 23, 1802.*

I am just returned from preaching to an audience, numerous for so small a town, and solemn for such a world of levity. My subject was, *I pray thee have me excused* ; and doctrine, *sinner are unwilling to be saved*. This I attempted to confirm by considering, 1. what God has said upon the subject ; 2. the conduct of mankind in former ages ; and 3. the conduct of sinners at the present day. This concluded the forenoon's sermon, in delivering which I felt uncommonly dull, and, I believe, spoke with little animation. This afternoon, as is frequently the case Sabbath afternoons, I have felt more vigorous, and preached with more satisfaction, at least to myself. Yet I have reason to be deeply humbled, that I am no more moved by the solemn truths which I preach. My afternoon's sermon was nothing but recapitulation and improvement. One principal object was, to confirm and defend the doctrine of election. Surely, if this doctrine be false, no flesh can be saved.

Part of my object in this extract, is to show the manner in which the young preachers of the same school, then generally constructed their discourses, preaching both parts of the day from the same text, with the discussion of its *doctrine* in the first sermon, and "*the improvement*" in the last—according to the manner of their teacher, Dr. E., whom they generally revered, at least as much as any mere man deserves.

Lynn is one of the places where he preached for a number of Sabbaths, and where he probably resided during the winter vacation. From that place, he writes as follows :

Lynn, Jan. 7, 1803.

This morning, about sunrise,

“ I woke, emerging from a sea of dreams  
Tumultuous, where my wrecked, desponding thought,  
From wave to wave of fancied misery,  
At random drove.”

“ Our dying friends come o’er us like a cloud.” I have lately received the solemn intelligence that four of my relations are dead! A grandmother, an uncle, and two cousins, one cousin instantaneously by a fall. They are gone, and I must transfer the affection I felt for them to heaven. My acquaintance was much greater with my grandmother than with any of the others. She was the nurse, the consoler, the instructress, and the joy of my tender years. How often and how eagerly have I listened to the anecdotes of wisdom and the lessons of piety that flowed from her tender, aged, I had almost said, more than maternal lips. A few months ago, I read her a sermon, with which, although she could not hear the whole, she appeared considerably gratified. That interview I expected would prove, as it has proved, the last on earth. Disincumbered spirit, whither, ah! whither was thy devious flight? Was it not upward? Was not thy course the path of smiling angels? If thou art not in Abraham’s bosom, what child of corruption can ever hope to rise?

At the close of the last year, I determined to devote more time to searching the scriptures. I have reason to blush that I have no more knowledge of the sacred oracles of truth; and reason for still deeper abasement that I have practiced so little according to what I have known. Cease not to pray for me that my faith fail not.

A little previous to this period, he commenced a journal of his reading, preaching, duties in the college, etc., which I find written in the style of letters, and designed for the inspection of at least *one* of his friends. From that journal I have made the last two extracts, and shall make more: though it is not my intention to extract much respecting his religious feelings, from this source, as I very much doubt the accuracy of moral portraits derived from such sources, however honest may be the authors of such religious journals, and however profitable they may be to



the writers. They are doubtless chiefly written in their best and their worst hours; and thus leave the more even tenor of life comparatively unnoticed. This journal, with some intervals, embraces a period of about eight months. If he kept a journal at any other period, he probably destroyed it before his death. As it respects his religious feelings, he indeed says much less than is commonly found in such productions; and in one place he remarks, that he had felt a great repugnance to committing them to writing. This is in accordance with his general backwardness to speak of his religious experience in conversation, though always ready to contribute his *mental* experience to the stock of facts for inductive philosophy on mental science.

It seems needless for me to remark on the successive developements of his mind and heart, as I suppose these are sufficiently manifest in the liberal extracts afforded from his own productions. It may, however, be proper to say, that ample evidence is afforded, from the record of his reading and studies, that he applied himself, during the few months of this record, with great diligence. For much of the time, he literally studied by the *hour* and the *minute*, having his watch before him, and recording his progress. He complains occasionally of "nervous affections;" and well he may; for surely it is enough to make a well man nervous, to be in the habit of studying till midnight; much more, such an invalid as he, though he should often lie in bed till eight in the morning, in the winter season, as some poor compensation to nature for breaking nature's laws. As to studying by the hour, perhaps it was his custom through life; for I remarked, even in his last year, when spending some time with me, that when he sat down to study, he always hung his watch before him, on a pin which he inserted in the wainscot.

At this time, and subsequently, he cultivated vocal and instrumental music with ardor and considerable success. The flute and bass viol were his favorite instruments.

No one, at all acquainted with my brother, can have failed to remark his love for the bible, and his familiarity with its contents, both historical and doctrinal. Indeed, to study and to teach the bible, seems to have been the commanding object of his life, from about the period of which I am now treating. If his biography is to be of any

use, probably one of the most important items of benefit will be that of his example in this particular. On his dying bed, he remarked, that there were a few points in his life which he regarded as particularly prominent ; and this was one of those points. It becomes, then, a question of special interest at this stage in his progress, How came he to acquire such a *passion*, (for it was nothing less than a passion,) for the study of the sacred pages ?

To say that he *believed* and most highly *prized* every word on those pages, is saying no more than what may be said of multitudes. I doubt, however, whether any large portion of even good men have been found steadily to place such an *implicit confidence* in the Divine Word for the decision of all questions within its scope. It is also worthy of remark, that this implicit confidence appeared, if possible, to increase with his progress in sacred knowledge. How many thousand questions, great and small, have I known him very expeditiously to decide by some scripture fact or precept, where other men might scarcely think of recurring to that grand source of arbitration, either for want of knowledge or of confidence in its decisions for such matters.

But the question recurs, in nearly the same form, When and how did he become possessed of this spirit and this knowledge ? In answer to the question, I must say, that I meet with no special traces of either of these, before the resolution, mentioned above, as taken at the commencement of this year ; unless, indeed, *his love for truth* is to be regarded in this light. For myself, I think something is to be attributed to this native turn of mind, and its concomitant estimate of *solid grounds* of evidence. Such a mind may well be expected to give an attentive ear to the word of God, when once practically convinced that God has indeed spoken to the children of men. Still, I am disposed to attribute very much to the *resolution* just specified. Happy was the hour in which he made it, and blessed the new year on which he began the practice. Very gracious to him, and to all who have been swayed by his instructions, was the kind Providence that enabled him so strictly to adhere to this fundamental principle in the acquisition of all real knowledge in man's highest concerns.

If I may now trust that the readers of this book will not be disposed to complain of large extracts on this subject,

such extracts shall be forthcoming. It was not a *single* resolution that he took, to be followed by no plan, and, of course, by no execution. We shall find enough, both of resolutions and plans; and if brought to realize what such plans and resolutions led him to achieve, we may be prompted to the like attempts.

*Lynn, Jan. 20, 1803.*

What an amazing task has your friend undertaken! Yet I am animated with the thought, that it will prove as delightful as it is great. Yet its greatness is almost enough to overwhelm one whose memory is so feeble, whose constitution is so infirm. Is it not presumption for me to think of ever reading the bible through in the manner I have proposed? For I have determined to read it in the following manner, viz. :—to take a small portion at a time, in general about a chapter, to read it over with great attention; to set down in my common-place book, in its proper place, every text that appears to contain, to prove, or to corroborate any important doctrine; to commit to memory the most interesting and important parts of scripture, verbatim, and to treasure up every historical or biographical fact, of any importance to be remembered; to note down all the passages of whose meaning I may feel doubtful, and to consult Brown's Dictionary upon whatever I may hope for assistance; to note down for future consideration, all the important queries that may arise; to transcribe all the passages and expressions that may appear proper to be used in prayer; to transcribe all the texts that may strike me as good subjects for sermons, and to write down the outlines of the plans, and any important ideas that may occur under the several texts; and, finally, to write down a sketch of every important observation that may occur. Amid my various avocations, can I ever accomplish such a plan as this? Yet, notwithstanding every obstacle that I have been able to think of, my courage is high; I feel a kind of enthusiasm upon the subject. The plan is my own, as much as any such thing can be mine. By the divine blessing, I have formed it, without the assistance of any creature. I have spent many hours in thinking and in making arrangements upon the subject. I have found that I can study to much more advantage, and with greater pleasure, according to

plans of my own, than those of others. However arrogant my opinion may seem, yet it is my opinion, that I shall never apply to a Locke or to a Newton to concert plans of study for me. I have already suffered sufficiently from such servility. I have thought that no person can be a thorough and accomplished scholar, without forming plans to direct his own operations. I have thought that whoever would be great, whoever would be wise, whoever would be learned, must feel, in a certain degree, independent of creatures; that, looking to God for assistance, he must, in a certain sense, build his hopes upon the powers and faculties that the Almighty has graciously given him. Yet others may greatly assist him in forming his plans. He, however, must be the master workman. Then the edifice will be his own, though he use timber procured and even hewn by others. Upon all the materials, he must exercise his own judgment, and determine for himself whether he choose this or reject that. If he do not, his building, though composed of materials in their own nature excellent, will be a mixture of incongruities, a mere chaos.

But to return to my subject. I have formed many plans for the acquisition of knowledge. I have found it a very pleasing and perhaps profitable employment. But of all my plans for this purpose, I consider the one I have lately formed for reading the bible, as by far the best, in almost every point of view. What constitutes the greatest excellency of this plan, is, that it is for an immediate study of the good word. However strange it may seem, I have never before had a plan, that deserved the name of a plan, for reading the bible. And hence it has come to pass, with shame I confess it, that I am grossly ignorant of many parts of the holy volume. What! a professed preacher of the gospel, and yet not familiarly acquainted with the grand commission which God has given to his ambassadors! Hear it not, ye stars! But I hope and trust that God will give me strength, and opportunity, and inclination, to dissipate some of these clouds of ignorance, these clouds of more than Egyptian—of mental darkness, darkness that is most severely felt. O thou Father of lights, thou author of every gift, may my understanding be opened to understand thy scriptures, may my memory be strengthened to retain the precious, precious things which are left on record for the instruction, the reproof, and edi-



fication of thy sinful offspring; and may my heart be opened, that I may respect and practice all thy commands. O that I might be instrumental of making men to know thy gospel and to obey thy law, to the salvation of their souls!

I need to add no comment on the above. I will only say, that while the subject of this extract is of the deepest importance, the whole extract is very characteristic of my brother's mind through life, especially as regards the work of *planning*, which was indeed no small part of his whole work. He was always planning, and helping and teaching others to plan. System, and the best possible system, in things great and small, was the object of his unceasing aspirations. Had he lived to the age of an antediluvian, he would not have ceased to devise schemes and facilities for usefulness. His ardor of mind, joined with originality of thought and power of invention, fitted him for the work, and gave him a delight in anticipating the good he hoped from such inventions, which few can appreciate, without the like experience.

As it regards the religious condition of the college, I find the following remark, in his notice of a short tour in the vacation. In passing through Cambridge, he says, "I called upon Dr. Tappan, and conversed nearly an hour upon the religious state, or rather the irreligious state of our college." And had that same Dr. Tappan then also known the doctrines that were soon to be taught from the chair of his sacred professorship, how much sadder must have been such a conference.

Under date of January 30, 1803, he says:—"I am now determined to make the holy word my great study, and to read neither newspapers, nor scarcely any thing else, till I shall have finished the sacred volume according to my plan. The task is very great. But God may give me health and industry to accomplish it. I have not done with the two first chapters of Genesis, for I have not quite committed them to memory. I hope to finish by commencement."

It was thus that he laid aside every weight, and addressed himself to the great work of learning the bible. It must not, however, be supposed, that he designed to



commit the whole bible to memory, as is manifest from his plan before given.

In the early part of February, he returned to the college. The following extract may show the sanctified philosophy that then ruled his heart. "I saw Mr. —, a few minutes, who is two or three years younger than myself. If you knew him, you might be justified at least in *thinking* of an "angel." I feel, and I know, and I rejoice, that he is my superior, greatly my superior, in almost every thing. Though I feel weak, compared with many of my acquaintances, I do not envy them. Surely the world, lying so deep in wickedness, seems to need more good and great men than we see." True enough, a dying world *does need* them: and this thought is the very balm of heaven to that gangrene of the soul, an envious disposition.

He returned to his college duties with invigorated health and resolution, though still in such a state that his physician recommended to him the experiment of omitting his breakfasts.

The following he placed before himself as distinct objects of pursuit for the term on which he was entering: "*Self-knowledge, Plans, Biography, Astronomy, Algebra, and the BIBLE.*" These six," he remarks, "I must bear in mind from day to day. Other things, and indeed some other studies, must have some attention." Some of these studies required his attention as instructor of the senior class in college. His conscience seemed always alive to the duties he owed to his pupils; nor could he think of excusing himself from the most faithful performance of these duties, even for the purpose of accomplishing his darling plan for the study of the bible. Let us hear him on these and kindred topics, in a passage under date of February 22, 1803.

"Have you not, before this time, inquired within yourself, What has become of the plan for studying the scriptures? Though, for a while, I have neglected its execution, I have by no means forgotten my plan. I have been encumbered with many things. I am convinced that it is not my duty to pursue it according to my first intention, viz. to the exclusion of almost every other study. I am placed at the university to instruct others, and am handsomely rewarded. Can I think of receiving a reward for doing nothing? No! I must devote most of my time to

the benefit of the students ; that is, in instructing them, or in preparing materials to instruct them, in the best manner. The branches that I teach, therefore, and not the bible, must be my great study. In order to render the pupils' progress the most pleasing and rapid, it is not enough that the instructor understand the exercises which he assigns. He must consult other books ; he must think ; he must dive into the subject ; he must compare. He must be able to raise questions upon the subject, which will lead to the application of general principles. He must be able to illustrate, and elucidate, and tell the *whys* and the *wherefores*. This will render his exercises interesting and instructive to every mind that has the least taste for science. But this requires labor ; though it is a labor that yields its own reward—a reward above the price of rubies." From this, my brother proceeds to speak of his reading Euler's Philosophical Letters, and also of the value of *conversation* on the branches he was teaching, as a preparative for the discharge of his duties. He then adds : " Though mathematics and philosophy claim my principal attention, yet I hope not to neglect the bible entirely. I hope and believe I shall devote a much greater proportion to the sacred study, than I have done for the two years past."

Under date of February 26, 1803, he remarks, in a manner sufficiently characteristic,—“ About ten minutes ago, I conceived the intention of writing a book upon education, for *the public*, and hope to finish it within twenty-five or thirty years.” Alas ! how little did this dear brother then think, that he had here specified the very period that was to terminate all his earthly labors. And how little did he think, that this book was to be written, not on paper, but, what is far better, on the living tablets of a thousand minds, committed to his forming hand in the work of education, and now spread through our community to teach it. It may here be recollected that he had before resolved to write a *treatise* on education, but not “ a *book* for the public.”

Early in March, he began to preach in Beverly, in the parish where he was afterwards settled. His first engagement was for six weeks, at the end of which he was already pledged to go for a while to Windsor, Vt. Just

previous to this, he had been supplying a pulpit in Reading.

The following is part of the notice he gives of a ride from Beverly to Cambridge, this month.—“I had a most delightful ride. The atmosphere never appeared more pure. For a considerable part of the way, I had a prospect of the sea, thickly interspersed with islands, and adorned with ships. More than once did I leave my horse, and climb the craggy rock, to enjoy the scene. But I shall not attempt to describe my emotions at viewing the mighty ocean, of which, in some directions, I had an uninterrupted prospect to the utmost of my ken.” But there is no room in this memoir for extended descriptions of scenery. Suffice it to say, that while the rational and immortal soul was studied and admired by my brother, as the *chief* work, yet he was by no means blind to the other works of the divine hand. The earth, “the great and wide sea,” the sublime wonders of astronomy, and the curious workmanship of the human frame, were themes on which he often dwelt with rapture.

Here is the proper place for inserting what I find grouped together under the following date and designation.

*Cambridge, March 1, 1803.*

#### PROJECTS, RESOLUTIONS, AND EXPECTATIONS.

Am I, then, the most unsteady of mortals? How many “resolutions” have I formed, never to be executed; how many “projects” have I concerted and relinquished; how many of my expectations have been cut off, in consequence of being founded upon vain imaginations! And shall I add to my mountain of fruitless resolutions, abandoned projects, and foolish expectations? Yes, I shall doubtless augment their enormous bulk. And shall I then continue to be a “wave driven about and tossed?” Though I should be driven about by the storms of life, and the many winds of opinion, that are so often and so furiously striving together, I hope I shall ever press toward the great, the eternal center of my affections and hopes. But as long as I act like a rational being, I shall doubtless continue to form plans for improvement; and, as long as I continue to improve, I may deem it expedient to alter these plans, or to exchange them for better. If

any one exercise has tended to improve my mind above all others, perhaps it has been forming and improving plans. I trust it has not been in vain, that I have built so many castles in the air, to be blown away by the breath of experience. I cannot, therefore, think of laying aside a practice, at once so entertaining, so immediately beneficial, so promising of future advantage, as that of inquiring, and of concerting plans, in order to employ my talents more beneficially to the world, and to spend my time more acceptably to my God. And not only would I form plans for the regulation of my own conduct, but with great deference, where there may be a prospect of doing good, I would propose them to others, especially to young persons, whose confidence I may possess.

“All men are about to live,” says Young; “forever on the brink of being born.” I have spent more than twenty-five years in the world: and much of this time has been taken up in trying, and trying, and trying, to study. Do not think me jesting; it is the real language of my heart. Sometimes I have thought, I had almost begun, or that I should soon begin, to study in earnest. Sometimes I have ventured to cherish the belief, that I had really made some progress in knowledge; at others, I have almost given up in despair the thought of ever knowing any thing. Perhaps most of my acquaintances, except yourself, might think me disposed to trifle, and to be merry unseasonably, in making such declarations. I do not deny that I think myself possessed of something that the world calls knowledge; though by no means so much as many imagine. But I have had no *education*. I have been laboring to great disadvantage. Though I have read a considerable number and variety of books, and thought as much as most persons of my age, yet I hardly dare so much to flatter myself, as to imagine that my acquisitions deserve the name of science. Imagine to yourself a heap of stuff, consisting of timber partly hewn, and partly rough; broken shingles, with here and there a whole one; rusty, crooked, broken nails, with some a little better, etc. Should you call such a mass of matter, a house? If I have any thing that looks like knowledge, it is nothing more than broken fragments of science.

It is the prerogative of rational beings, to bring order out of confusion. But if the confusion be great, the most

intense cogitation is necessary to bring forth order. Hence it is evident, that whoever has not had a good education, must apply himself closely to form a plan for himself, and must form a good plan and pursue it; or he ought never to think of being a man of science.

Impressed with sentiments like these, I have, within a few years, spent much time in planning. And I trust my exertions have not been fruitless. I have succeeded beyond my expectations in forming and executing plans for reducing all my actions to the principles of christian philosophy; in arranging my books, papers, furniture, etc. Much time has been saved in this way, and some perplexity has been avoided. But much still remains to be done. My things are not arranged to my mind. Many plans have I formed for studying. But none of them suits, excepting one for reading the scriptures, which I hope to improve. But I must also read the book of nature. It is written by the same almighty finger, as the pure word of prophecy. And so difficult must it be to form a plan to read this to advantage, that the very thought of it seems almost enough to make one shrink back in despair. The success and the pleasure I have had in making plans, however, tend to raise my courage; and I trust the many abortive plans I have formed, have made me in some degree an adept in the business. To concert, try, and reject schemes, must throw light upon the subject. Perhaps, indeed, none of my schemes will ultimately prove altogether abortive. From every plan I may collect some part that will prove useful in my *great* plan, should I succeed in forming one. I feel that it is a subject claiming my attention more and more. My design is to record my most important plans and resolutions, that I may use them in forming other plans, as occasion may require; that I may be better able to study the powers and progress of my own mind; that I may mature the plans, as far as possible, at the time. Writing has a tendency to make us think closely upon any subject; and perhaps the best method of studying a subject, when we have sufficient materials to work with, is to sit down and write upon it.

The formation of a plan to study nature to the greatest advantage, must be extremely arduous. I have only attempted to lay one or two of the corner stones. One is, to attend principally to the works of nature's most highly fa-



vored sons, as Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Locke, Newton, etc. Another is, to study with reference to the treatise on education, which I have determined to write. The plan that I have formed, in order to enable me to form a plan, is, to complete the reading of Stewart's Elements, to read Locke's Essay, and likewise his treatise on the conduct of the understanding; and also Newton's Principles of Natural Philosophy, which, a few days ago, I was happy to purchase translated into English. The last work I may not finish under a year or two. I can hardly think of it without trembling. But I intend to begin it as soon as I have spent a day or two in preparatory reading in Fenn's Physical World, and in the Encyclopedia, articles Newtonian Philosophy, Physics, Experimental Philosophy, and Dynamics. I have had thoughts of reading philosophy and metaphysics, each a day at a time. But it is uncertain how I shall like this method. It is likewise my intention to pay more attention to instructing the scholars and to observe their capacities and progress, with more attention than I have hitherto done. Within a few months, I hope to form a plan that shall enable me to study with four times as much advantage as I now study; that is, with twice the regularity and twice the rapidity.

*March 2.*—This you will call enthusiasm. So be it. I hope it is not a dangerous enthusiasm. Surely I can read and think to more advantage than I could last term. We see some men with much more information and understanding than others. This is not so much owing to the difference of their mental powers, as to their different modes of application, and different degrees of perseverance. If you think me possessed of superior powers of mind, you are certainly deceived. You will find few examples of memories so weak as mine. My apprehension is by no means quick. If, in any instances, it may seem quick, it has arisen from attention to the subject, as a mechanic has a quick apprehension of every thing relating to his trade, and, in those things he is accustomed to make, can more readily discover a defect or a beauty, than the most eagle-eyed philosopher unacquainted with the business. Curiosity, the object of ten thousand curses among men, is the only mental property in which I would dare claim superiority. In the hand of God, this has been the instrument of arousing my attention, of stimulating my

other faculties, of exciting my inquiries, of urging me on to exertions, sometimes, perhaps, beyond my strength. Yet I desire to bless God that, notwithstanding my application, and all that persons have said or thought about my endangering my health by hard study, my constitution appears to be growing better from year to year. In curiosity, have originated all my plans. If I rise in knowledge and respectability, it will not, it cannot be from the strength of my faculties, but their judicious use and application. In this way I have already risen, and risen much too high, in the view of the world. I often think it impossible for me long to possess the station of excellence which my friends seem disposed to assign me. Yet I hope not to abuse their too great confidence in my attainments, though it may be impossible for me to avoid disappointing their expectations. Though I trust I am not unduly elated by the opinion of others, yet I determine to exert myself to deserve their esteem and affections. Do not misunderstand me. God forbid that I should bow the knee to the Baal of popularity. But the well-grounded approbation and applause of the wise and good, is surely desirable. A good name is better than precious ointment. If, by exerting myself to serve my God and his creatures; if, by living the life of a christian philosopher, I can acquire a good name, a good name I am determined to have. If not, I will patiently and cheerfully wait till the great day of decision.

*March 3.*—Design to sing with S——, for mutual improvement—to improve my own taste, and to acquire such a knowledge of music, as may render me useful in my profession, as it relates to that part of devotion, and also to improve my voice for speaking; also to assist my private devotions. Made a little book to be always kept with care. For keeping it with me, I have two reasons. 1. To take down whatever may be peculiarly worthy to be remembered. 2. To review it whenever I may have leisure. From this plan, I have high expectations. It may enable me to save many important things from being forgotten; and likewise to redeem many moments of time that otherwise might be worse than lost. It may likewise excite my attention, wherever I am, and in whatever I am doing, to inquire, “What important fact or circumstance can I here find worthy to be remembered? What good fruit can

I reap here?" Beside all the time redeemed, and all the knowledge gained, I expect the execution of this plan will tend greatly to improve the understanding, and to sharpen metaphysical acumen. This plan is not entirely new. I have thought of something like it before; but have done scarcely any thing towards the execution.

Resolved, as I have often resolved before, to be more attentive to my chirography.

1. To make every letter so that it may be known separately.

2. To place my letters a little more uprightly.

3. To place them nearer together, that they may not take up so much room.

4. To make the principal lines, which are designed for straight lines, more nearly straight, and more nearly parallel.

5. To endeavor to write more evenly, that is, to make all the minor lines, such as those in *m, n, a, w, u*, etc., of the same length; all the middle lines, as *t*, of the same length; and likewise the major lines, as *l, h, k, b, j, y*, etc., of the same length; the double major, as *f*, of the same length; and the composite, as *p*, of the same length; to reduce them all to a geometrical ratio, or, in other words, to endeavor to ascertain the best geometrical ratio, and make them according to that ratio.

6. To press the pen with my fingers more lightly, and the pen more lightly upon the paper.

7. To practice making straight marks, parts of letters, whole letters separately and joined, and to make Roman characters, etc., after the best models, and according to the best of my own judgment.

8. To practice flourishing, and the like.

9. To apply to Mr. J——, and others, for information upon the subject.

The execution of this plan, for only a few months, I think must increase my acquaintance with the principles of geometry, and, at the same time, greatly improve my hand writing. Though at first I may not be able to write nearly so fast, and though my writing may not be so good, yet, confident I am, that a few years perseverance in the execution of this plan, cannot fail, under the smiles of heaven, to make me a very good, and a very rapid writer.

*March 17.*—I have this week been reaping the reward of my folly ; therefore,

1. Resolved, to be in bed within five minutes of twelve, unless something extraordinary forbid.

2. Resolved, to eat no more melted butter within three months, and very little fat of any kind.

3. Resolved, to avoid riding in the dark as much as possible.

4. Resolved to be more methodical and industrious in study ; and for this purpose, to spend some time in the morning to lay out the business of the day ; to write down the decision in my journal, and then exert myself to perform the task voluntarily imposed.

5. Resolved to go to Boston very rarely ; to visit very little ; to apply constantly to my studies, except when called away by imperious duty.

6. Resolved, to be more economical, not only of time but of money. I am in danger of poverty ; and though I would not be rich, yet I wish for such a measure of this world's goods as to preclude the necessity of labor or anxiety for my daily bread.

7. Resolved, to ascertain, as nearly as possible, my property ; and to keep an exact account of every expenditure exceeding five cents ; and bring my curiosity for purchasing under the dominion of reason ; and not to buy any thing until I have coolly reflected and concluded that it is duty.

To mention no other advantage of executing resolution seventh, it will be a good exercise in arithmetic, which I have too much neglected and in which I am apt to make mistakes ; and, I hope, it will not make me avaricious nor stingy.

8. Resolved, to pay all my debts, as soon as possible ; and to avoid, as far as may be, owing any man money.

*March 28.*—Resolved, to spend an hour every day in reading the bible, and writing remarks, etc.—not, however, according to the plan concerted about ten weeks ago. For though that is unquestionably a good plan, yet I have deemed it expedient to defer studying the scriptures upon that plan until I leave college. Seven hours in a week, I think, is as much time as I now ought to devote immedi-

ately to the sublime and sacred study. My privilege of books here is the principal reason of deferring the execution of the above-mentioned scheme.

2. Resolved to pay attention to history more than I have done. In scarcely any branch of knowledge am I so shamefully ignorant as in history.

*March 29.*—Most solemnly resolved to take more heed to my ways and more cautiously to beware of beginnings and to shun the appearance of evil.

*March 30.*—Resolved, to write the biography of the principal men in scripture.

To what extent he continued this little book of resolutions, I am unable to decide, as I find it only in fragments, and none beyond the date just specified. As to his desire of human approbation, if we take my brother's language in the simple and obvious sense in which he was always accustomed to speak, no one can deny the correctness of his principle, without denying the bible, and doing violence to the dictates of the best regulated minds. At the same time, it is true, that similar language is sometimes used in justification of ambitious and ungodly motives; but it comes from men of a far different stamp. We can hardly expect those who regard the praise of men more than that of God, to call this unhallowed preference by its proper name.

Perhaps I ought to draw more from his memoranda and from his letters, respecting his health and spirits, both of which varied in him, as in other mortals of delicate texture in body and mind. The reader must here, however, be contented with barely a specimen of the *extremes*.

*April 8, 1803.*—Morning as beautiful as perhaps any other since God commanded the light to spring out of darkness; and I perhaps nearly as healthy and happy as at any time since I first drew the breath of life.

The gentle zephyrs waft upon their wing,  
 Fraught with ten thousand ecstasies, the spring.  
 Surely the sun looked ne'er so bright before;  
 Such verdure smiled not in the days of yore.  
 While all inanimate below the sky  
 Are hymning anthems to the Lord on high,  
 O may this heart in harmony reply.



A letter, written a few days later, presents the other side of the picture.

*April 21, 1803.*—The weather is chilly. The sun is sinking behind the clouds. My soul is sorrowful. I have been more unwell this afternoon than for several months before. It is with some difficulty that I can speak; though I have found less difficulty in performing chapel duties than I had feared. My throat is a little sore. I hope sickness will not prevent my going to Windsor. Most of the time my existence this week has been but a few degrees above vegetation. But God forbid that I should complain. I trust the sun of righteousness will soon disperse the clouds that shade my soul.

During the college vacation in May, he fulfilled his engagement at Windsor, Vt., where he preached on three Sabbaths to good acceptance. During this period, he made an excursion to Hanover, and visited Dartmouth college. In his letters, I have before me a sufficiently minute and glowing account of these journeys, and of his preaching, and his very agreeable residence at Windsor: but as I know of nothing very important connected with this portion of his history, I must not occupy that space with the record, which is needed for other matter.

On his return to Cambridge, he thus writes to a friend, under date of June 10, 1803:

I have determined to leave college immediately after next commencement. It is possible Beverly may be the field of my future labors in the ministry. From the third parish in that place, where I have lately been preaching, I have received a call, without a single dissenting voice among church or people. They expect an affirmative answer. Though I have not given them much encouragement, it is probable I shall comply with their wishes, unless duty should seem to call me to Windsor. I have received no request, however, except from a few individuals, to return to Windsor, and it is uncertain whether I shall. In a few weeks, this point will probably be decided.

I find frequent notices of his efforts to improve himself in music, both vocal and instrumental. The delight and

edification he derived from this angelic art, led him often to urge his friends to attempt the like acquisition. The following is a specimen of his exhortations on this subject, in a letter about this time.

“It is not many years since it was with great difficulty that I could take a sound, and did not certainly know whether I had the right sound or not. Though I cannot expect ever to perform well, yet, for all the gold of Ophir, I would not sell the small degree that I have attained in this heavenly art. ——— I suppose some persons have told you that you could not learn to sing. Be not discouraged at that. Such stories were told me; but I now rejoice, that I disbelieved them. If you succeed in learning music, you may expect to reap other advantages beside the raptures of devotion, and the gratification of your friends. I prize my knowledge of music, at least as highly as my knowledge of natural philosophy.”

The following will show his views on the importance of independent thinking, and the means of attaining so desirable a habit. They may be useful to the young reader.

“It is thinking, thinking intensely, that nerves the mind, that makes the scholar. Without close thinking, the reading and conversation of years, will only tend to damp and smother the flame of intelligence. And what is the best method to learn to think? Is it not frequently and carefully writing upon interesting and important subjects? From this method, experience assures me that I have derived considerable advantage. I believe you may do likewise. The task I am about to recommend, you may at first find tedious. Practice, I hope, will render it pleasing. It may seem more difficult to you than it really is. We cannot certainly tell, before trying, what we are able to accomplish. Scarcely any thing has surprised me more than my own success in many instances, where I began with a fearfulness approaching despondency. Perhaps my lot has, in this respect, been peculiar. But in most things that I have attempted, success has greatly surpassed previous expectation. It is this which gives me confidence in my own abilities, which I could by no means feel from the mere contemplation of my mind.”

Here he subjoins no less than thirty-seven questions, mostly on topics contained in the bible, on which he requested his friend to write. Nothing was more common for him than to suggest such questions. Through the whole of his subsequent life, he was in the very frequent habit of proposing to himself and others, definite questions of thought on important subjects. So, too, when sitting in his study, nothing was more common than to see him lay aside his book, or his manuscript, and write some question for future thought, in a little book or loose piece of paper. Such scraps, filled with questions, were always on his table. Hence the facility he acquired in devising and proposing questions on the bible, etc., in the instruction of his school, and in the construction of his catechetical works. Hence, too, the definiteness and precision of his knowledge and his views on a great range of topics, where most men, of equal powers, have only vague conceptions, or half-formed opinions. His reasons, also, for the opinions he thus formed, were always at hand.

About this time, he purchased the works of Baxter, whom he ever continued to admire and to commend from the pulpit, as well as in private. Thus he expresses himself on this acquisition :

*Cambridge, July 9, 1803.*

Did you ever hear of the great Richard Baxter? This boast of English protestants, this ornament to humanity, this blessing to the christian church, was born 1615, and died 1691. He wrote about one hundred and twenty books, and had about sixty written against him. A few months ago, I had the good fortune to purchase his "Practical Works," in four large folio volumes, for twelve dollars, and should not now be willing to sell them for double the money. I trust God has put these writings of his faithful servant into my hands with a design to make them instrumental of good to my soul, and to the souls of those over whom the Holy Ghost may make me an overseer. I read him with admiration, with instruction, and sensible devotion. In many respects, he seems just such a character as I want for a model. It is not for me to think of being his imitator in learning; but his piety, his candor, his zeal and labors for the good of souls, may perhaps in some measure be imitated even by me. I do not pretend,

however, at present, to know much of his character—a character, which, as a man, a philosopher, and a christian, I feel myself bound to study by every means in my power.

*Cambridge, July 12, 1803.*

Yesterday I walked to Boston, preached at the almshouse, and walked to Cambridge in company with Mr. F., and found myself much less fatigued than I had reason to fear. Blessed be God, that I have such a degree of health and bodily firmness. For three days past, I think my health has been better than it has been before since last autumn. In the evening, I read about an hour, with much satisfaction, in Baxter's Reformed Pastor. I grow more and more delighted with reading the writings of this wonder of piety, intelligence, knowledge, and bodily infirmities. His Reformed Pastor is addressed to ministers, setting forth and urging the duties of their high and holy calling. Much of it seems addressed to me in particular. And doubtless, God, from eternity, intended to admonish me of my duty by the writings of this godly man. O that God would give me ears to hear, and strength and disposition to obey.

The thought, that every admonition we receive, was intended by God from eternity, cannot fail deeply to impress every contemplative heart. It was in such ways that the subject of this Memoir was wont to improve the doctrine of the divine purposes—a very practical doctrine surely to those who have a heart to improve it. We are not to suppose he considered God as having designed this reproof for him any more than for every one to whom it should come with its appropriate application.

One of the most important inquiries we can prosecute in the study of biography, respects the progress in holiness, and the means and occasions of that progress, in those from whose lives we are seeking instruction. Prompted by the truth of this remark, I must suffer my brother to speak still further respecting the intimate acquaintance he now began to cultivate with the writings of Baxter. I cannot resist the belief, that from about this period, he became much more zealously devoted to the cause of God; nor do I doubt the powerful effect of these writings on his heart as a christian, and on his whole style of preaching and

effort as a gospel minister. Happy was the day when he purchased these works of the good old non-conformist. But let himself speak further on this point.

*Cambridge, July 13, 1803.*

MY WORTHY N.—Blessed be God for the health I enjoy; and for the tranquillity I feel, notwithstanding the peculiarly solemn and interesting scenes before me. I trust my tranquillity is not stupid indifference. Though I have reason for deep humiliation, that I have not a more lively sense, and more enlarged views of what it is to be a faithful preacher of the everlasting gospel; yet I can say, that my thoughts are almost wholly taken up in contemplating this subject. Of these things and my N., I can meditate at the same time; and the idea of each seems to add solemnity, animation, and endearment, to that of the other. I have read “Baxter’s Reformed Pastor,” on purpose to enlarge my ideas, and to animate my feelings, respecting the duties and importance of the ministerial work. In this work, which I completed last evening, I have found much more than I expected, though I expected much. Scarcely ever did I read a book with more delight. It has taught me to think that there are very few in New-England, who deserve the name of christian pastors; and that, even in the best of them, there is need, great need, pressing need of reformation. It has taught me to look back upon my past life with abhorrence. How many opportunities have I neglected, when I might have done good! How have I abused my talents, and murdered my precious time! How idle and sluggish have I been since I publicly named the name of Christ, and even since, in a solemn and important sense, I entered the vineyard of the Lord! How little have I exerted myself to prepare for the glorious work! How cold have been my public (and, alas! my private) addresses to God! And in my sermons, how little have I told my hearers about Christ; and how unfeelingly has that little been uttered! O, my God, let not these sins forever separate between me and thyself; and now enable me solemnly to make the resolution, to awake from the death of my stupidity, and to begin to feel—begin to preach—begin to pray.

I have also read Baxter’s long sermon—his farewell sermon. The more I read of Baxter, the more I admire, the



more I love him. I feel almost as high value for his works as I do for my Encyclopedia. Scarcely any money would tempt me to spend my life without these practical works. Though in all things I have come short, yet in attending to practical and devotional works, my deficiency has been the most gross and aggravated. I now hope, in some measure, to reform. Let those who like it, pursue the speculative sciences. Though I would not undervalue these, and though I hope hereafter to give a little attention to them; yet, at present, the bible, my Baxter, devotional poetry, etc., are the books for me. This week, however, I shall not be able to read much more of any thing. I have now almost my whole afternoon's sermon to write, my answer to write, college duties to perform, to go to Boston to-morrow, to attend the singing-school, and on Saturday to Beverly. And this I hope to accomplish, if God continue to bless me with the vigor I now feel, unless I should be called off by some unexpected interruption.

Perhaps the following document is written somewhat more in the style, and spirit, and prolixity of Baxter, than it would have been under other circumstances. It is his answer to the call he had received from Beverly. Though long, and, I think, not a model for imitation, yet I shall quote such portions of it as contain facts of interest respecting himself and that infant society, or express his strong feelings on discharging so solemn a responsibility as that of deciding the question before him—a question, doubtless, on which were suspended the eternal interests of many souls.

*Cambridge, July 15, 1803.*

TO THE CHURCH AND PEOPLE OF THE THIRD CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY IN REVERLY.

*Men, Brethren, and Friends, fellow travellers to the eternal world :*

You have invited me to become your “pastor and teacher;” to take the oversight of your immortal interest; to watch, to labor, to pray, for the good of your souls, and the souls of your little ones. But who has the qualifications for an undertaking so important, so great, so difficult to be fulfilled? Who is qualified to be an ambassador from the infinite God to his immortal rebels; to declare to

them in his name the conditions of peace, the conditions of glory; to denounce his eternal vengeance, if they refuse, if they neglect his great salvation? Who is qualified to take his saints by the hand, and lead them to heaven? To be commissioned, by the King of kings, with the offer of mercy and eternal life to one immortal soul, even the very least among mankind, would be a solemn, an awful employment. To instruct a single saint—to reprove, to rebuke, to warn, to allure, to encourage, to train up for God, a single saint, must be a great and arduous work. If but a single individual of the human race had apostatized from God, and exposed himself to the flames of an eternal hell, would not the highest angel, would not Gabriel himself, consider it a great work for him to be sent with a message of pardon and eternal life to such a rebel, and then, if penitent, to train him up for a glorious immortality? Would not the angel think that threescore years and ten might be profitably employed for such an end? Who, then, among all the creatures of God, is sufficient to preach the everlasting gospel to thousands; and at the same time, to feed and to inspect, to guide and instruct a whole church of christians?

My christian friends, you know something of my infirmities. From my earliest days I have been familiar with bodily indisposition, with sickness, with confinement. By the kind and wonderful providence of God, I have been kept alive. It was the fear of my friends, and has, more than once, been the expectation of myself, that before this time, I should have been numbered with the dead. Bodily infirmities have sometimes been one reason that I have refused to preach as a candidate for settling in the gospel ministry. But I have other infirmities, greater than these. O! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin, this load of ignorance, this weight of stupidity, this hardness of heart, this spiritual blindness, this insensibility to the worth and to the danger of immortal souls, this coldness to saints, this coldness to Christ, this ingratitude to God?

What then am I, that you should think of me for your minister, to go out and in before you, to set you a pattern of holy living, to be an example to you in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, and in purity; to visit and pray with you in sickness; to rejoice in your joys,

and weep at your tears ; to comfort you in affliction, to speak to you the words of Jehovah, whether you will hear or forbear ; to lead in your public devotions ; to break for you the bread, and pour out for you the wine, of life ; to take the charge of your souls ?

Surely I had fainted, my soul would have been cast down and utterly dismayed, unless I had believed to see the goodness of God, to receive the protection of his arm, and enjoy his gracious assistance.

And now can I forbear saying from the heart—Here, Lord, am I, do with me what seemeth thee good ? What then is the voice of Providence ?

The invitation to settle with you in the gospel ministry, has occupied a large proportion of my thoughts since I received it. It has been my meditation day and night. I have endeavored to consider the subject seriously and closely ; though I have reason with shame to confess, not according to its awful importance. I have also asked counsel of christian friends, and endeavored to ask counsel of the Lord. I have considered the rise of this society ; the harmony of your separation ; the smiles of Providence upon you in building and dedicating this very commodious house of worship ; in short, the remarkable and speedy success of all your undertakings relating to this solemn matter. I have considered the liberality of your offers. I have considered this as an unequivocal expression of the affection, the cordiality, the uncommon unanimity, which you have professed ; and which, as many as have had opportunity, have otherwise manifested toward me.

From a consideration of these and a variety of other circumstances, I have drawn the conclusion, that if there be a place on earth where I can be useful, it is probably here. And I exceedingly rejoice in feeling so well persuaded that God has called me to labor among you ; and that it is my duty to answer your request in the affirmative.

Beloved, I need your prayers. I feel my imperfections ; I feel my weaknesses. I feel that I am a child. You know something of the greatness and importance and difficulty of my expected labors. You know where I must look for help ; and where you also should look, that I may be enabled and assisted to discharge, with fidelity and success, all the duties before me. You know, my christian

friends, who it is, that hath left a promise to his faithful ministers to be with them alway, even unto the end of the world.

And when the world shall be on fire, when the heavens shall be rolling together as a scroll, and the elements melt with fervent heat, that we may be caught up together with all the saints to meet the Lord in the air, and so be for ever with the Lord, is the prayer of your unworthy friend and servant in the Lord Jesus Christ.

JOSEPH EMERSON.

This church is said to be the second, if not indeed the first, which was formed in this state in consequence of the recent defections from ancient doctrine. It was organized, Nov. 9, 1802, by a council consisting of Dr. Hopkins of Salem, and three other ministers. Instead of taking members from the old church to form the new one, four men of reputable piety, residing in the place, but, as it would seem from the church records, not yet connected with any church, were formed into a church by adopting a covenant and creed, etc. When thus formed, the way was prepared for such members of the old church as chose it, to ask a dismission and recommendation to the new one; and many were found, from time to time, to avail themselves of the privilege. The history of this church and people, is deeply interesting in a variety of particulars, but we have no space for it here. Suffice it to say, that they have continued to increase in numbers and influence, down to the present time, notwithstanding the legislative impediments early thrown in their way and many other trials in later periods.

Returning to my brother, let us see how his heart flew with fresh zeal to the bible, in view of his approaching charge of souls.

*Cambridge, July 20, 1803.*

Within nine weeks from this day, I expect to be set apart to the glorious work. O that I were qualified! Never before was I so sensible of my ignorance of the things of religion. My grossest ignorance is of the scriptures. I think a preacher should not only understand the scriptures, but also be able to repeat the most important and striking passages, doctrinal and practical. How great is my deficiency in both respects? What can be

done? I have much to do. Very soon I expect to have the charge of souls. I have now to perform college duties, write sermons, preach, and attend to music. The sermon that I mentioned, should employ at least four weeks of intense application; and it ought to be completed before ordination. But the bible, the bible, must be read. Is it not time for me to awake? And I must awake. I have almost completed Exodus. I must complete Revelation before commencement. To-day and to-morrow I will devote to the bible. O that nothing may divert me from a rigorous and persevering application to the precious pages. I cannot at this time read the bible so thoroughly as I should wish. At present, it appears better to read over the whole as well as I can, than to read a part only; though with more attention. My present object is, to collect passages which define, inculcate, or enforce the duties of ministers and people toward each other. I must therefore, if possible, go through with the bible before I begin to write the above-mentioned sermon. I have likewise another object. I am so ignorant of the bible, that I sometimes find passages that appear quite new. Such passages I determine to transcribe and study, and endeavor to fix in my mind, that they may never appear new again. The same method I recommend to you, if you are ever so unhappy as to find any thing in the bible that you do not recollect to have seen before. Surely, it must be highly dishonorable to a minister, and may obstruct his usefulness, if he were not able to tell whether any passage or expression that he might hear, were in the bible or not. And a minister's wife might find more satisfaction in being able to tell the place and connection and meaning of any passage that might be the topic of conversation, than in being silent, or confessing that she had forgotten there was such a text in the bible. I have not yet given up the idea of committing to memory all the most important parts of scripture. I intend to read the bible through two or three times before I read much in any other book, that the precious word may always be uppermost in my mind. Dear immortal, let us not forget to seek the Lord, that he would open our understandings to understand his holy word, and to work within us to will and to do of his own good plea-



sure, and honor us as instruments of actively promoting his glorious designs.

J. EMERSON.

For some days at this period, he enjoyed uncommonly good health, religious comfort, fine spirits, and "a vigor of mind that he never before experienced;" and as a very natural concomitant for him, he made rapid progress in study. Take the following as a favorable specimen of a day's work. It is addressed to the same person as was the above.

*Cambridge, July 21, 1803.*

Yesterday I did more than usual. Besides all I wrote to you, I attended government meeting nearly two hours, and singing school about as long; received a short visit from Miss H. Adams's father who brought me a letter—a very short letter, and I returned one about as long; read Watts's Divine Songs for children, a pamphlet of thirty-six pages with which I was considerably pleased, and read forty pages in my bible, containing a few chapters in Exodus, the whole of Leviticus, and a few in Numbers.

I cannot feel justified in withholding the following.

*August 2, 1803.*

Determined to spend more time in self-examination and secret devotion—to spend a season in my closet after breakfast, after dinner, and just before retiring to rest at night; besides occasionally speaking to God for assistance in whatever I may be about to engage, and giving thanks to his name for his mercies received, and committing myself to the care of the great Shepherd when I lay my head upon my pillow, and lifting up my soul in grateful acknowledgment to Him when I awake in the morning. How awfully have I neglected secret prayer! It is astonishing that God should suffer such a cold, hard-hearted, ungrateful, rebellious wretch to live. What was Sodom's guilt to mine? What a wonder of wonders is it, that God should sometimes grant me such enlargement and divine delight in leading the devotions of others, when I am so backward to pray to him in secret, and to ask him for that assistance without which I can do noth-

ing. He rewards me openly, though I so very rarely, and so coldly, and so formally pray to him in secret.

Great God, and shall I ever live  
At this poor dying rate? etc.

Since I saw you, I have felt considerable reluctance to record the exercises of my mind. But blessed be God, this reluctance has almost ceased to trouble me.

This morning I arose a little before the bell rung for prayers. What a hypocrite have I been in the chapel; and how few real petitions, confessions, or thanksgivings have there ascended from my heart to God! How beautiful is the morning! How delightfully do the majestic elms and the aspiring poplars bow their heads, as if in adoration of their maker; and how does all nature around them join in anthems of praise. O my soul, thou canst offer him a rational praise. Wilt thou, canst thou remain discordant? Will not the stones cry out and the sweet songsters of the grove rise up in judgment and condemn thee? O my God, I will praise thee in my closet, I will praise thee as I journey, I will praise thee with my heart's delight, in company of friends will I praise thee, in the congregation will I bow before my God and sing praises to the Most High. Praise him all ye lands; praise him all ye people; praise him all ye angels; praise him all creation. Bless the Lord, O my soul.

*August 3, 1803.*

Yesterday I derived more satisfaction in secret devotion than perhaps any other day of my life. In reading the bible, I found great delight in praying at the end of every chapter; and was surprised to find myself, each time, furnished with so good a subject from the chapter I had read, as my reading was in Chronicles.

What a deep and exhaustless fountain is the bible! The historical parts of the Old Testament, are full of instruction. The evening I spent at Mr. B.'s; and I fear not very profitably; for when I returned to my room after ten, I could not pray, I had not maintained a praying spirit.

*Cambridge, Aug. 19, 1803.*

My stated devotions and reading the scriptures become more and more my pleasure. I do not now consider it

my duty to spend the whole day in reading the good word and prayer; but I do feel it to be my duty to devote considerable time to this delightful employment. When one season is past, I seem to long for the arrival of another. I have now determined to read eighteen instead of fifteen pages a day in the bible. At this rate, I shall read the bible four times in little less than a year. My thoughts this morning, have been engaged considerably upon lecturing youth from the assembly's catechism—upon preaching systematically—and church conferences. I am determined, by the divine permission and assistance, to read the bible four times according to my present plan, then diminishing the daily portion by one half, to read it to form a common-place book—and then to spend about the same time in reading the bible and making short comments upon each chapter: and also, within, perhaps, three or four years, having read as many systems of divinity as possible, and well adjusted a plan in my own head, and purchased those books not now in my possession which I may wish to read or consult—to begin my systematic preaching. Is it not foolish and vain for me to form plans like these. O! my heavenly Father, whether I should be able to execute any of these plans or not, may I at all times devote my every talent to thy service and be instrumental of doing much good in the world. But how can one so ignorant expect to be an instrument in the instruction of others? O Father of lights! enlighten my mind and strengthen my understanding. O God, thou canst do great things by feeble means. Thou canst accomplish thy glorious purposes, thou canst perform thy wondrous works by such a rebel, by such a worm as I.

12 7'. [i. e. 7 minutes past 12.] Unstable as water; fickle as the changeful breeze! What nonsense for me to form so great plans, when I do not execute those that are small and easy. It was my intention to have begun my sermon this morning to preach at Beverly the Sabbath after next. I have not even written my text. What else have I done? why nothing; almost nothing. It seems as though the evil spirit kept me from beginning my sermon. This is not the first time. It has been so with almost every sermon I have written. It was my intention to finish my sermon this week. But now it is impossible. The day is more than half spent. Government business

calls my attention this afternoon, and other business in the evening. Even if I were disposed, it is now too late to think of doing any thing at sermonizing to-day. Well, to-morrow! to-morrow! How shall I dare calculate upon to-morrow, when I have been so stupidly lazy to-day! O! my soul! is this thy diligence, is this thy zeal for the Lord of hosts? O my God! quicken me to do my duty.

From the above, it seems manifest, that he was now making a rapid advance in pious feeling as well as in knowledge. His recent devotedness to the bible and to Baxter, was doubtless one great cause of this improvement: another was the solemn charge he was about to assume. The secular studies of a college course, have seldom been found congenial to piety. President Edwards and many others have especially complained of the paralysing influence of a tutor's life.

The kind of intercourse between college tutors and their pupils, so reserved, so official, so destitute of heart, is probably often found more pernicious than the nature of their studies. Both of these causes doubtless had their effect on my brother's mind, though probably less than on many others in like circumstances. He diminished in a degree this unnatural distance between him and the community of mortals by whom he was surrounded, and thus found more scope for religious sympathy; he pursued science as a guide to the knowledge of God's works; and he was also engaged, for a portion of the time, in preaching. Still, even the near prospect of a change to the happiest occupation this side of heaven, the occupation of a christian pastor, fired his soul with an ardor unknown before, while it also filled him with humility and self-distrust.

At the termination of the academic year, he resigned his office in the college; and the solemnities of his ordination at Beverly took place the ensuing month, viz. Sept. 21, 1803.

## CHAPTER IV.

VIEWS OF HIS CHARACTER AS DEVELOPED AT THIS PERIOD.

*Communications from Dr. Channing—President Chapin  
Judge Story—Judge White—and Dr. Emmons.*

I shall here present the reader with some valuable communications, for which I trust he will unite with me in grateful acknowledgments to their kind and respected authors. Desirous of minute and authentic information on several parts of my brother's life, which did not come so immediately under my own notice, I addressed letters of inquiry to a number of his acquaintances, respecting those portions in which they were conversant with him. I take it for granted, that they will not complain of me for making such use of their communications, whether by extracts or summaries, as may seem best to comport with my present plan. Of those which I shall here present, the first is from Rev. Dr. Channing, who was a classmate with him at college.

*Boston, Nov. 7, 1833.*

DEAR SIR,—Your brother's life was so uniform, at college, that nothing, which can be called an event, remains in my memory. His habits were so studious, that he mixed little with the class. I had not much intercourse with him. He devoted himself to the severer studies. His conduct was irreproachable, and his manners so inoffensive, that, whilst he fell into none of the more common excesses of that time, he met no opposition from those who yielded to them. I was with him afterwards, a short time, in the government of the college. He suc-



ceeded in securing the good will of the students. It seemed to me, that your brother's character became more interesting after he left college. His affections, if they were not unfolded more freely, at least showed themselves more. I was not led, by my early acquaintance, to expect from him that ardor with which he afterwards devoted himself to noble objects.—It will gratify me to see your memoir of him. You are happy in having had such a brother, and the office of recording his worth must be a consolation for his loss.

Very truly yours,

WM. E. CHANNING.

The next is from our friend and family connexion, Rev. Dr. Chapin, President of the Columbian College at Washington. I shall here insert only that part of his communication which relates to the present period, reserving the remainder for its appropriate place.

*College Hill, (D. C.) Oct. 18, 1833.*

VERY DEAR BROTHER,—I know nothing of special moment respecting brother Joseph, while he was a student in Cambridge, as he graduated, I believe, in 1798, and I entered two years after, in 1800. He was appointed tutor of mathematics, geography, and natural philosophy, in 1801. At that time, Harvard University was professedly orthodox. The faculty of government and instruction then consisted of President Willard, Dr. Tappan, Dr. Pearson, Prof. Webber, Tutors Hedge, White, Farrar, and Clapp, and Sidney Willard, Librarian. The unitarian controversy had indeed commenced, but it was confined to a narrow circle, and had not begun to excite any general agitation among the churches. So far as religious controversy was concerned, it was a time of tranquillity within the walls of the college. But though the institution was nominally sound in the faith, yet the vigor of its early piety was quite extinct, and the college, consecrated by our puritan fathers with so much fervor to Christ and his church, had ceased to exert a powerful influence in the cause of truth and holiness. The fact that the college then wore the Calvinistic dress, and that the Socinian controversy was then just beginning, may be the reason why your brother's religious life was not then more prom-

inent. I cannot recollect any distinguished part which he took in the cause of religion. But a student at that college, where the distance between him and the government was so stately, is but a poor judge respecting the piety and zeal of any of its members. You will not, therefore, be much influenced by what I say respecting his life while a teacher in that seminary. But though I do not recollect any leading part which he took in the religious concerns of the college, yet I well remember the general opinion among the students was, that he was a young man of more than ordinary piety.

Your brother, while tutor, began to display those peculiar gifts, which since have so strongly marked his character. He was then an enthusiast on the subject of education. He possessed in an eminent degree the talent to awaken and rightly guide youthful curiosity in the pursuit of knowledge. He always was perfect master of the recitation, and was very ingenious in expedients to illustrate and impress it upon the mind of the class. By his unwearyed and successful efforts to advance them in their studies, he secured their respect and affection.

The reader is next presented with a letter from Hon. Judge Story.

*Cambridge, Nov. 23, 1833.*

Your brother, the late Rev. Joseph Emerson, was my classmate, and as such, could not but be known to me. But in truth, I had a good deal of acquaintance with him during our collegiate course, and possessed his friendship, as I believe, in a high degree. Our pursuits and interests were in many respects similar; and kindred feelings soon give rise in youth to kindred interchanges of thoughts. Both of us loved poetry; both of us loved mathematics; both of us loved metaphysics; and both of us were diligent students; and for one year we lived on the same floor of one of the college houses. But, passing from these general remarks, let me tell you, as well as I can, what were the outlines of his character, when I chiefly knew him. I believe I retained his friendship until his death; but our pursuits were so diverse, that we rarely met after we left college. What I shall say, then, chiefly belongs to the recollections of our college life.

One of the first things that struck me on making his acquaintance, was his seriousness, his enthusiasm, his sincerity, and his love of literature. He was very diligent in *all* his studies; prompt, regular, and exact in all his duties; and, in purity of life and conduct, surpassed by none. He gradually rose to high distinction in his class, enjoying the reputation of successful scholarship, and clear and forcible judgment. His favorite studies were mathematics and metaphysics. In the former he was not excelled by any of his classmates; and, unless my memory misleads me, he and I were the only persons in the class who had mathematical parts assigned, at the college exhibitions, in addition to our other honors upon the like occasions. But his mind was chiefly devoted to metaphysics, connecting itself, as it naturally did, with ethics; and he took the greatest delight in friendly argumentation upon the leading topics in Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*, which was then one of our class books. It was somewhat singular, that he should unite with such abstract studies a great enthusiasm for poetry. He would read aloud to me many exquisite passages from Pope, and comment upon them with a clearness and delicacy, which showed his soul to be attuned to harmony of the highest order. I am not certain, but I believe he occasionally wrote poetical effusions; though his modesty was such, that he seldom allowed his friends to read them. In his manners, he was unobtrusive and shy, rarely seeking to open his heart, except to those who sought it. But those who enjoyed the privileges of intimacy with him, knew him to be ardent and pure, possessing social affections and religious principles of the most elevated nature. When we were graduated, he had a forensic assigned to him, which was then esteemed among the highest of our academical exercises.

I think, even at that period, there was occasionally a melancholy about him, which he sought to subdue by severe study or lively conversation. But I can truly say of him, in the language of one of his favorite poets, even then,

“That all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.”

Without detaining you with farther details,—for his college course was one uninterrupted course of blameless

virtue,—I may add, that he impressed me with a high sense of the value of his character, his attainments, and his talents. I treasured up his friendship, while living, as a source of pride and pleasure, and his death was deeply felt by me as a public as well as a private calamity.

I am, with great respect,  
Your obliged servant,

JOSEPH STORY.

The following is from Hon. Judge White, of Salem, Mass.

*Salem, Nov. 7, 1833.*

Dear Sir,—I am very glad to learn that you are preparing a memoir of your late lamented brother, whose active virtues and elevated principles of conduct, through life, will render any just memoir of him a valuable gift to the public, as well as a precious memorial to his friends. I wish it were in my power to recall to memory more facts than I find I can, which would throw light on his history and character, during that portion of life about which you particularly inquire. I knew him as an undergraduate at Cambridge, being but one year before him in college, and I well recollect that he held a high rank in his class as a scholar, and that he was universally regarded as a young man of a pure and amiable mind and character. I knew him again more intimately, as a tutor at the same place, to the best of my recollection, about two years. In the mean time, he had studied divinity, I think, with the celebrated Dr. Emmons, and had deeply imbibed his peculiar sentiments in theology; in which, as I could not sympathize with him, there was not, of course, that kind of intimacy in our acquaintance, which such a sympathy might have produced. This may account to you, in some measure, for my being unable to communicate such particular information and characteristic anecdotes as you would naturally expect from one associated with him in office, as I was at that period. I would not, however, be understood as implying that there was any want of cordiality in our general intercourse, in consequence of the difference of opinion between us on religious subjects. This was so far from being the case, that, perhaps, this very difference led me to a still higher

estimate of his character, as it served to develop some traits of excellence, which might otherwise have remained concealed from me. No one more truly appreciated freedom of thought, inquiry, and discussion, than he did; and the privilege which he so highly prized himself, he was willing to allow in the fullest extent, to others. He was liberal in the best sense of the word, and always so kind and considerate in conversing upon controverted points, that he was never known to indulge himself in that warmth of expression and manner, which is so apt to take place in the course of such discussions, even among friends, and which, sometimes, leaves impressions alike unfavorable to truth and good feeling. I can recollect nothing of this nature in all my intercourse with him, which had the slightest tendency to lessen the regard which I felt for him, or the pleasure which I took in his conversation. He was uniformly as candid and just towards others, as he was constant and faithful to his own convictions of truth and duty. I do not believe that a single ill feeling was ever produced among his associates or pupils at Cambridge, by any thing which he was led to say or do in consequence of his peculiar doctrines, however widely they might differ from him in their view, or however decidedly he might manifest his own. His religious sentiments were evidently the result of deep and conscientious inquiry, and his whole conduct and deportment appeared to be guided by rules and principles, infinitely above those of any earthly tribunal, or worldly consideration. By his associates who well understood his character and worth, he could not fail to be listened to and treated with respect, whatever peculiarities might at any time mark his opinions or manner. Without the least affectation of singularity, he was in some respects singular, as well as truly original; but all his peculiarities leaned to virtue's side, and were so blended with his natural benevolence, gentleness of disposition, and child-like simplicity, that none but tender and respectful feelings could be indulged towards him. Hence any little eccentricities, which in others might attract the ridicule of college boys, in him would pass unheeded, or excite only a smile of respectful sympathy. He was, I believe, at all times, while a tutor at Cambridge, a favorite with his pupils.



But I am losing sight of the particular object of your inquiry, the manner in which he discharged his duties as a tutor in the University. Soon after he entered upon these duties, if not before, he commenced preaching. I recollect accompanying him at Charlestown, in the latter part of the year 1801, when he delivered an evening lecture from the words of Micah, "Ye have taken away my Gods, and what have I more?" This must have been one of his earliest discourses from the pulpit, and I clearly remember the favorable impression it made upon me of his powers as a preacher. It was at that period customary for tutors who were candidates for the ministry, to preach occasionally in neighboring churches. Your brother, if I mistake not, was engaged in this way most of the Sabbaths while he was a tutor; which of course took him from all care of the students on such days, and might have been one reason why he was generally less disposed to take an active part in respect to governing the students, than he was in the duties of instruction; though these were doubtless far more congenial with his feelings and habits, than the cares of government. Yet he was not wanting in a disposition to concur in all measures of government and discipline which he deemed proper. The department of instruction, which he conducted as tutor, was that of the mathematics and natural philosophy; for his attainments in which, he was then distinguished. Being familiar with the branches of science, which he was required to teach, and feeling a deep interest in the improvement of his pupils, he made himself at all times accessible to them, and took manifest pleasure in freely and fully imparting information in answer to their inquiries. At the recitations and exercises of the several classes, the same qualities were conspicuous, and gave him great advantage as a teacher. His affability, frankness, and unaffected sympathy with all studious inquirers, inspired affectionate confidence and secured the most respectful attention to his instructions. Having also a happy fluency and an animated manner in communicating his thoughts, and being remarkably clear and satisfactory in his views and illustrations, I need not add that he was a very popular as well as useful instructor.

Such are my impressions of his reputation as a teacher at that time. Some of those who were his pupils might doubtless give you more distinct information on the subject. I had no means of personal observation, except from his manner at the public examinations of the students; which fully accorded with what I learned through others. His ardent zeal in the cause of education and human improvement, seems to have distinguished him through life. I had, however, but very rarely an opportunity of witnessing it after he removed from Cambridge. I attended his ordination at Beverly, and occasionally visited him afterwards. Of one visit which I made him soon after his first marriage, I have a distinct recollection, as it left an impression on my mind of his peculiar views respecting female education, probably from his conversation at the time, as well as from finding Mrs. Emerson engaged with him in some of the higher intellectual studies, apparently as a pupil. His room had all the appearance of a college study, with the Encyclopedia and other ponderous volumes arranged on the floor around him. At that time, he seemed to think that the profoundest branches of science and philosophy were adapted to exercise and discipline the female mind, and might be comprised with advantage in a course of female studies. I am inclined to believe that his views underwent some change, from his subsequent experience and observation. At a later period, I was much gratified to hear remarks from him on this subject, which appeared to me to indicate the most enlarged and just views of the character and duties of the female sex, and of the education and studies appropriate to them. I hope you will be able, from his correspondence and other sources, to collect and preserve the valuable results of his observation and reflection on the subject of education, and especially the education of females, upon which he bestowed so much thought and labor, and from his long experience as an instructor, was so competent a judge.

With the sincerest wishes for the success of your present undertaking and all your useful labors, I remain

Yours, respectfully,

D. A. WHITE.

The remaining communication is a letter from his highly respected teacher in divinity, Rev. Dr. Emmons, who still survives in great vigor and activity, though at the advanced age of about four score and ten years. He was present at the ordination of my brother in Beverly, and preached the sermon on that occasion.

*Franklin, October 14, 1833.*

Rev. and Dear Sir,—I thank you for your very kind and affectionate letter, and I should be pleased if I could give you any information or assistance in preparing for publication a *Memoir* of your dear deceased brother; who, since my first and intimate acquaintance with him, has ever stood high in my affection and esteem. He came to Franklin in the year 1799, and resided with me, at different periods, for about two years, until he was licensed to preach the gospel. I highly esteemed him for his amiable qualities and genuine piety. I attended his ordination at Beverly, and at the request of the Moderator, while under examination, I freely and frankly gave my testimony in favor of his moral and religious character. Though he often wrote to me after his settlement in the ministry, yet I find no letter of his in my hands, except one, which I herewith send you. I feel it to be an agreeable and melancholy duty which I owe to God and to the friends of God, as well as to you and to your dear departed brother, to state what I know and what it is proper for me to relate, respecting that worthy and faithful minister of Christ.

Mr. Emerson, like other young gentlemen with whom I have been acquainted while preparing for the ministry, not only conducted with propriety and agreeably to his christian profession, but exhibited some peculiar traits of character, which qualified him for great and extensive usefulness, through the whole course of his life. He possessed a strong, clear, retentive, discriminating mind. He was capable of rising to eminence in any branch of learning to which he turned his particular attention. He had a taste for reading, and especially for reading the scriptures. He was as good a *biblical* as *classical* scholar. He studied the deep things of God, and acquired very clear and consistent views of the peculiar, and fundamental

doctrines and duties of christianity. He chose the work of the ministry, not for the sake of ease, or popularity, or filthy lucre; but for the sake of employing all his time and talents to the best advantage, in promoting the spiritual and eternal interests of mankind. So long as his health allowed him to pursue his chosen work, he uniformly sustained the character of an able and faithful minister of the gospel. And after his feeble health constrained him a second time to relinquish his pastoral relation to a particular church, he turned his whole attention to a business for which he was eminently qualified, and in which he was extensively useful. In a word, I verily believe, that a just and fair delineation of the talents, usefulness, and exemplary piety of Mr. Emerson, may have a happy tendency to promote the cause of truth and the millennial prosperity of Zion.

With my best wishes for your personal and public usefulness, I am, Dear Sir, most affectionately yours,

NATHANIEL EMMONS.

It would be superfluous for me to comment on the facts and traits of character above given with so much kindness, candor, and discrimination, and by authorities so distinguished. Had these communications been an echo to each other of the same facts and sentiments, it would have been an act of ostentation to present them all; but distinctive and peculiar as the reader perceives each one of them to be, I could not feel myself justified in withholding what I have inserted.

## CHAPTER V.

FROM HIS SETTLEMENT TO THE DEATH OF HIS FIRST WIFE.

*Ordination—Marriage—Death of his wife—His feelings on that occasion.*

It has already been stated, that my brother received the ministerial charge of the third congregational church and society in Beverly, Sept. 21, 1803. As the occasion was new in our annals, the ordaining council was large and uncommonly respectable. The sermon, preached by Dr. Emmons, was published.

That day, to my brother, was solemn beyond description; and probably but few, even of those who have received the like charge, are able fully to enter into the depths of his emotions. As illustrative of this point, I will here mention the fact, that he spent the day in *fasting* instead of feasting. For this he had indeed very peculiar reasons, in addition to primitive example. It may not be improper to dwell, for a moment, on these reasons, though we cannot go into them minutely.

The church and society were just formed, and were now, under his guidance, about to encounter the peculiar trials incident to their infant state,—trials both within and without. Their circumstances were also, at that time, peculiar, though such circumstances are now common, as so many churches have since come out from the midst of others with which they could no longer be satisfied to continue. The responsibility was as great as the course to be pursued was novel.

But this was not all which conspired to fill his mind with peculiar solemnity, and perhaps with apprehension. I find, from his letters of prior date, that not a little un-



easiness had been manifested to him, from an influential source, respecting some arrangements, which it is needless here to mention. The case was such as to require him to act with promptness and decision, and, at the same time, under a deep responsibility in regard to the character of the ministry, and the prospects of that church and people. Probably few were acquainted with this occasion which he then had for fasting and prayer. His conduct, in connection with all the complicated and trying circumstances, was a striking illustration of the mingled firmness and meekness of his character. His gentleness was such as to lead some men perhaps to presume that he might be swayed to their purposes: but he was, in fact, one of the very last men to be drawn or driven from the position of conscious propriety and duty. Such, I doubt not, he was found by any and all who may ever have made the trial. Like the patriarch whose name he bore, he acted from principle, not from passion, nor from selfishness. In vain do you address the passions of such men, and especially their supposed timidity, until you first gain their moral judgment.

In what I have said above, partly for the purpose of guarding against the imputation of eccentricity, for not indulging in the customary festivities on such an occasion, I do not intend to exculpate him on all occasions. Where is the man, of any originality, whose conduct does not sometimes wear such an aspect? He was himself well aware of this infirmity, and requested his friends to assist him in guarding against it. But while I admit the trait, as far as truth will warrant, I am anxious that his character should not suffer, as is so often the fact in such cases, beyond the boundaries of truth. Few men can give more or better reasons for their daily conduct, than he could give for a large share of those actions which seemed rather strange in their first aspect; and he rarely failed to convince his intimate friends of the perfect propriety and wisdom of his conduct. And yet there were cases in which he failed decidedly, even in his own judgment, when reviewing the transactions after the lapse of months or years. There are, indeed, some vain spirits, who seek to be singular. It is the cheapest, if not the only way, for them to attract attention. Not so with modest men of independent thought. The amount of the

matter in question, as it respects such men, seems to be, that they do not *desire* but *dread* the appearance of singularity; still, as they look with an eye of originality on *courses of conduct*, as well as on other things, they see variations from the beaten track, which other men would never see. And while some of these courses are wise, and may prove of much use to the community as well as to themselves, others are not improvements, and are therefore branded as eccentricities. Some, too, which are real and great improvements, are at first regarded as impracticable follies, because but imperfectly comprehended in their reasons or their mode of execution. Such, for a long time, has been the fact with other improvements besides that master movement and glory of our age, the temperance reformation. If then a man will give the world one real improvement out of a score of harmless eccentricities, let us accept it gratefully, just as we do one good poem out of a much larger percentage of failures.

Shortly after his settlement, he was married to Miss Nancy Eaton, of Framingham, whose name has before been mentioned, and to whom, as a former pupil and a friend, were addressed many of the letters from which the previous extracts have been taken. His earthly bliss seemed now complete. No man was better fitted than himself, to enjoy the endearments of a people whom he chose, and a wife whom he so tenderly loved. Now, there opened before him an ample avenue to effort and to usefulness. Now, there were around him those whom he loved and respected, in the ministry, in the church, in the social circle. He had books in plenty at his command. He was as highly respected as he could imagine his merits to warrant. And he soon found himself preaching to good purpose, the gospel of that Savior whom he loved more than all. He was also free from the cares of a family, while blessed with the presence of his wife as a fellow boarder, a pupil, and a help-meet to his studies and the discharge of the high duties he had so lately assumed. It was too good for mortals long to enjoy. So thought he repeatedly before, in prospect of the blessing, and doubtless now amid the fruition. And so it proved, as we shall but too soon see. In the mean time, let us listen to a let-

ter of his to his new sister, but old friend and pupil, Miss Betsey Eaton.

*Beverly, March 23, 1804.*

Early this morning, we determined to devote some part of the day to the animating employment of writing to our dear kindred at Framingham. They are the subject of some of our most endearing meditations and devoutest wishes, when we converse, when we read, and when we pray. When for a while we had been thinking and talking of these things, how very agreeably surprising did we find it, to open and read a letter from our much loved sister. The serious strain, that runs through the whole letter, and the account which our sister has given of her reading, etc., are peculiarly pleasing. Dear sister, go on and prosper. Seek the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near. Knock, and it shall be opened. Search the scriptures daily; and let nothing prevent the incense of your morning and evening devotions, from ascending up before the throne of your heavenly Father, through a glorious and merciful Mediator. Are you a real christian? Start not at the solemn question;—so solemn, so important, that I must repeat it—Are you a *real* christian? Perhaps you reply, “I know not; I would give the world to know.” Would you know? Search your own heart, search deeply and prayerfully; and diligently compare yourself with that holy book which shall be opened at the great day. Edwards on Affections may assist you in the solemn examination. But remember to bring this and every other merely human composition to the “law and to the testimony” which God has given. At best, it can be but chaff, unless it agree with the oracles of truth. And here I must affectionately warn you to take heed that you build not upon the sand of your own works, or vain imaginations, instead of building upon the sure, immoveable foundation, the eternal Rock of ages.

We have a great desire to see you, as well as all our kindred at Framingham. In about two months, we expect to remove from Mr. Dike’s to keep house by ourselves. Then, and even before then, we should be exceedingly glad of your company. With regard to a school in this place, we have not made much inquiry, and we have scarcely given so much as a hint to any person, that

we have any expectation of your keeping. We think it advisable, that you should first spend a few weeks in the place, and form some acquaintance with the people and situation of the place. But whether you ever take a school in this place or not, we wish very much to see you here, as soon as possible. We wish, by all means, that you may be here when we move into our *own hired house*, as we shall then peculiarly need your friendly assistance.

With the following letter before me, addressed to Mr. Eaton and his family, I have no heart to fill up the interval between the dates with any statements of my own.

*Beverly, June 15, 1804.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Mrs. Emerson is yet living. How much longer she has to stay, is not for us to determine. Perhaps a few more hours may carry her to the arms of her Redeemer in glory. The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice. Shall we, can we feel, the least unwillingness that the dear object of our tender affection should be delivered from this body of death, and waisted to the abodes of unchanging joy? I desire to bless God for the wonderful support which I trust Betsey and I have hitherto enjoyed. May you be favored with the same, and much more abundantly. Nancy appears considerably rational, entirely resigned, desiring to depart. O, I beseech you, my dear friends, that you let not sorrow overwhelm your hearts. May we all say from the heart, It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good. May this affliction work for us an exceeding weight of glory. Let us weep and mourn for ourselves, for our own sins, and prepare to follow our departing child—sister—wife, where we trust she is going, to the world of glorified spirits.

If any of you should come with an expectation of attending ——— you need not make the least preparation for garments of mourning.

Your happy—yes, my friends—your happy son, brother,  
friend,  
J. EMERSON.

The changing in the solemn scene, will be sufficiently indicated by the following letter to Miss H. Adams, the intimate friend and correspondent of himself and his departing wife.

Beverly, June 16, 1804.

Sublime in death the lovely ruin lies. The mortal part of my Nancy is in the chamber above my head. Earth and her too happy husband were unworthy to retain her longer. That she has finished her course with joy, we have the most pleasing evidence. Since my endearing connection with her, I have, with joy unspeakable, witnessed a clear and uniform attachment to the cause of God, and entire resignation to his will, under every trying circumstance. To as high a degree as one creature can be another's, I feel, and I have uniformly felt, that she was completely mine, and I was most blest. *Gay title to the keenest misery*, shall I call it? Perhaps so it may prove. I have not thus found it. God only can tell what is to be the issue. I desire to be thankful for the wonderful support I have experienced. To-day every thing appears uncommonly pleasant and delightful. The sun never shone so bright, and nature never appeared so beautiful. To-day I think my happiness has exceeded every thing that I have ever before experienced.—The bell is now tolling for the funeral of my departed Nancy.—Never before was a knell so pleasing.\* Perhaps she whom I so much delighted to think and call my Nancy, can hear the sound so animating to her bereaved husband. Must it not be inexpressibly delightful! Perhaps, even now, her heavenly Father is granting her the satisfaction to rejoice with her dearest earthly friend. She has made the employment habitual.

You have known more about our connection, perhaps, than any other mortal. Can it be, that such a friendship, such a love, should prove eternal? What think you? Can she now look with satisfaction on a connection so intimate, so mutually endearing? Can she now look with satisfaction on him whom she once delighted to call her husband?

That we should be married before we had accommodations for living in a family state, the world in general might condemn. But I need not tell you, my sister, that for some years past, I have been striving to rise above the world; and though some of my conduct may have rendered me ridiculous in the eyes of some, and a fool in the

\* See an honorable reference to these facts, in the Memoir of Dr. Payson, p. 19, where he speaks of my brother, though not by name, as "an old tutor of his, and a very pious man, who had lately lost a much loved wife."



eyes of others, yet herein do I rejoice, yea and I will rejoice, and only lament that I have not felt, and acted, and risen, still more above the world. I wished to have her here in a situation of leisure, that I might have opportunity to assist in cultivating and expanding that angelic mind. This is a reason which people in general can by no means comprehend or conceive. What greatness of mind did she not manifest in consenting to this, to come and dwell among strangers. She has taught me, (dear instructress!) or rather she has rivetted my former opinion, that personal beauty and amiable weakness are not the only objects of love; that there may be such a thing as rational love for a female; that such a love is not blind; that familiarity does not necessarily produce contempt. With a soul like hers, it creates admiration. Familiarity with a contemptible object, may indeed produce contempt.

*June 21.*—Though it is a circumstance unspeakably consoling and animating, for which I feel bound to give thanks as long as I have my being, that there is hope in the death of my departed Nancy, yet I trust my resignation and consolation have a firmer foundation than the thought that *she is happy*. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord. I feel as though I had lost nothing, and had nothing to lose. Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be found on the vine; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the field shall yield no meat; yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.

I hope your contemplated visit will not be postponed, though you cannot see the face of my dear Nancy any more on earth. I am situated in a very amiable family, whose kindness to me no language can express. They appear very desirous of an acquaintance with you.

I expect shortly to take a long journey for my health. After my return, I hope you will soon have opportunity to sympathize (I do not say condole) with your brother,

JOSEPH EMERSON.

Copies of this letter were soon taken, and read with avidity by different classes of persons. Many were elevated in pious views and feelings, while to some it was a "pearl" which they could not appreciate. But what must have been the moral sensibilities of that heart, which

could coldly or unkindly criticise an effusion like this, and poured forth under circumstances so overwhelming and transporting! It was not thus, that the seraphic, heaven-taught spirit of Payson regarded the unearthly consolations of his "old tutor." A single hint, however, in the passage of his Memoir just referred to, will show us how he regarded the men who could severely criticise the above letter.

But to return to my brother. We may properly and perhaps profitably inquire—How could a heart so feeling, so devoted to its tenderest earthly object, thus endure such a loss, and even rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory? It was God that sustained him. It was that "faith which is the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen," that enabled him to endure as seeing him who is invisible—and her, too, who had become invisible, and was entering into glory. The Divine Comforter was with him in the plenitude of covenant grace.

That he thus regarded the supporting hand of God, is evinced by the following extract of a letter, of Sept. 5, to myself and younger brother.

I have lately been called to pass through scenes peculiarly trying, of which it is impossible for you to form any adequate idea. In these scenes, I have experienced the mercy, the faithfulness, and the consolations of God, in a wonderful manner. Alas! my dear brothers, how miserable must I have been, if I had not had an almighty friend in heaven—a friend upon whom I could freely cast the burden of my soul—a burden too heavy for a created arm to sustain. And now, my brothers, cannot you praise the Lord for his wonderful works, and for his goodness to the children of men? How many thousands have found him a very present help in times of trouble? What is every thing the world can afford, without an interest in the favor of God?

I intreat you, disregard not these things, but write immediately to your affectionate brother,

JOSEPH EMERSON.

Religion with him had become a habit, as well as an active principle, and was at hand on all occasions to sustain and bless, as well as to guide and command. We may say, too, that the true children of God are more sure

to summon religion to their aid on great than on small occasions, and that it is adequate to the severest trials. And still further, I may remark, in explanation of his remarkable support, that he appears to me, from even an early stage of their special intimacy, to have had a sort of presentiment, (I believe not a superstitious one,) that the blessing of her society was too great to be long enjoyed by him on earth. Shall I be blamed for exhibiting some evidence for my opinion? It will at least be an item in his faithful history. Under date of May 25, 1803, he says: "Last night I had the satisfaction to dream of sitting, of walking, of conversing, with one upon whom my soul delighteth to meditate—not one to whom my "imagination cannot add a charm," but whom I must delight to contemplate as the brightest intelligence, as the most modest and ingenuous, as the most tender and affectionate, as the most sincere and constant of all my female acquaintances,—as more my own congenial, as more a "sister spirit," than any other being in the universe. Yet it was attended by a kind of anxiety, and an indescribable gloom, that in some degree marred my happiness." He once told me, that though he did not regard his dreams as *prophetic*, yet they often excited trains of thought, which he felt it as much his duty to improve, as those of his waking hours. Doubtless he so improved this, and recorded it simply for that purpose. Had he not been the very opposite of a visionary, I might not have decided to preserve such a notice.—Again, August 20, 1803—"And is her health even better than before? And have I lived to enjoy a moment like this! Abba, Father—who, and what am I, that I should enjoy such favors! O, preserve, preserve, preserve my treasure. Yet not my will, if contrary to thine. If it should please thee to try me, and, as it were, to rend me from myself, may I say, *Amen*, and kiss the rod."—Once more: "Sept. 9, 1803—How soon, how suddenly, may we be separated! O, let us constantly exercise ourselves to be prepared either to die, or to survive."—And thus, happy spirit, was she prepared so "suddenly" to die, and he "to survive," and both of them in the possession of that "peace which passeth all understanding."—Thrice blessed for him that writes, and they that read, if *we*, in the approaching hour of "dread extremity," shall have attained to *some* "understanding of this peace."

## CHAPTER VI.

FROM THE DEATH OF HIS FIRST WIFE TO THE TIME OF  
HIS SECOND MARRIAGE.

*Letters to relatives—Historical notices of his wife—His tender remembrance of her—His morning school—Other plans of usefulness.*

I know not whether this should be denominated a chapter of joys, or of sorrows. It is, in truth, a chapter of both; and those in no ordinary degree. But they are of such a nature, and so commingled, as strikingly to exhibit the mourning *Christian*, in distinction from those who mourn as having no hope.

I proceed with extracts from letters to the bereaved relatives. The first was probably written on the day after the burial, to the younger brother and sister of Mrs. E.

*Beverly, June 17, 1804.*

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,—Your sister, your friend, your instructress, has left this world of trouble and entered her everlasting habitation. You, perhaps, are now exceedingly sorrowful; and it may be that you are sorrowing most of all because you will see her face on earth no more. But you must not sorrow most for this. Why can you wish to call her down from the mansions of unutterable joy? why can you wish that soul which was all tenderness, all sympathy, all activity, all resignation, all love, to be longer imprisoned in a house of clay? We trust she has made a most happy exchange. A fit companion for angels and glorified saints, she no longer continues to bless the world with her smiles, her actions, her conversation. But though dead, she yet speaketh to you, to me, to all her surviving friends. O do not refuse to hear

the voice of your dear, *dear* departed sister, whose soul has wept in secret for you. Can you not seem to hear her from her grave speaking unto you; "Be ye also ready? I have led the way. Prepare, O prepare to follow. Weep not for me, but for yourselves. Do not sorrow that you shall see my face no more on earth, but rather weep and mourn for your sins, lest you should not see my face in heaven. Remember now your Creator in the days of your youth.

Your affectionate brother,  
JOSEPH EMERSON.

More than two months later, he thus writes to the parents of his deceased wife.

*Beverly, Aug. 29, 1804.*

MY DEAR PARENTS,—The departure of my Nancy has greatly endeared to me all her friends and connexions. Indeed she does not seem to be wholly gone, while those remain who were so dear to her, and to whom she was so dear. I trust God has not afflicted me in vain. I think I can say, the greater part of the time, It is good for me that I have been afflicted. I seem to experience the benefit of it, almost every day. It is in my heart to make you a visit. But I am about a great and delightful work. I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day. I trust the Sun of righteousness is shining upon my beloved flock and people. I should greatly rejoice if it could be consistent for you and your whole family to witness and participate our joys. My health seems to be perfectly restored, and I am enabled to labor with increasing satisfaction.

A letter from any of the family will add great satisfaction to the sincere friend of their souls.

JOSEPH EMERSON.

The following is to his brother in law, now Rev. William Eaton.

*Beverly, Sept. 12, 1804.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,—God has called us to put on the garments of mourning. Our friend sleepeth. From you he has taken a tender, a dearly beloved sister. From me he has taken a congenial sister; yea, more than a sister, more than a parent, more than a child, more than



all surviving earthly friends, more dear to my soul than the breath of life. Our loss, how unspeakable. You know something of her excellences—enough to admire—enough to love. But you saw them at a distance; you saw them, or rather some of them, with but a brother's eye. Alas! my brother, who but her husband could have any adequate conception of the treasures of intelligence that dignified her soul; of the glowing constellation of virtues that shone with increasing lustre in her heart.

“Snatch'd e're thy prime! and in thy bridal year,  
And when kind fortune with thy husband smiled.”

Alas, my brother, we shall never behold her equal on this side heaven.—Shall I, too, weep? Where then is fortitude? Jesus wept. Greater, no doubt, is my cause. These eyes, dry for so many years, have at length become familiar with tears. And there is sometimes, in weeping, a joy above all earthly dignities. Yet I must acknowledge that sometimes I feel not only solitary, but dejected and unhappy. But I desire to be thankful that such seasons have not been frequent, nor of long continuance.

Dear Brother, the voice of God is loud to us and to all our dear connexions. Ours is not a common loss. If it is so painful to be separated from our sister a few days, how distressing the thought of being separated for ever!

TO MISS H. ADAMS.

*Beverly, Nov. 14, 1804.*

MY DEAR AND EVER HONORED SISTER,—Though my Nancy is taken from my arms, she is not taken from my heart. I still continue to converse with her; sometimes in the most delightful manner, and sometimes in tears and sighs, that cannot be uttered. The generality of my friends seem to have forgotten that I ever had such a connexion. When she is mentioned to me, it is often with coldness more distressing than utter silence upon the endearing subject. But I still have the letters that passed between us. What a treasure! what a solace! though sometimes, alas! but a dear aggravation of my sorrows. They never speak coldly.

“Heaven first taught letters for some wretches aid,  
Some widow'd husband or some captive maid;  
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,  
Warm to the soul and faithful to its fires.”

I have lately formed the design of undertaking the melancholy, animating task of writing some account of my departed wife, and particularly my connexion with her, which I consider as remarkable in its beginning, progress, and termination. This account is designed to contain most of the writings that have ever passed between us, together with several other letters relating to the subject.

Perhaps you may marvel that, in the midst, of so many solemn and pressing avocations, I should undertake this account, especially when I assure you, that it is designed almost wholly for my own perusal and benefit. A few of my dear friends who are "feelingly alive" to every thing relating to my late most happy connexion, may have a disposition and opportunity to peruse this history of my joys and sorrows. I have many motives for this undertaking. I could fill sheets in stating my reasons at large. But the greatest reason of all, is a hope that, by the blessing of God, it may have a favorable influence upon my heart—a heart that has lately become most abominably stupid and most shamefully hard. I am sometimes ready to sink with grief for my bereavement. Why cannot I grieve as heartily for my sins? Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this! Dear Sister, pray without ceasing for your back-sliding brother.

JOSEPH EMERSON.

Here, I cannot but think that my afflicted brother in some measure mistook the religious state of his mind. After such extreme and protracted excitement, is it not more natural to suppose, that his heart had lost the power of acute feeling on all subjects, than that it had become thus "hard and stupid"?

Probably most of the readers of this memoir, will be glad to see at least a few extracts from the above-mentioned account of his wife. I shall feel myself the more warranted in gratifying such a wish, as these extracts will further illustrate both his character and hers, and will also cast light on some of his views of education at that time. It will be seen, that he commenced this account some time previous to the date of his letter to Miss Adams.

"Sketches of the life of Mrs. Nancy Emerson, who died at Beverly, June 15, 1804, aged 25 years and 18 days."

"I am not ignorant that the excellences of departed friends, seen through the mist of increasing affliction, may be as much magnified, as their imperfections are obscured. By no means would I claim exemption from the deluding influence of a heart whose wounds, for almost five weeks, have been growing deeper and fresher from day to day. All I can promise, is, to guard, as much as possible, against the force of affection, and to confine myself principally to stating facts, instead of uttering encomiums upon the dear departed "wife of my youth."

"The first time I recollect to have seen her, was nearly six years ago, at her father's house in Framingham. I was not much struck with her appearance, at that interview, one way or the other. The most that I recollect, was a kind of diffident, downcast look which I cannot describe to those who were not acquainted with her, and need not to those who were."\*

"A few days after the first short interview, she became my pupil at the academy, and a member of the same family with myself. The first thing in her which attracted my more particular notice, not to say admiration, was the attention which she gave, whenever I addressed the school in general, or her class in particular; especially when I attempted to explain the rudiments of English grammar or astronomy. I soon formed the opinion, that she was possessed of a very superior understanding, and a memory above the common level. If any difficulty arose in her mind, upon any subject, it was sufficient to inform her *once* how it might be solved. The answers which she gave to the questions I proposed to her upon the branches she was pursuing, often surprised and delighted me. In short, such was the progress she made,

\* "My much respected father-in-law, Mr. Ebenezer Eaton, lives in a very retired situation, in the north part of Framingham, at the end of a small road, about four miles from the meeting house. On the south of his house, is a wood at the distance of a few rods; on the east, a pasture whose hills rise above the house. But this situation, however solitary, however dreary it may appear to some, has many charms for me; and it had charms for me when I beheld it with the eyes of a stranger. Ten thousand dear associations have only brightened and multiplied its charms. This family have found much time for cultivating their minds. Amid domestic, toilsome avocations, very few are willing to pay the price of knowledge, that they have paid."

"In this sequestered spot, my Nancy was early taught to wield the needle, the shuttle, and every kitchen implement."

in the short space of three months, in reading, writing, penmaking, composition, rhetoric, English grammar, and the rudiments of astronomy, that I did not hesitate to pronounce her the brightest scholar I ever had in Framingham, and the best acquainted with grammar of all my female acquaintances."

"But though I could thus admire her progress, and the powers of her understanding and memory, I was very far from feeling any particular attachment to her person. Mere understanding and memory are by no means the object of a tender attachment. And except in these two particulars, I do not know that she appeared to me superior or even equal to many other females of my acquaintance. It is therefore probable, that at that time, I could judge correctly of her merit compared with the rest of my pupils."

"When she left the academy, I did not cease to instruct her. To assist in expanding and storing with knowledge such a mind as hers, was more than its own reward; and I am still left to doubt whether the instructor or instructed derived most satisfaction. I have had the honor and satisfaction to instruct many, but such eager attention to my instructions, I never witnessed in another. A little before I left Framingham, I commenced a friendly correspondence with her; which was continued with little interruption until it was changed into a correspondence of a more endearing name. In my letters, I endeavored to direct and assist her in her studies; and to hold up to her view the importance of mental improvement and the superior importance of religion. I was much gratified to find every letter she wrote, in almost every respect, clearly superior to the preceding. She did not, however, appear so fond of expressing her feelings upon religion, as I desired, and for years I was ignorant that she had ever entertained a hope that she was a child of God. I mention this to my own shame. For had I been faithful, she no doubt would have told me something of what had been her hopes and of what were her fears. All the time she could gain from domestic employments in the winter, and keeping school in the summer, (except a little taken up in visiting,) was devoted to study. This amounted, perhaps, to a quarter part of her time."

“At length, from her letters, I thought I could collect some evidence, that she was a real christian. Then I had the first serious thought of addressing her upon a new and peculiarly interesting subject. My first communication upon this subject, was in Dec. 1802. After that, her time was principally devoted to study. About the middle of Jan. 1803, I carried her a bible and Euclid’s elements of geometry. These I warmly recommended to her daily and close attention, as the most profitable books for her, within my knowledge. Euclid is a book not often recommended to females by their lovers. It has sometimes been considered as one of the dryest studies at college. But she did not find it dry nor difficult, except, perhaps, the fifth book. And the whole difficulty in this, appeared to arise from the demonstrations being algebraical instead of geometrical; as she had paid no attention to algebra. In a few weeks, without more than two or three hours instruction upon the subject, she acquired a more thorough and familiar knowledge of the first six books of Euclid, than almost any other person of my acquaintance, under advantages greatly superior. A few days after she began this study, she thus wrote. “I begin to be considerably interested in the study of E. It is very pleasing to see the connexion of one proposition with another.” It was her opinion, and it is mine, that the study of Euclid conduced more than almost any other, to the improvement of her mind. Several other branches of study were also pursued, which it is not necessary to mention.

“It was our united wish that she might, to as high a degree as possible, become “a help” to her husband. Accordingly, in the beginning of May, 1803, she went to Salem, where she continued about four months in the family of the Rev. Mr. Worcester. There, for a variety of reasons, she was much pleased with her situation. When she had been there a few days, she observes, in a letter; “Tuesday I had the honor to be introduced to a large company of ladies. How strange, and yet how pleasant, to find their almost only topic of conversation, was religion!” The numerous religious meetings of one kind and another, which she there attended, were, I trust, improved to her growth in grace and in knowledge. Her progress was no less pleasing than astonishing to her



nearest friend. What renders her improvement still more astonishing, while at Salem, is the consideration, that a considerable part of the time, there, she was much afflicted with the head-ache, and by no means in firm health."

"In October, we were married, and shortly after she made a profession of religion. In order to pursue our plan of improving her mind as much as possible, it was thought much better to spend a few months in another family, than to live in a family by ourselves. But alas! such were her increasing infirmities, that our pleasing expectations were not fully realized. And yet I must say, that her progress nearly equalled my expectations, though it came far short of hers. Notwithstanding her infirmities, which in about four months rendered her almost incapable of the least study, her improvements were by no means small. Besides devoting much attention to religious subjects, she acquired some knowledge of algebra, and proceeded nearly as far in the study of natural philosophy, as is customary for young gentlemen to proceed at our University. It was matter of mutual regret that I had time to afford her so little assistance in this noble and interesting study. But yet it was pleasing to observe what progress she could make with, little instruction, when she was scarcely able to hold up her head."

"The above facts may enable the reader to form some opinion of her understanding. Indeed she was just such a companion, just such a helper as I had ardently desired. With great mutual satisfaction, we could converse upon every subject with which I had any acquaintance, except the learned languages. I believe our sentiments exactly corresponded upon every subject but one; and that was expensive furniture, and in this respect her sentiments were more like mine than I have usually found among her sex, or indeed among my own."

"The strength of her intellectual faculties and her unusual attainments in knowledge, though highly prized by her husband, were greatly surpassed in value by the qualities of her heart. The qualities of her heart, I do verily believe, no language can fully describe. But even if my pen were equal to the task, I must forbear. I must tell what she did, rather than attempt to describe what she was. I will just remark, however, that I do

not know that she ever had a personal enemy; or an evil word spoken about her. I believe she had a considerable number of sincere friends. Perhaps few persons of her age, have more. These, I trust, will have at least one friend, as long as her surviving husband draws the breath of life."

"She said she always esteemed it a privilege and happiness to unite with me in devotion by ourselves. This was begun several months before our marriage, and our daily practice after. Alas! that it was not begun sooner, and practised more! It should have commenced, Dec. 1802. But the fault was principally mine. I ought to have proposed it. No doubt it would have received her cordial approbation. At the conclusion of these devotional exercises, I almost always found her in a flood of tears. Indeed to see her in tears was a sight very familiar. They were tears of joy and gratitude to God. I can recollect but a single instance of seeing in her eyes a tear of grief. And that fell, not from the pains she endured; not from her peculiarly trying infirmities; not from the fear of pain; not from the fear of death; but she wept lest she should be instrumental of scandal to religion by the imputation of a fault which she had not committed."

Further facts of deep interest, respecting the first wife of my brother, may be seen in the memoir of his *second* wife, (p. 84, and sq. of the first ed.) That strangers may see the estimate which other persons besides my brother placed on her worth, I take the liberty to transfer from that work the following brief extract from a letter by Miss H. Adams to a friend, dated June 27, 1804, in which she says:—"I never felt so strong an affection for any other person upon so short an acquaintance. Her image is indelibly fixed in my mind. I never again expect to find such a happy union of strength of intellect, mental cultivation, sincerity of heart, exquisite sensibility, true feminine delicacy, and unassuming modesty."

Alas, that such loveliness, and all the hopes it had inspired of usefulness on earth, should have left us in a day! Even so, Father, must we still exclaim, for so it seemed good in thy sight.

It has been supposed by some, that her premature exit was hastened, if not caused, by her intense mental appli-

cation. I know not what was the opinion of her bereaved husband on this point ; but I perceive, by several of his letters previous to their marriage, that his fears were greatly excited, when her health began to fail ; and that he cautioned and entreated her, in the strongest terms, to relax her studies. Still she knew full well the pleasure which her acquisitions afforded him ; and she prized them also as the means of usefulness, and fed on them as the luxury of an immortal spirit. It is not strange, then, if such cautions were as powerless in her case, as they have so often proved to the less enthusiastic mind of man. A *change* of studies would have promised more. After such a course of application to scientific pursuits, mere reading, of some useful kind, might have diverted while it occupied the mind, and have restored instead of crushing the constitution.

At a subsequent period, as stated in the memoir of his second wife, my brother was led to a considerable change in his views respecting female education. While he still considered females as adequate as the stronger sex, to master the severer studies, such as mathematics and natural philosophy, he embraced the opinion that a different course is better adapted to fit them for usefulness in their appropriate sphere. I know not, however, that the danger of destroying their health, was any part of the general reason for this change in his system. He also came to the belief, that mathematical studies occupy quite too large a space in the customary course of a liberal education for men. The same was likewise true in respect to his opinion of the learned languages. In a word, he was led to believe, that the mind may be even more advantageously disciplined, while it is, at the same time, acquiring knowledge of a more practical nature. But we may have occasion to advert to this topic in the sequel.

I return to the course of events, which the reader will doubtless prefer still to trace in the delineations of his own pen.

The following, to his sister Rebecca Eaton, contains part of an animating exhortation to press forward in the field of knowledge.

*Beverly, Nov. 13, 1804.*

MY DEAR SISTER,—Forgetting the things that are behind, then, press forward. “The wide, the unbounded

prospect lies before you." As you advance, the shadows, clouds, and darkness, that now may rest upon it, that now may frown with a dismal aspect, and, at times, almost shoot discouragement through your soul, will rapidly disappear. Every flying cloud, every retreating shadow, will leave you a brighter, more animating prospect. And, if you be indeed upon the Rock of ages, your prospect will brighten and brighten to all eternity. Rise, then, O rise above this contemptible world. But do not rise alone, unless cruel necessity compel you. Leave not our dear younger sisters to grope their way in the dark valley of ignorance. Seize them by the hand, and lead them, I had almost said, drag them up the steep and narrow, unfrequented path, with yourself. It is possible that N. T. and N. F. may be persuaded to bear you company. If you please, you may show them this letter, or read them a part of it; and tell them that my heart's desire and prayer to God for them, and for all the young people in F. is, that they may rise above trifles—to the heaven of heavens.

The writings of my departed wife are a treasure that gold could not buy. Why did I neglect to take copies of the letters she wrote to our family while at Salem and Beverly? I trust those to whom they were addressed will be kind enough to transcribe and send them as soon as possible. Every thing I ever wrote to my other self, is greatly endeared by her death. How much her death has endeared her surviving friends, I cannot express.

JOSEPH EMERSON.

He wrote many letters to my father, which have been lost. The following is among the few that have come to my hand.

*Beverly, Nov. 21, 1804.*

MY EVER HONORED AND DEAR FATHER,—As I have much to do, and but little strength, I hope you will not be grieved at the shortness of my letter. Though I am considerably better than I was a few months ago, yet I am not well, by many degrees. Though I have reason to bless God for the wonderful support he has afforded me, yet sometimes I feel almost ready to sink under the increasing weight of my sorrows. I can generally sleep quietly, however; and while this continues to be the case, I suppose

my grief will not prove greatly injurious to my health. I am almost discouraged in using means for the recovery of my health. If, however, I could go upon a mission two or three months, I think it would prove advantageous; but the winter weather would probably be too severe for my feeble frame. Indeed a journey now might be more injurious than beneficial.

If W. should go to college, I should wish by all means to have the tutoring of him a few months first. Not to mention fifty other deficiencies, not a quarter part, when they enter college, can read tolerably; nor half, when they leave college. Many things, of the greatest importance, are neglected at academies, and at college too. University degrees, without an education, I do despise more and more. But I forbear, for I sometimes grow warm upon this subject.

Scarcely any money would induce me to take a person into my chamber; but my brother I would consent to have for my chum. For this I have a greater reason, relating to him, than I have yet mentioned. If he comes, I will tell him what it is. You may easily conjecture. It is very probable I shall continue at Mr. Dike's as long as I live. My situation here is peculiarly commodious for study.

I shall never want a subject for interesting meditation, as long as I remember my Nancy's virtues. Her writings are a precious treasure; and not only hers to me, but mine to her, are unspeakably interesting to her bereaved husband. Indeed, I find a satisfaction, though it is often a melancholy pleasure, in reading what I wrote about her. I would gladly preserve every line I ever wrote upon the endearing subject. I have therefore to request that my Holles friends would lend me the letters I have written upon the subject, long enough for me to take copies of them; or if any of my brothers or sisters are enough at leisure to take copies and send me, I should receive the favor with gratitude. I should be very glad to see the sermon of brother Smith, Rev. 22: 12.\*

Love to my mother, grandmother, brothers, and sisters, and to my dear little nieces and nephews.

Your son, JOSEPH EMERSON.

\* Preached at the funeral of his wife.



The reader may recollect some notice of my brother's fondness for dancing, at an early period, and what a temptation it was to him to postpone the calls of religion. His subsequent views of that vain amusement, may be gathered from the following extract.

*Beverly, Jan. 4, 1805.*

MY DEAR SISTER,—Though I am pressed, I had almost said, pressed above measure by numerous and important duties, still I can no longer postpone the delightful employment of writing to a sister, who, I doubt not, is also a friend.

A new year is begun. O that it may be a new year indeed, a blessed new year to you, to me, to our friends, to the people of F. Poor, stupid people! Alas! what will become of them? Will they then, as it were,

“Sport round the shroud, and dance into the tomb?”

P. F., too; she among the children of dissipation! I conversed with her upon the soul-ensnaring subject. She appeared solemn. I dared to hope that she had forsaken the ball-room forever, and was about to turn her influence against the midnight revel. She was among the dear youth whom I once addressed as pupils. Bright intelligence, ah! whither is thy resolution fled? Wilt thou sell thyself to Satan for less than a toy? Surely Satan has come down with great wrath. O that his time may be short. And I trust his time will be short. The poor dancers will find their time of dancing short. When they are summoned into the eternal world, when they are called hence to meet their Judge, something else must engage their attention besides dancing. How will they then reflect upon the time when hand in hand they led each in the dance, when hand in hand they led each other to destruction. I know we read, (Ec. 3:4,) of a time to dance. But only consider this passage in its connection, and you will see that it no more proves dancing to be right, than other passages prove war, killing, hatred, and every purpose under the sun, to be right. Neither can any argument be drawn from the example of David or others, as their dancing was essentially different from that of the present day, unless, perhaps, the dancing of the Israelites

about the golden calf, may bear some resemblance to the modern practice. If I wished to lead as many as possible blindfold to destruction, I would preach up dancing.

But, notwithstanding this melancholy intelligence, still R.'s letter was an animating cordial to my soul. O how my heart panted to be with you at your conferences!—to see the young people collecting together to hear eternal truth! The information respecting W. was news indeed. Why has he not come to Beverly to tell us what he hoped God had done for his soul? May I not expect shortly to see him and yourself? Let no trifles prevent, I entreat you.

And now let me inquire, how is it with you? Do you entertain any hope that you have passed from death to life? Do you love the friends of Jesus? And do you love the Lord Jesus himself with a sincere affection, a supreme affection, an undivided love? Do you see and feel your own unworthiness, your desert of wrath, and exposedness to hell? Do you see the fulness, the sufficiency, the beauty, the loveliness, there is in Jesus? Are you willing to take him for your Redeemer, your Prophet, Priest, and King, your Intercessor and Advocate, your Lord, and Master, and Judge, your all in all? If you are not, then surely you are ignorant of his worth, you have not tasted his charms; you have not seen his beauty. Dear sister, take heed lest Satan or your own heart deceive you. It is not a small change to be born again. It is not a small matter to be a christian indeed. It is an easy thing to say, "I love Christ." But it is a great thing to say, with real sincerity, "My Redeemer is mine, and I am his."

*Jan. 14, 1804.*—The religious prospect here is agreeable and animating. Were it otherwise, you might expect shortly to see me. Eleven were added to our church, the last communion. Happy times—happy times, indeed! When they came to present themselves before the Lord in public, they spread along the aisle like a cloud. How animating to see clouds of sinners flying to Christ!—B. was one of the happy company, as I suppose her letter informs you.

The bible! the bible!—read the bible, S., night and day. I have lately read it with more pleasure than I ever did before. I have read scarcely any thing else since I saw you. The precious, precious word, seems more and

more precious. I want to tell you many things about this dear and important subject. But I must forbear. And yet I must tell you one word. Study the geography of Canaan and the adjacent countries, even if you neglect that of your own country. If you would study astronomy, let me entreat you to turn your attention to the rising, the radiance, the beauties, and the glories of the "Bright and Morning Star."

From your affectionate brother,

MISS SUKEY EATON.

JOSEPH EMERSON.

The revivals, which commenced with the present century, had not then become so extensive, nor, in many places, so powerful, as at the present day. He rejoiced to see 'a cloud of eleven.' Happy for us, if gratitude increases in proportion to the numbers we now occasionally see.

He continued to feel his bereavement; but I can find room for only a small portion more of what he wrote on the affecting theme. Thus he touches on the subject, May 24, 1805. "Thursday morning, I visited the noble beech, now sacred to the memory of my departed Nancy. I found it more affecting than I had ever found it before. Surely time can never wipe away the traces of tender affection engraven on my heart towards the wife of my bosom, and the companion of my soul."

On being informed of a child, who bore the name of Nancy Emerson, he says—"This intelligence kindled emotions I cannot express. I would gladly have kissed a child of so dear a name." He enclosed a piece of gold to her mother, with the direction—"Should she who bears the name of my dear departed wife, live to be ten years old, you are requested to lay out the enclosed to purchase a bible for her use."

The reader has perhaps lately noticed the suggestion of my brother, about spending a month or two on a mission. The following will show what kind of mission he had in view, and what were his feelings on the subject. The extract is from a letter written just after he had attended the meeting of the Massachusetts Missionary Society, and is dated May 29, 1805.

"Missionary affairs appear to be flourishing. Contributions have been more liberal than in any preceding year.

May the Lord send us prosperity. How fervently do I desire to preach the gospel to the perishing poor, and to feed the hungry lambs in our back settlements. For this, I could cheerfully leave my dear people, and be absent from them for weeks, months, years,—till death. But perhaps I can do more good here than any where else.”

Where, since the gospel was first preached unto the Gentiles, has the soul of true devotion been found, that could fail to kindle at the thought of the missionary work, whether at home or abroad? Men may indeed long for this work, and enter it in person, or carry it on by proxy, who yet have no true zeal *for God*. Native pity, a romantic disposition, a love of daring enterprise, possibly a love of fame, each or all combined, may induce some to enter the work who are strangers to the ethereal flame of love to dying souls. But where is the man, the woman, the child, in whose bosom this pure flame is brightly glowing, that would not leap to be a missionary? And yet, the well balanced mind will readily obey the dictates of duty to *stay at home*, if that appears the appropriate sphere of its usefulness. And beyond a question, the individual who shows a truly missionary spirit *at home*, uncheered by the gaze and the acclamations of christendom, affords much the most unequivocal evidence of piety. At home or abroad, this is the spirit that all should cherish; and the spirit without which none can expect to be eminently useful or happy.

Before closing this chapter, it may be proper to remark on one method pursued, about this time, by my brother, for the three-fold purpose of religious devotion, of teaching his young people to read the bible with propriety, and of imparting religious instruction. To accomplish this object, he met such as chose, and spent about an hour with them in the morning. According to the best of my recollection, (for I was then passing a few months with him,) between thirty and forty usually attended these morning readings. Most of them were females, a few of whom had families. Some, like myself, were boys. These meetings were partly occupied in singing and prayer; but mostly in reading a short portion of scripture which had before been designated for the purpose of thorough study in regard to the sense, pauses, emphasis, every thing which

might conduce to its proper and forcible enunciation in reading. The easiest passages, such as the first chapter of John, were selected; for even these were found sufficiently hard for the best of us. Each individual, in turn, was called on to read a verse. My brother would then read the same. The individual would then be requested to read it again. Explanation ensued, with reasons for the emphasis, cadences, etc. Then perhaps the reader would be requested to repeat the phrases of the passage after him, in just the same tones, etc., and finally to read the whole, with as much improvement on his model as possible. And whenever any thing approaching to such improvement, was discerned, it was sure to be noticed with at least sufficient commendation. Sometimes, many minutes were spent on a single verse; but always with deep interest. It was an extremely delicate task to conduct this public drilling, in such a manner as to show those, who might before think themselves good readers, that they had yet to learn some of the first principles of good reading. But this he generally succeeded in doing, in such a manner as but little to mortify, and not at all to discourage, his voluntary pupil. To retain the ground already gained, the lessons of preceding mornings were frequently read over at the beginning or the close of the exercise. Attention never flagged; and it was not easy to say, which was most pleased, the teacher or the taught. It was delightful to see how much more meaning there was in a simple passage, than we had before imagined; and equally delightful, to learn how to express that meaning. The exercise was as much adapted to teach us to *think*, as to read. Indeed, there can be no good reading, without thinking, without nice discrimination, both as to what the author *would mean*, and what he would *not* mean.

It would be difficult to designate, by any single phrase, the peculiar nature of the lessons or lectures of this "morning school," as he called it. They contained instruction in music, theology, rhetoric, logic, metaphysics, and the art of imitating tones. No one, who did not well understand these branches, could have given such lectures. About one hour was usually occupied at a time. I should have said, in its proper place, that sometimes the same verse was put round to several, or to the whole, to read in succession. The utmost freedom in asking ques-



tions, was encouraged. I greatly doubt whether an equal amount of important instruction, has ever been conveyed to my mind, by any single individual, in an equal number of hours. It is, however, to be understood, that I was then young and untaught;—but is it not equally to be considered, that every minister has among his charge a large number in the same condition. If they are sufficiently congregated in dense neighborhoods, and the minister have the time and the requisite *tact* for such an exercise, he will find it extremely interesting and useful.

I might also mention his exertions in aid of the very able leaders in their sacred music, to improve this branch of divine worship in his parish. I might also dwell on his efforts in collecting, arranging, enlarging, and rendering highly useful, the public religious library of his people, which himself took the charge of for many years, if not during his whole ministry among them. I might dwell on the methods he pursued for exciting, and sustaining, and directing a taste for reading, such as his frequent recommendation, in his preaching and in private, not only of reading in general, but of particular books to be read, with the specific objects for which he would have them read. But it is quite time to close this chapter.

## CHAPTER VII.

FROM HIS SECOND MARRIAGE TO THE LAST SICKNESS OF  
HIS WIFE. 1805—1808.

*His marriage—Notices of her previous life—Her intimacy with his first wife—Character—Directions to a college student—Pastoral labors—Extempore preaching.*

It was about the middle of the summer of 1805, that he became united in a second marriage, to Miss Eleanor Read, with whom his first wife became acquainted while residing in Salem. The mutual esteem and affection existing between these sister spirits, doubtless led the way to this second connexion. Had it not been for such attachment, and for some of the peculiar circumstances growing out of it, probably he would not again so soon have become connected in this relation. The whole will best be explained by the following extract from a letter to Miss Adams, a warm and intimate friend to each of them.

“ You know something of what I lost in my Nancy, endeared to my soul by every tie—too bright for earth—too excellent for me. For months, the wound grew deeper and deeper—and no created bosom on which I might lean, whose sympathy might solace my affliction. The world seemed to have forgotten the glowing energies and heightened virtues of my Nancy. God pointed my view to her dear friend—the only guest invited to our nuptials—the very image of her own soul. I paused, I pondered, I prayed, I took advice, and addressed my Eleanor.

“ She seemed, and still seems, an angel of consolation, sent to pour the oil of sympathetic tenderness into my bleeding bosom, and mitigate my woes. Not by charming the ten thousand endearments of my Nancy into ob-

livion. God forbid that I should ever forget her, or recollect with indifference her numberless, nameless smiles, virtues, graces, and sympathies, that once delighted, astonished, enraptured, her lover—her husband. With my Eleanor I converse freely, frequently, and most endearingly, about my Nancy. We are both equally fond of the melancholy, most animating subject. I have not the least doubt that she loves me the better for my former connexion with her friend; and I can truly say that the more I loved my N. the more I can love my E., and the more I love my E. the more I can love the memory of my N.

“Perhaps I am teaching you a new lesson; a lesson hard indeed for the world to understand; and which perhaps you can hardly conceive. Novels and speculations upon love, may be erroneous. Perhaps nothing but experience can bring a person to realize the truth of what I feel. Perhaps he only who has reciprocated love with an N. and an E., can fully realize the truth of my assertion. I did not expect that others would view the subject in the same light with myself. But I confess I was disappointed and not a little distressed, to find that they viewed it entirely different.”

‘The light in which some others viewed it differently from himself,’ I suppose had respect simply to the time which had elapsed after the death of his former wife. Nor was this time very uncommonly short, being, in fact, more than a year. But whether it be deemed uncommonly long or not, I presume most of the readers, like his intimates at the time, will be fully satisfied with such a statement as the above.

It will not be needful to say much here, respecting his second wife, as a Memoir of her was published soon after her death, a portion of which has since been very widely and profitably circulated in the shape of a tract. She was born at Northbridge, Dec. 19, 1777; was naturally of a slender constitution, inclining to consumption; was often very sick, and afflicted with extreme pain, and occasionally brought so low that her life was despaired of. In childhood, she was exceedingly fond of reading. At the age of fourteen, she commenced her delightful employment of school-teaching, which she pursued in different places, and with some intermissions, till her marriage.

Her success in teaching, was far beyond most of her contemporaries of either sex.

While residing in Bennington, Vt. in the early part of the year 1804, she was hopefully brought to repentance. The long and thrilling "account of her religious exercises" at that time, is contained in the tract just mentioned. Soon after this change, she came to Salem, in hope that the salt water would benefit her health. There, in the family of Dr. Worcester, was she first introduced to her predecessor. I subjoin a small portion of her account of their first interview, found in her journal and published in her memoir.

"After the company had withdrawn, the amiable Miss Eaton invited me to retire to rest, lest the fatigue of the day should prove too much for my debilitated state of health. I accepted her kind invitation; nor shall I ever forget her gentle affability and tender concern for me, till I lose all relish for the sweets of social intercourse, and become insensible to the endearments of refined friendship. Delightful moments! I shall ever remember them among the happiest of my life. I then fondly considered them the commencement of a permanent friendship, founded, not on the slender basis of female loquacity, but on the eternal rock, Christ Jesus."

"Though my first impressions from her appearance were rather pleasing than otherwise, yet I considered her at a great remove from what I afterwards found her. Destitute of that dazzling beauty, which some may boast, she possessed a countenance peculiarly interesting, accompanied with an indescribable something in her whole demeanor, which induced me to wish for further acquaintance."

"The night presented a happy opportunity to gratify this desire. Weak as I was, I felt too strong a desire to explore my new found treasure, to indulge a moment in drowsy forgetfulness. Totally unacquainted with her family, employment, and place of nativity, it was sufficient for me, that she understood the sweet language of Canaan, which I had so recently began to lisp. I had therefore a high relish for her instructive conversation; and was almost ready to wish, that the night could be protracted to the age of an antediluvian" \* \* \*

“We resumed our conversation in the morning; and she assured me, that she never before felt so great freedom in opening her heart to any one, on so short an acquaintance; and that nothing would be more gratifying to her, than to have me reside near her. I felt an unusual regret at leaving her; and we agreed upon an epistolary correspondence, provided I should not return to Salem. In taking my leave, being urged by a singular impulse, I saluted my dear Miss Eaton, and bade her farewell; but I am persuaded, I shall long remember her; and, O that I might spend a happy eternity with her, in admiring the free grace of our dearest Redeemer.”

She soon returned to Salem, where my brother became acquainted with her, and where she continued to reside and to teach a school, till near the time of their marriage.

I will here add, that, while in many respects there was a striking resemblance between these two women, there were also some points of contrast, according to the best of my recollections. His second wife was prompt, energetic, fluent, and often extremely eloquent, in conversation. Wit and humor, she possessed and relished in a high degree. If called to make her way among strangers, few females of equal modesty, would be likely to succeed so well. In these and perhaps some other points, I suppose there was a dissimilarity, though I cannot confidently trust to impressions of character, received at so early a period of my life, and on so small an acquaintance as I had with the first of the two.

An additional proof of his continual care for the education of his relations and friends, is found in the following.

*Beverly, Dec. 3, 1805.*

DEAR BROTHER R.—I have owed you a letter for some months. The most I can do now is, to pay the interest, and beg you to wait with patience a little longer for the principal. I wish you to consider how many creditors I have of one kind and another who are constantly calling upon me and endeavor to be as favorable as you can. I expect to die insolvent, but think I am disposed to do something for all my creditors.

What have you been doing, what have you been thinking, for months past? Persons of improved minds



may have constantly a source of enjoyment within themselves, of which others have no conception. But even an improved mind without religion, cannot enjoy nor conceive that sublime satisfaction of which the heirs of immortality are capable. I wish you to learn to read. And for this purpose, you may find great advantage in learning to speak dialogues and single pieces. Now is the best time to learn to read; and be assured, you cannot read well without learning. I wish I could have opportunity to tutor you an hour in the day for a fortnight. Perhaps you will find it convenient this winter to make me a visit of a week or two. Many other things also I wish you to learn. Have you determined whether to go to college? This matter must not be long left undetermined.

Many things are desirable; but remember, "one thing is needful."

Health, peace, and happiness to all the family.

TO MISS R. EATON.

*Beverly, Jan. 2, 1806.*

DEAR SISTER,—Your letter to my wife, I consider the same, as a letter to me. Upon the same principle, as she is unable to write, having already written a long letter to-day, I hope you will receive this as an answer to yours. Your letter is not merely acceptable, but a delightful cordial to us both. It rejoices my heart to think that I have been enabled to do something for your improvement. Were it in my power, most gladly would I do much more. But you do not need human instruction as in the infancy of your understanding. Taking all proper heed not to injure your health, especially not to injure your eyes—press forward and be what Nancy was—what Nancy is.

Dear departed saint! though I do not feel for her that inexpressible gloom that I have felt in months past, yet I can truly say, that the memory of her excellencies is more and more endearing. I trust we shall soon meet her.

I have lately in some measure matured my plan of a historical scriptural catechism. It is uncertain, however, when I shall finish it; and still more uncertain when

or whether it will ever be published. I think, however, it will be profitable to me, in giving me a more regular and connected view of scripture history than I had before. I will mention the heads. Perhaps it may be profitable for you to commit them to memory; and search the scriptures to extend your knowledge of them. Attend as far and closely as possible to the causes and effects of the several events and things mentioned in the heads.

My Eleanor has just read the above, and says it must not pass for her answer. Consequently you must give me credit for this, and expect one from her shortly.

*Beverly, May 21, 1806.*

DEAR SISTER S.—Have you procured Edwards's History of Redemption? How much have you read in it? How much do you read in it every day? Are you delighted with it, and exceedingly edified? Now is your time for improvement. Much of your time, as well as of mine, has run to waste. Write me word what you have done, what you are doing, and what you are intending to do. Press forward in your holy race. Take fast hold of instruction. Cry after knowledge, and lift up your voice for understanding. Do not say, do not think there is a lion in the way.

Most gladly would I write to my parents and each of my brothers and sisters. But considering the duties of my high employment, I trust they will forgive the seeming neglect. A visit from either of them would render the pleasantness of "my own hired house" more pleasant still.

In one of the above letters, is the first notice we have seen of his catechism. We shall see more hereafter, as it cost him much time and labor and consultation. For a long while, it was one of the engrossing topics of his thoughts and conversation. That part of the preceding letter in which he speaks of this work, is a sample of what I frequently heard while residing in his family. He was very apt to mention his chief plan of the day, to his visitors; and to seek their aid in its accomplishment; and to show them how they might also gain much advantage to themselves, while affording such aid to him. He felt so deep an interest in his projects, and their value so increased in his hands, that he might well be excused for

supposing they might greatly interest and benefit others. Had he not felt some portion of this magnifying enthusiasm, probably he would neither have executed nor even formed one half of the plans which he did.

The following I insert, chiefly on account of the remarks it contains on a course of college studies. I had already spent a month or two with him in preparatory studies.

*Beverly, July 8, 1806.*

DEAR BROTHER R.—To acquire a good style is the work of years. If you intend to lead a literary life, you must make composition one of your leading studies for a number of years. You must, in due time, study the best authors upon rhetoric and criticism, and read with great attention the most excellent models of style. But this alone will never make you a good writer. You must learn to think, to think closely, to think correctly and orderly. You must also have a copious fund of ideas. Though what I have mentioned is the work of years, yet all this may be, and still you may write a very hard, stiff, clumsy, dry and tedious style. You must add practice, much practice, and that the most attentive and persevering.

Perhaps no good quality of style can be acquired without much practice. But that to which it seems most essential, is ease. This no doubt is the second quality of a good style, perspicuity being the first. Young composuists are exceedingly prone to affect a bombastic stiffness of style, extremely disgusting to persons of real taste, and yet think it a great excellence. I must, therefore, earnestly advise you to make writing composition, a weekly exercise. If you have resolution to avoid carelessness, you will find letter writing one of the best exercises to improve your style, particularly in ease. You may write in Latin if you please. But forever avoid, with abhorrence, the ostentatious, pedantic, ridiculous, practice of mixing Latin and English, either in conversation or writing. I wish you to inform me particularly of your progress, and satisfaction, and difficulties in your studies. Write me your opinion upon the advantages of knowledge in general, and also the advantages of knowing the several branches of science and literature in particular ;

as reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geometry, philosophy, astronomy, grammar, geography, chronology, history, music, theology, etc. etc. Write me your opinion upon the comparative advantages of a public and a private education. Send me all the important questions you can think of upon various subjects. Keep a book handy and write them down as they occur from day to day.

But my brother, these things are of secondary importance. Remember, eternity is at hand and the reckoning day approaches. The Lord be with you.

A different topic now claims a passing notice.

*Beverly, July 16, 1806.*

HONORED FATHER,—I trust you will rejoice to learn that your posterity has lately increased. Who could have thought, that so small a daughter could have yielded us so much joy. She is now two days old; and we call her Nancy. Mrs. E. desires love to her Holles friends. May we be enabled suitably to notice the hand of God, and from day to day to give back the endearing gift to the all-bounteous Giver.

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.

I need not suggest to the reader, that this child was named in honor of the endeared but deceased friend of both the parents. She still survives as the only child of her mother.

*Beverly, Sept. 20, 1806.*

MY DEAR WIFE,—I have become or rather have always been most shamefully cold and negligent with regard to secret prayer. I have just been attempting to confess my sins of this kind to God, to implore forgiveness, and to resolve that I will reform—that I will pray more frequently, more fervently, and more particularly, especially for my dear wife and child, for my church and people, for my friends and enemies, and for Zion at large. But having so often experienced the exceeding deceitfulness of my heart, having broken so many resolutions, I fear, I tremble, lest I should also break this. I therefore take this method of addressing you upon the subject, hoping that it may prove a means to preserve in me a

sense, a lively sense of the great duty of secret prayer. I resolve to devote as much of next Monday as possible to fasting, humiliation and prayer, upon this subject. When I become negligent and cold, let this letter testify against me. My sister, my spouse, need I ask you to pray for your poor, unworthy husband? I am many times ready to conclude, that having preached to others, I myself shall be a castaway. God be merciful to me a sinner.

O that we may be enabled to walk together in some measure agreeably to our profession and the honorable and important station which we visibly hold in the Redeemer's family.

Let this day be to me for the beginning of days. Henceforth let me live entirely to God—and the glory shall be his through eternity. Amen.

I have convincing reason to believe, it was not in vain that my brother thus resolved and strove to quicken his diligence in this great duty.—The following is of the same cast as the one from which I recently quoted respecting college studies.

*Beverly, Feb. 9, 1807.*

DEAR BROTHER R.—When do you think of entering college, and where? Are you careful to derive all possible advantages from your studies, as you proceed; or are you intent principally upon qualifying yourself to enter college? What are the principal advantages of studying Latin and Greek; and of knowing them after you have studied them? Or is there no advantage in studying these languages, separate from that of knowing them? What are the comparative excellences of English, Latin, and Greek? What advantages may result from acquiring an accurate acquaintance with the pronunciation of Latin and Greek? These questions I wish you to answer in writing, as soon as convenient. I have spent much time almost in vain, in attending to things of little or no importance. The better you know the advantage of any study, the more may you attain that advantage while pursuing it and after it is completed.

I fear your studies will lead your thoughts from God. This is often the case. Endeavor to realize, that there is *one thing* infinitely more important than a knowledge of



language, or a college education. O my brother, there is no good excuse for impenitence.

TO THE SAME.

Beverly, June 1, 1807.

DEAR AND MUCH REMEMBERED BROTHER,—You may be well fitted to enter any college in New England, except Cambridge, next autumn. I hope you will go to New Haven. You will not only gain a year, but also a better education and find much more satisfaction in your studies. If you go to Cambridge, you will find almost every lesson a *task* not very “delightful.” I found much more satisfaction in studying Latin and Greek at the academy, than in getting my college exercises. I imagine it is to be attributed to the unhappy arrangement of studies at Cambridge. For my college studies were in their nature, much more interesting. Besides, I believe the bad arrangement of studies at Cambridge, being not only unpleasing, but also arduous to the student, had an unfavorable influence upon my health. Perhaps you recollect, my last year at college was almost wholly lost for want of health. Probably my constitution received an injury that never will be repaired on earth. It is exceedingly straining, distressing, and distracting to apply vigorously to ten studies, almost or entirely new, in the course of a single month. Those who study diligently at Cambridge, often impair, and sometimes destroy, their health. I believe sickness and death are more frequent among Cambridge students than any other in New England, in proportion to their respective numbers. And here I must digress to tell you, that I am exceedingly concerned for your health. It is a subject of which you cannot judge correctly from your feelings. You may feel vigorous and active, and study with delight a few years, and destroy your health before you mistrust that it is impaired. I was advised not to study in vacations. I almost despised the advice; and now am left to despise and lament my presumptuous folly. I feel like a poor, weakly old man, though still in my youth. I know but very little, a *precious* little, and fear I shall never know much more. O my brother, learn wisdom from my folly. Exercise an hour every day except the Sabbath. Let your exercise

be as various and profitable as possible. Some kinds of exercise may be better than others; but no one can be so good as many. Duly to exercise all the muscles, must tend to give the greatest firmness to the whole animal system; and consequently to the mind, as far as it depends upon bodily firmness. Do not forsake your good friends the scythe, the rake, the fork, the axe, the plough, the hoe, the sickle, etc., those great benefactors of the world, from whose instrumentality we receive our daily bread. I also advise you to cultivate some acquaintance with the saw and beetle. Alas, how many dollars I have paid others for doing that, which it would have been twice as many dollars benefit to me to have done myself. If you go to New Haven, get acquainted with some farmer in the neighborhood, and show him that you have some "perfections that are placed in bones and nerves;" though your "soul is bent on higher views." Habituate yourself to wetting your feet, if you can begin it without injury. Do not have your room very warm nor close. Wear but little clothes, except when you go out in very cold weather. Avoid soft beds and every other effeminating luxury. If you go into the water for bathing, observe these rules. Never go in oftener than once a week; nor when you are weak and weary; nor stay in more than ten minutes at a time.

To return to my subject. Though the philosophical apparatus at Cambridge, is by far the best, yet New Haven scholars are the best philosophers. The reason is, that the scholars at New Haven are allowed to use the instruments themselves; but not at Cambridge. I have conversed with many upon the subject, and never found but one who would advocate the arrangement of studies at Cambridge. It is probable W. Eaton will go to Williams College, and perhaps Mr. Ellingwood also. The arrangement of studies there, is very similar to that of New Haven. If my father is unwilling you should go to New Haven, perhaps you will conclude to go to Williamstown.

Though the pronunciation of a dead language is not of much use, in itself considered, yet it may be useful to enable us correctly to articulate our own. In this particular, I fear you will fail. I must earnestly recommend

considerable attention to reading and speaking. In reading Latin and Greek, pay attention to emphasis, cadence, etc. Think not that this is useless, while it tends to fix a habit of great importance.

We wish exceedingly to see you at Beverly. After close application a few weeks, you may make us a visit of a few days, without losing any time. Your meditations by the way may be as useful as what you could study in the same time. It is *thinking*, close thinking, that makes the scholar. All the books, all the colleges, all the instruction in the world, can never make a scholar, without his thinking for himself. Thinking without reading, is a thousand times better than reading without thinking. There are many numheads and profound ignoramuses that have been reading all their days; and many sensible, understanding men who never read half a dozen books in all their lives. Reading without thinking, is like eating without digestion. Instead of nourishing the system, it rather weakens it; and when thrown off the stomach, it is nauseous and loathsome. Still, however, reading may be useful.

While you are laboring for learning, do not forget the *one thing needful*. O my brother, what shall it profit you to gain all the treasures of human literature and science, and lose your *own soul*? Of what avail to Pharaoh, was all the wisdom of Egypt, when overwhelmed in the Red Sea? If you die in your sins, what can avail all the instructions and all the honors a college can give? They cannot shield you from the wrath of the Lamb, when he shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels in flaming fire, to take vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not the gospel.

Mrs. Emerson unites with me in sending love. Let us hear from you as often and as much as may be convenient; and let us know something of your views and feelings respecting religion.

Perhaps I ought to say, that my brother had also other reasons which he had before stated verbally, for wishing me to go to Yale instead of Harvard College. He regarded the then recent change in the latter college, respecting religious opinions, as most Calvinists now view it—a

bar to sending their sons and relations there.\* Most devoutly have I since desired to give thanks for the kind interposition of such a brother, at such a time. The full reason of this effusion of my heart, I must here no further explain, than by barely saying, that the rich means of grace enjoyed at New Haven, met, and by the divine blessing, controlled a crisis in my life over which I hope forever to rejoice.

The "hard bed" recommended to me, he had himself long tried, having slept on straw during the latter part of his residence at Cambridge, with sensible benefit to his health. The directions for exercise and for wetting the feet, I endeavored to follow through college; and have never enjoyed such firm and uninterrupted health. Perhaps it was owing to the latter direction, that I scarcely had a cold during the whole four years. Still, it may not be a safe direction for all; nor am I sure that its ultimate effects have not been injurious in impairing my system, though I believe the continual exposure then shielded me from the effects of sudden changes. I dropped the practice immediately on leaving college.

*Beverly, Nov. 12, 1807.*

DEAR BROTHER,—I rejoice to learn that you have become a member of the best college in America. This information was peculiarly pleasing, as coming from your pen. Two days ago, I received yours of Nov. 4.

Always have your English dictionary at your elbow when you write, and be sure that you know the meaning and orthography of every word you write. Never indulge yourself in careless, nor, unless absolutely necessary, in hasty writing; no, not even if you expect to burn your composition the next moment. Write a letter, or piece of composition, as long as your last letter to me, every week. It may be useful for you to write your compositions or letters twice. Write the first copy as fairly and correctly as possible. In the course of three or four days, read it over

\* Let none here think my brother ungrateful towards a college whose honors he had worn. It was in other days, that they were conferred. And if it were not so, still, what is the gratitude to a college, that can compel us to send our relatives to its walls in prejudice to their highest welfare? Instead of hostility to that venerable institution, for which he prayed as long as he lived, it was simply a matter of sacred and indispensable religious principle.



three or four times with the closest attention, and make as many corrections and improvements as possible. Then transcribe it with as much care as though it were for the press. Such exercises will have a tendency to make you not only a good writer, but an accurate scholar. Be patient, be patient, my brother; you must not expect to become every thing you wish in a day, a month, nor a year. Never spend a moment's time, merely to gain the reputation of a great reader. Students, who are industrious, generally read four times as much at college as they should. It is thinking, thinking intensely, clearly, systematically, and perseveringly, that makes the scholar. It is useful to have a large number of books to consult occasionally; but very few to read wholly. Brown's Dictionary of the Bible, Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, Jones's Biographical Dictionary, Johnson's English Dictionary, and some good Gazetteer, you ought to have constantly by you. Had I owned these books during my collegiate course, I verily believe that my knowledge would now be worth more than two hundred dollars more than it is; considering my knowledge now to be worth what it cost. If you turn your thoughts upon almost any subject, important questions will arise in your mind. In order to gain satisfactory answers to such questions, it is very desirable to have good books, good friends, good instructors, that you may easily consult. Here, without thinking of it, I have given you a hint for the choice of your companions. Good characters, sober-minded, congenial souls, nearly your equals in age and information, who will delight to receive and communicate instruction, will probably prove your most useful, most agreeable companions. Such should be your chum. One, who does not nearly answer this description, will be worse than none, as it respects the acquisition of knowledge, and the improvement of the mind. A superior, however, is much worse than an inferior, as it respects mental improvement. This sentiment may appear strange. Well, make all the objections to it in your power, and I will endeavor to defend it in another letter. You may, however, find it very useful to converse frequently with those who are greatly your superiors. Benevolence requires that you should be willing to impart instruction to inferiors, who wish to learn. This I have often found a most delightful task, and nearly as



profitable to myself, as the lectures of my instructors. But with "skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn," have nothing to do. They are a disgrace to college, and ought to be treated with contempt. Your intimates should be few, and selected with great caution. Never urge a friendship, which does not appear to be mutually agreeable.

The following, to his youngest brother, is in the same spirit of faithfulness and love, though not on precisely the same point. Perhaps God may here make it a word in season to some heart.

*Beverly, Dec. 9, 1807.*

MY DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER W.—I owe you much for your kind services, while you lived with me, besides what I owe for your letters. But you know I was pretty much engaged in performing the duties of my high calling, when you lived with me. And my ministerial duties seem to grow more and more urgent, so that I can find but very little time to write to my friends. It would be exceedingly pleasing to me, if I could visit my Holles kindred and friends this winter with my wife and child. But this satisfaction I dare not promise myself. O my brother, you little know, you little think, how weighty, how important are the duties of a minister of the gospel. Precious, immortal souls are committed to my care. For them I am bound by the most solemn obligations to watch, to pray, and to labor. Besides many other ministerial works, I generally feel it duty to preach to my people four times in a week. "Wo is me, if I preach not the gospel." I must be "instant in season and out of season," on Sabbath days and on other days. I must teach my people "publicly and from house to house." And if I would be as "a scribe well instructed, so as to bring forth from my treasure things new and old," I must give myself to reading, meditation, and prayer. I have many visits to make. When my friends call to see me, I am glad to see them, and duty requires me to attend to them. I am accountable to my Judge for the manner in which I improve my means and opportunities of doing good. Do you think I can find much time to write to my friends? I have many friends, who are exceedingly dear to me. But much as I

love them, I scarcely ever take my pen to write a line to any of them, unless I have something in particular to communicate. And, my brother, you are accountable as well as I. You have an all-seeing, almighty Judge, as well as I. You must appear at Immanuel's bar, at the great day, as well as I. You must give an account of your deeds done in the body, as well as I. And now let me ask, are you prepared! The summons of death must soon be sounded in your ears. Your naked soul must appear in the immediate presence of the High and Holy and Lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity. O my brother, are you prepared to meet your God? What do you think he would say to you, and those around you? Would it be, Come ye blessed; or, Depart ye cursed? Should you go away into everlasting punishment, or into life eternal? Alas, my brother, you may be in hell torment before this letter reaches you. If you are not, what reason will you have to praise the Lord for his long suffering and tender compassion. Do you pray to God in secret every day? Where are the convictions, which a few years ago troubled your mind? Are they all gone? Are you again sunk down in stupidity? Can you now "cast off fear and restrain prayer before God?" Have you no fear of death, of judgment, of hell? Will you not lift up one sincere prayer to God to deliver you from that place of torment. The natural kindness of your disposition and sweetness of your temper, will not save you from hell, without an interest in Christ. And if you go to that place of torment, you will neither carry nor find any kindness of disposition, nor sweetness of temper. No, the inhabitants of those dreary mansions, are all hateful and hating one another with perfect hatred. Do not put off repentance. You will never have a more convenient season. Behold, now is the accepted time.—Mrs. Emerson continues quite unwell with a cold. She unites in sending love to you and all our Holles friends.

The following, found among his papers, comes next in place, according to its date. As it is from his own pen, I prefer to publish it all together as I find it, instead of separating the facts and stating them in my own language amid other matters of the same dates. The morning school here briefly mentioned, the reader will perceive to

be the same that I have before noticed more fully, from my own recollection. When I wrote that notice, I was not aware of his alluding to the fact in any of his papers. Unless I permit my brother to speak pretty freely about his own "plans," he will not stand before the reader in his true character.

*Beverly, Dec. 20, 1807.*

"Since my settlement in the ministry, I have spent much time in concerting and executing plans for gaining and communicating knowledge. In this way, I hope, I have been instrumental of doing considerable good, besides gaining some skill in the important business of planning. Some of my plans, indeed, have failed, and I hope to be more cautious in future; especially not to divulge any more of my plan than is absolutely necessary for its execution. In this case, if any plan should fail, I shall not be so likely to incur the charge of instability. To assist me in forming plans in future, it may be useful to take a brief review of those already formed."

"Soon after I was settled, I formed the plan of visiting every family in the parish and praying with each. I was hindered from fully executing this by numerous evening meetings, by want of health, labor of sabbath preparations, sickness, and death of my wife. But, I hope, it proved in a good degree beneficial."

"Soon after my ordination, I formed the plan of a Calvinistic Social Library, which I was soon enabled to execute, and which has proved exceedingly beneficial."

"The next spring, 1804, I began to catechize the children of my charge, having furnished most of them with the Assembly's Catechism. It was my usual practice to meet them, as many as would attend, at the meeting-house, every week, and attend to the males and females, in separate classes, spending about an hour with each class. They generally attended to five of the answers at a time; and in this way went through the Catechism."

"Soon after the death of my wife, 1804, I formed the plan of a course of catechetical lectures for my young people. My design was, to ask them a number of questions in relation to one of the answers in the Catechism, at each lecture, and interspersing remarks, as I proceeded; and then to lecture them upon the subject. But

this was an exercise rather too difficult for them; and after one or two lectures, I changed the course into lectures upon the Catechism. Of these, I delivered nearly forty, and advanced nearly as far as to the commandments. These I found very edifying to myself, and, as I trust, profitable to many others. Though I thought proper to discontinue this course, in order to give a number of lectures upon sacred history, yet I shall probably resume and complete the course."

"Early in the spring of 1806, I opened a morning school for my young people, to teach them to *read and understand* the scriptures. In the first place, I took those that were above seventeen, afterwards those above thirteen years of age. This school I continued through the summer, with great apparent success. By means of teaching this school, I greatly improved my plan of a reference catechism."

"In the beginning of winter in 1804, I formed the plan of giving bibles to the children of the parish for repeating the answers of the Catechism. This I consider one of the best of all my plans. About seventy excellent bibles have been given to the children since that time, and it is still operating very favorably."

"I have lately revived a kind of church conference which I began a few years ago. I meet about twelve or fifteen church members at a time, sing, pray, converse, question every one, and they me, if they please;—meeting with different members at different times and places. This I find exceedingly edifying and comforting to myself; and apparently to others. My design is to converse with all the church in this way twice a year."

"My plans for my own improvement, have been numerous—more than I can recollect. I think I can now study to much more advantage than I could three, two, or one year ago. My best plans relating immediately to myself, are, that of fixing my bible with a piece of parchment against every fifth chapter, done about a year ago;—my present plan of studying the bible, and present plan of preaching, both adopted about three months ago. My plan of studying the scripture, is, to read it in course; to understand all that I can easily understand by attending closely to the connexion and consulting Scott; to commit to memory such passages as it appears greatly desirable

to have in mind ; and to remember, in what chapters the most striking and important passages and ideas are contained. My present method of preaching, is, to select my subject and text with great care ; to write my *imperfect plan*, putting down all the leading, important ideas upon the subject, without much regard to the order ; to write my more perfect plan, making it in all respects as perfect as possible ; to sketch down the leading ideas under each head, and write at large those parts which appear the most difficult to be expressed, and fully think over the rest ; to take off my little plan, consisting of figures, words, and parts of words, representing the most important parts of the discourse, or such as are peculiarly difficult to be remembered ; to go over my little plan once, twice, or thrice, thinking over or saying over all the ideas of the discourse ; sometimes to commit my little plan to memory and preach without any kind of note, sometimes to take down a few hints upon the margin of my bible, and sometimes to use my little plan in preaching, according to the nature of the subject and time for preparation."

The small pieces of parchment placed on the leaves of his bible, were to facilitate the process of turning to such texts as he might wish to read in his study of the bible, in making his sermons, or in preaching. I say, in preaching ; for in his *extempore* sermons, it was his custom to have his small bible with him, and to read from it the passages he introduced. Such was his dexterity in this use of his bible, and such his familiarity with its pages, that he was rarely much impeded in his discourse by turning to the passages. I may also remark, that he introduced a vastly greater proportion of scripture into his sermons, than is common. Sometimes, perhaps, the passages he read and his remarks on their connexion, were too long.

As this plan of marking the bible, may be of use to others, especially in Sabbath schools and bible classes, I will endeavor to make it intelligible. The parchment, glued upon the first leaf of each book, contained the initial letter of that book ; the next parchment, placed a little lower on the page, was marked with the figure 5 ; the third, lower still, and marked, 10 ; the fourth, 15, etc. ; thus indicating the chapters on their respective pa-



pers. With the book shut, all these labels were at once visible. If, then, he wished to turn to the tenth chapter of Luke, for instance, he had only to cast his eye on the initial, L, near the top of the book, and to run it along down till it came to the label marked 10; and by placing his finger on that parchment, he could at once open to the place. And if he was in quest of the twelfth chapter, he would open as before, and perhaps have to turn over an additional leaf.—These labels, however, were liable to be removed in using; and I cannot but think a plan which he had before used, to be on the whole better, though not quite so expeditious. It consisted in staining with ink a small space, perhaps a fourth of an inch, on the edges of all the pages in a book; and then placing the initial of that book at the side of this mark. These were visible, with the book closed; and he could easily open within a few leaves of any chapter he might wish. The stained portion of the next book, must be a little lower down on the pages.—He taught many of his parishioners and friends to mark their bibles in the same manner. Dictionaries and other books of reference may be marked in the same way, with great advantage. Commentaries are so bulky as to admit of a more minute notation of the chapters.

He had now, for some time, been devoting himself, with new and intense ardor, to investigating the science of preaching. Here, as in every thing else which engaged his attention, the bent of his mind impelled him to seek improvements. Sighing deeply over his own imperfections in this work, and longing intensely for the increase of the usefulness of his brethren, he betook himself to this enterprize, with all the energy which grief, shame, hope, and love could inspire. His object, like that of many before him, was the increased efficiency of preaching. He soon came to the conclusion, that if preachers were to return more nearly to the manner of Christ, and of the apostles and primitive preachers of christianity, they might hope for a nearer approach to their unparalleled success. He wished especially for an increase in the zeal, and the simplicity of language and manner, employed in the pulpit. And as highly conducive to these ends, he was led to urge the primitive mode of *extempore* preaching; which was also the only mode, at first, among our puritan ancestors in New England.

On this subject, his views may be more clearly seen by the following letter to Rev. Dr. Mason of New York, written about the beginning of the year 1808.

“RESPECTED SIR,—I hope you will excuse a few lines from a stranger, upon one of the most important subjects that can engage the attention of a gospel minister. I have been a preacher nearly seven years; and about two-thirds of the time, a settled minister in this place. But with shame I must acknowledge, that until within about six months, I never attempted, by reasoning and experiment, to ascertain the best method of preparing and delivering my public discourses. I adopted and continued the New England practice of writing and reading sermons, “asking no questions for conscience sake.” Though for want of health, I have rarely been able to write the whole of a discourse, yet, until lately, I have always read to my people all I had written.

“For about six months past, I have not read a single sentence of a sermon in public. I began with a resolution to preach one year without reading. From the experiment, thus far, and from the attention that I have been able to give to the subject, I am convinced that my present method of preaching is much better than my former. My present method is almost wholly extemporaneous, as it respects words and expressions. In preparing to preach, in the first place, I write a plan or scheme of my sermon. I then transcribe the plan, making as many improvements as possible. In the third place, I fill up my plan in my mind, noting down the leading sentiment and scriptures under each head. After this, I sometimes take off a little sketch of the whole upon one side of one-sixteenth of a sheet of paper, which I pin upon a leaf of my bible, and carry into the pulpit.

“By no means would I suggest these things, thinking to instruct you, but merely to give you opportunity to instruct one who feels himself to be a child in years, in knowledge, and in preaching. My present method, though certainly superior to my former, is undoubtedly susceptible of improvement. Is it not desirable, infinitely desirable, that the preachers of the everlasting gospel should be eloquent men, as well as mighty in the scriptures? Alas! sir, how low, how very low, is the general

tone of New England preaching. We have many pious, zealous ministers; many who write excellent sermons. But *pulpit reading* is the death of eloquence. I wish for instruction upon the best method of preaching; and I wish to instruct my brethren. I have not been able to persuade one of them to try my present experiment. If I suggest the expediency of leaving off the reading method, *a lion is in the way*. O for some Nimrod to attack the monster. I wish to be able to address their consciences in a more forcible manner. Perhaps, sir, you know of some book which I might find highly beneficial. If there be no good treatise upon the subject, surely there ought to be. I cannot expect you to take up the subject in a private letter to me. My object in writing, is, to request you to recommend some book, and to suggest to you the importance of adopting measures to enlighten the minds of young preachers in New-England upon this interesting subject. I have indeed had thoughts of addressing a circular letter to my brethren upon the subject. But my voice would not be heard. To write an effectual circular upon this subject, a person should himself be at once an eminent preacher and an excellent writer. Could not such a letter, of fifty or sixty pages, be furnished in your city? I have seen a letter, published in London and re-published in Boston about fifty years ago, entitled "Reading no preaching." But that could not be circulated with any hope of advantage. The composition is poor; and many very forcible arguments are omitted. Besides, it would answer no good purpose to tell New-England clergymen, that reading is not preaching. Even if this were true, they could not bear it now.

"We expect great things from our Theological Academy. I hope that Seminary will prove instrumental of reforming our mode of preaching and greatly promoting the cause of evangelical truth."

Connected as I now am with the sacred seminary in this place, I have omitted some things respecting it in the above letter. Delicacy, however, will not forbid me to illustrate an important trait in the character of my brother, by mentioning, a little more definitely, the high hopes he then cherished of the ultimate usefulness of this institution. Speaking to me, on this subject, soon after

its foundation, he remarked to this effect: 'Ardent republican as I am, and enthusiastic as may be my hopes from the declaration of our national independence, yet I anticipate much greater good from the establishment of this theological seminary.' This strong declaration, of course, excited my astonishment at that time, when probably not one, except himself, among the most zealous friends and patrons of the seminary, had begun to anticipate results on so large a scale as what we *already* witness here and in other kindred seminaries that have risen from its example, and in public movements in the cause of Christ at home and abroad, that have grown out of this prolific measure. The trait of character thus exhibited, was that by which he always entered, with his *whole soul*, into the plans of other men, as well as his own, for the salvation of the world. His imagination, accompanied by a vivid faith, ran forward on such subjects beyond that of any other man I ever knew. One reason for this strong and delightful peculiarity, was his habit of looking at every moral cause, in its connexion with the millennium. Accordingly, he beheld every movement of this kind, surrounded with a glory which cannot be visible to one who has no such eye of faith. And as a consequence of this, while others, at successive periods, have expressed their *astonishment*, in view of what was effected, he often only expressed his *admiration*, adding, with devout gratitude, that he had *expected* as great things, and admonishing those about him, to expect still greater.

But to return to the matter of reform in preaching. He continued his mode, as above described, both in forming and delivering his discourses, till the close of his ministry. His wish to exclude all reading of notes from the pulpit, however, gradually subsided; and he was finally quite willing that others should use them, when found to be, not a trammel, but an aid; just as was the fact when note preaching was first introduced in this country by Mr. Warham, the first minister of Windsor, Ct. The good old puritans could not think of tolerating a practice so formal, till they saw how well Mr. W. succeeded in the attempt. A similar change has occurred in other denominations; but the *tendency* is doubtless always to a dull delivery, and therefore needs the frequent application of

a corrective. Extempore preaching has now, for some years, been very extensively mingled with note preaching in New England. How far my brother's influence was productive of the happy change, I will not take upon myself to decide. It is enough to remark, that he urged this reform every where, and on all suitable occasions, for many years; that he conversed much with officers and students of colleges and of other seminaries on the point; and that he persuaded many young men to aim, through their whole education, at acquiring the power of extempore speaking.\*

\* The word *extempore*, I have used here and elsewhere both as an adjective and as an adverb, as I suppose such use to be now sufficiently established.



## CHAPTER VIII.

SICKNESS AND DEATH OF HIS SECOND WIFE, 1808.

*Himself very feeble—Accompanies her to Leicester—Returns—She returns—They again go to L.—Letters to Mr. Ellingwood—To his people—Her death.*

The following, to his wife, will be a fit introduction to the mournful theme of the present chapter. It was written while my brother was absent on a short journey, probably for his health.

*Holles, April 21, 1808.*

On Tuesday or Wednesday next, I hope, by the divine permission, to press the dear hand that was given me in marriage. I cannot dissemble to the inmate of my heart. I have been gloomy for several days. Never before did I so earnestly desire to embrace the wife of my bosom. How poorly have I improved a treasure, of which I was never worthy—a treasure which I can hardly realize to be my own. My friends at Franklin, Framingham, Holles, etc., have appeared sincerely rejoiced to see me. Their attentions are truly endearing. My health and strength seem a little improved; but my nerves are much out of order. Do not tell any, that I am nervous. They will only laugh at me or despise me for that, which is as real a calamity as a “broken tooth, or a foot out of joint.” I write my thoughts just as they occur. I cannot summon resolution to attempt to maintain any connexion in my writing. Pity your husband, whose heart is constantly bleeding with pity for you; pray for him, who frequently attempts to raise a few broken petitions to heaven for you and our lovely babe.

Love to all who dwell under our roof.

The health of his wife, already feeble, continued to decline; so that, in May, she dismissed the little school

which her fondness for the employment had led her to teach during most of the spring. She soon took a journey to visit her mother and sister at Leicester. At the date of the following, my brother had just left her at Leicester.

*Beverly, June 11, 1808.*

BELOVED COMPANION,—I arrived at Ward with rather a heavy heart. My aunt was abundant in expressing her earnest wish to receive a visit from you; and said she should visit you at Leicester, if she found you were not likely to visit her. I told her she might expect to see you at Ward, if you should find yourself able. A considerable part of the way to Framingham, I felt feeble, fatigued, and dejected. I arrived at father Eaton's about sunset. Arrived here last evening. Charlotte thinks her health is rather better than when you saw her.

With regard to my own health, I feel considerably encouraged. I was less fatigued last night than any preceding evening this week, though I had ridden considerably farther. To-day I feel better than for three months before. My principal solicitude is respecting your health. It is my earnest wish and prayer that your journey and visit to Leicester, may prove beneficial. Dearly beloved, spare yourself as much as possible; refrain from all anxiety as far as possible; let your heart be fixed trusting in the Lord. O let us pray without ceasing for each other, and for our darling babe. I wish you to stay as long as you may deem it necessary for the promotion of your health and happiness, and not a moment longer.

I pray that Paulina may recover and glorify God on earth.

These are the beginnings of more sorrows. As it was his lot to bear them with a christian spirit, so let it be ours, to trace the mournful steps in the like spirit, and in the hope of meeting the suffering followers of Christ in the peaceful rest of their final home.

From Leicester, Mrs. E. went to visit her sister at Enfield, Ct. On her return to L., she gained rapidly for a few days; and was then taken with raising blood; which so reduced her, that at the time of her return to Beverly, she was but little if any better than when she commenced the journey, six weeks before.

Her friends were much alarmed at her appearance, and some of them anxious that she should try the effect of a longer journey. She was also desirous of it; and they accordingly started, (Aug. 22,) with the intention of visiting Vermont, taking Leicester again in their way. She was able to proceed but a few miles in a day; and on the third day, was taken much worse. A physician was called, who expressed the opinion, that she was already far gone in a consumption. She received, however, some temporary aid, and was enabled to reach the dwelling of her kind friends in Leicester, the next day.

From this place, her afflicted husband frequently wrote to some of his people at Beverly. The following extracts are from letters to his friend and parishioner, now Rev. J. W. Ellingwood of Bath, Me. They will reflect the image of his heart, as melting in love for the souls of his people, as well as for the languishing partner of his joys and sorrows.

*Leicester, Aug. 31, Wed. 5 P. M.*

DEAR BROTHER,—Since I wrote last, Mrs. Emerson appears to have been gaining gradually, though very slowly. To-day she has been able to sit up three or four times, fifteen or twenty minutes at a time. I hope we shall not feel too much flattered with the prospect of her ever being able to return to Beverly. Our supreme dependence must be upon the Almighty Physician.

Mrs. E. is not so happy in her mind, as appears desirable. She earnestly desires an interest in the prayers of her Beverly friends. By the great mercy of God, I enjoy a greater degree of bodily health than usual; and if I am not deceived, my soul also is in health. I think I feel willing that God should reign, and could bless his holy name, though he should bereave me of every earthly friend and comfort.

Be thou faithful unto death.

O my dear people! They are much upon my mind. I hope God will send them a better supply in my absence, than they have when I am at home. O that he would pour out his Spirit upon them.

*Sept. 3.*—Your letter of Monday, which I received Thursday evening, was peculiarly interesting. O that

God would spare the dear brother, sister, and child, that you mention, as sick. It is unspeakably joyous to hear that one sinner appears to have "come to herself." It is my earnest desire and prayer and hope, that she may soon be brought to God. O that the Almighty would make bare his arm, and show every stupid sinner in Beverly, that he is stronger than the strong man armed. God is answering our prayers—yes, our poor, defective offerings have reached his throne. Now, now is the time for christians to bestir themselves. If sinners are awaking, let not christians sleep. Is not the field white unto the harvest? O that our brethren and sisters may realize, that he that sleepeth in harvest, is a foolish son that causeth shame. Let them exhort one another daily.

I hope Mrs. E. has gained a little since I wrote last. There appears to be a greater probability of her recovering to a comfortable measure of health, than if she had not left Beverly.

My presence appears to be more desirable at Beverly, than ever it did before. And yet if God has a work of grace to do there, he can do it without me. For the present, it appears to be my duty to continue here with my dear companion. I have made some further exertion to procure a supply for my people, but without success. I hope they will have constant preaching—*good preaching*; for, I need not tell you, that poor preaching *may* be much worse than none.

Do write as often as you can afford.

*Sept. 6.*—Since my last, Mrs. E. has remained very much as she was then. We cannot help cherishing a hope that she may live to return to her beloved friends at Beverly. No important alteration appears to have taken place in the exercises of her mind. She frequently regrets the necessity of taking so much opium. For two or three days, my health has not been quite so good as usual. I trust it is nothing more than a cold; but if I knew it was a consumption, I feel as though I should not be greatly moved. Yet it is impossible for me to say how I should actually feel in such a case. We have great reason to be thankful for the kindness which we receive from our friends here from day to day.

Mrs. E. unites in sending love to Mrs. Ellingwood and all the rest of our Beverly friends.

*Sept. 27.*—Brother Hersey and Sister Charlotte have just arrived. Every part of your letter is exceedingly interesting. Notwithstanding my melancholy and trying situation here, I was longing to hear from the dear people of my charge. I hope they will not be as sheep without a shepherd. May those who have lately been called to mourn, be enabled to sorrow after a godly sort. My beloved partner appears to be gradually declining. The alteration for three days past is scarcely perceptible. Her heart seems often overflowing with tenderness and gratitude to her Beverly friends. O that every cloud that darkens her prospect into the world of spirits, may soon be dissolved. There is scarcely any hope remaining, that she will live to return to Beverly. It is her desire that her mortal part may be deposited there—a desire with which all concerned will undoubtedly wish to comply; and I suppose, it will be practicable. Through the great goodness and mercy of God, my health is as good as usual; and I trust I am favored with some degree of patience and comfort of the scriptures. O my brother the word of God never appeared so precious to me before; it is sweeter than the honey or the honey comb. Let it be the burden of your prayers for me, that I may receive such instruction from the frowns of a holy Providence as they are calculated to teach.

*Leicester, Oct. 8, 1808.*

*To the Third Congregational Church and Society in Beverly.*

MY DEAR BRETHREN, SISTERS, AND FRIENDS,—God is dealing with us in judgment. In afflicting me he is afflicting you; and in thus afflicting you he again afflicts me; so that I have sorrow upon sorrow. But I trust he is often pleased, in infinite mercy, to turn my sorrows into joy, a joy unspeakable and full of glory. May none of us despise the chastening of the Lord, nor faint under his rebukes. I feel that I deserve and need the rod. O may I not, like Ahaz, wax worse and worse under afflictions. To be so long absent from the people of my charge whom, if I am not deceived, I love as my own



soul, constitutes no small part of my complicated trial. But let us remember, that, though all these things seem so greatly against us, yet God is able to cause that they should work together for our immortal good. When I left you, I had no expectation of being absent a single week.

For a considerable part of the time, since I have been here, I have cherished the hope, that my beloved companion would be able to return to Beverly, and again rejoice with you in the land of the living. Of this, she has been exceedingly desirous. She often expresses her great and tender regard for her Beverly friends. To give up the fond expectation of again beholding you on earth, requires in her a degree of self-denial, very great and trying. But I hope she is willing to give up friends and brothers, and sisters, parents, and child, husband and all for Christ. She has indeed been under great doubt and darkness for a considerable part of the time, since she has been here. But I hope your prayers for her have been heard, and that the Lord has appeared for her relief. For several days, in the near prospect of death and eternity, she has manifested scarcely any distress of mind. She has not, indeed, those clear, lively views of divine things, and those high exercises of joy, which, I trust, she had in time past. But all painful anxiety respecting the world to come, appears to be gone. This, she sometimes fears is owing to her stupidity. I must think that she is a true mourner in Zion; and that God will comfort her with everlasting consolation. She mourns and weeps, and weeps and mourns, for her sins; and then mourns that she is so little affected with a sense of her vileness. I never saw a person that appeared to be at a greater remove from a boasting, self-righteous spirit. It seems to be habitually her heart's desire and prayer to God, that she may be more completely reconciled to his holy will. For this, she is very earnest in calling upon her christian friends to pray. She has undoubtedly experienced the benefit of the prayers of her friends in Beverly. O may they be encouraged to pray more earnestly, that God would lift the light of his countenance more and more brightly upon her. Though you cannot reasonably expect to behold her living countenance again on earth, O that every one of you may be pre-

pared to meet and forever behold her in that blessed world to which she appears to be hastening; and O that I may be prepared to enjoy an eternal union in heaven with her with whom I have been so happily united on earth. O that I may be more faithful in the glorious cause of my blessed Redeemer. I am ready to fear that it is on account of my unfaithfulness in the work, that God is now taking me off from my ministerial labors; that it is on account of unfaithfulness to you, that I am separated from you so far, and so long. Never before did it appear to me so great and desirable a work, so high and precious a privilege, to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. Though I never before had so earnest a desire to behold your faces in the house of God and address you in the name of Christ, yet I feel utterly unworthy of so great and precious a privilege. I know it would be just in God to separate me entirely from my dearly beloved and affectionate people; who have so greatly abounded in their kindness to me; with whom I have taken so much unspeakable comfort in conversation, in preaching, in singing, in praying, and in the sacraments. Unless I am very much deceived, my greatest concern under my present trial, as far as it relates to myself, is, that it may serve to make me more humble, more watchful, more prayerful, more diligent, more zealous, and in all respects a better man and a better minister. For this desirable end, I dare not trust to any present resolution; I dare not trust to my own heart, for it has often deceived me; and, but for infinite grace, it would long ago have destroyed me. But yet I do venture to entertain some hope that, through the prevalency of your prayers, God will enable me to be more faithful. I beg and entreat every one of you to pray daily and fervently for your unworthy minister; not so much that I may live long, as that I may be faithful while I do live.

I have already intimated, that my unexpected separation so long from you, may have been designed in Providence, as a judgment upon me for my unfaithfulness. But is it not possible, that God had some farther end in view? Notwithstanding all my unfaithfulness and imperfection, your consciences will bear me witness, that I have declared to you *some* truth—that I have declared to you *much* truth. A preached gospel is a privilege that but a small

part of mankind enjoy. What an evil and horrible thing must it be for any of those few, who do enjoy, to abuse it. My dear people, are any of you of the number? Do you realize what a great and distinguishing advantage it is, to be permitted to hear the joyful sound, the good news of salvation? How often did God deprive his ancient people of great privileges because they abused them! And what tremendous judgments have they suffered for neglecting and despising the gospel! If we neglect the great salvation of Christ, we have something worse to fear than merely being deprived of the gospel; we have reason to fear something worse than the loss of all the blessings of the gospel; we have reason to fear all the eternal curses it denounces.

Have you not some reason to fear, that God has been pleased to deprive you, in some measure, of the gospel, because you have so poorly improved it? Have you not reason to fear that unless you improve it better in future, he will deprive you of it entirely, and give it to others, who will bring forth better fruits? Have not many of you reason to fear that unless you improve the gospel—unless you *soon* improve the gospel, better than ever you have done, that God will tread you down in his anger, and trample on you in his fury, and make you the wretched monuments of his eternal displeasure?

I hope, my dear friends, I am not disposed to impute more blame to any of you than I am willing to take to myself. In a few moments, comparatively speaking, you and I must stand before the judgment seat of Christ, where every one must give account of himself. If then your Almighty Judge should ask you, why you did not better improve his preached word, it will not avail for you to reply by asking; Why did not our minister preach it more faithfully? That must be a question, (and an awful question it is,) for the minister to answer, and not the Judge; a question for the Judge to ask, and not for sinners. Many, no doubt, are disposed to take refuge in the unfaithfulness of ministers. But it is a miserable refuge that the hail must sweep away. My unfaithfulness will never save you. My sins, though they were ten thousand times greater than yours; though they might destroy me forever, could never save you. You will not be condemned for not improving light that you never enjoyed.

But you may be condemned for abusing the light that you do enjoy. Nay, if you believe not, you are condemned already; and the wrath of God abideth on you. O that you may all be wise, that you may understand this, consider of your latter end, and immediately prepare to meet your God and enjoy his blissful presence forever. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.

Your affectionate pastor and servant in the gospel,

JOSEPH EMERSON.

*The Third Congregational Church and Society in Beverly.*

Considerable portions have been omitted in the above letter. The whole was nearly as long as a sermon, and was probably communicated to the people in public.

*Oct. 15.*—Mrs. E. is not much altered, for two days, though she seems rather more discouraged to-day than before. She has been bolstered up in a swing chair, above an hour. How much longer she may continue, God only can tell. My trial waxes greater and greater in almost every point of view; but God is able to hold me up. Oh my dear people, may God send them a supply.

*Oct. 29.*—Though Mrs. E. is not much weaker than she was several days ago, yet her symptoms appear rather more unfavorable. She seems to think that her departure cannot be many days distant. Her mind appears to be in a good measure tranquil. Her meditations, when she is able to meditate, appear to be almost wholly upon objects that have an immediate relation to death, judgment, and eternity. God only can tell how much longer her life may be spared, and I feel willing that this interesting point should be determined according to the dictates of infinite wisdom and benevolence. My health as also that of sisters Charlotte and Burley, continues poor. I should be scarcely able to preach, were I at home. O that I may have patience to bear whatever God may see fit to lay upon me, and ever be disposed to turn to Him that smiteth me, and trust in Him though he slay me.

*Nov. 9.*—I have just past through the solemn, affecting, and, I hope, improving scene of the funeral of my

dear, dear, departed companion. When I wrote before, I did not think of attempting to have the body conveyed to Beverly, this week. But we are now making arrangements for the purpose.

In very great haste.

The death of his wife took place, Nov. 7, two days previous to the date of the last letter.—For many of the deeply interesting circumstances respecting her I must refer the reader to her life as published by her husband, and since, in part, perpetuated as one of the tracts of the American Tract Society, by Rev. Daniel Smith, her pious friend, who has since followed her, through a peaceful death, to the recompense of reward. That thrilling tract has already been blessed as a timely warning to many a soul. May it be thus blessed to thousands more.

It would be an easy, and a mournfully delightful task, to enlarge on a character consisting of attributes so striking as that of my departed sister: but I must here be content with the above reference; and hasten to another chapter on the more immediate subject before us.



## CHAPTER IX.

FROM THE DEATH OF HIS SECOND WIFE, TO HIS THIRD MARRIAGE. 1808—1810.

*On the connected duties of christian zeal and self-preservation—Dissertations on his studies, etc. recommended to a student—Death of his oldest brother—Evangelical Primer—On the best mode of preaching.*

REDUCED again to solitude, my afflicted brother did not mourn as they who have no hope;—nor yet as one who had no further object for which to live and labor in this vale of tears. Indescribable as were his attachments to those whose loss he had thus been called in sad succession, to bemoan, there was yet a being, seen and felt by faith, whom he loved still more. For the promotion of his cause, it was still his delight to live and labor, and to do all in his power to excite others to labor through all the days that can here be attained. Proof of this, if needed, will be found in the following, to his sister, R. Eaton. •

*Beverly, Dec. 13, 1808.*

Your letter of Nov. 22, afforded me no small satisfaction. At this time every expression of kindness from my beloved connexions, is peculiarly comforting and endearing. I hope, however, I enjoy higher comfort than man can give. May the Lord reward your sisterly benevolence a hundred fold. It is my fervent wish and prayer, that this winter you may be truly and constantly happy; but above all, that you may be useful; that you may not only increase abundantly in the knowledge and love of God, but also do much good to others and greatly advance the kingdom of our glorious Redeemer. O let us be up and doing; let us work while the day lasts. The night of

death is rapidly hastening. Two of the dear sisters of this church, Mrs. Toutain and Mrs. Haskell, have taken their flight, I trust their upward flight, since my return from Leicester. My full heart is sometimes ready to exclaim, like Ezekiel, Ah, Lord God! wilt thou make a full end of the remnant of our Israel? But God knows when it is best to gather the dear sheep of his pasture into his fold above; yes, and he knows how to carry on his work below without their labors. It is surely, in one point of view, matter of rejoicing for the servants of Christ, to enter into the eternal joy of their Lord. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Perhaps Christ's spiritual temple is as much advanced when a saint is removed to glory as when a sinner repenteth. Let us not mourn, then, as others who have no hope. "Come," my sister

"Come let us anew our journey pursue,  
And never stand still till our Master appear."

Let us not, however, work beyond our strength, lest we bring upon ourself swift dissolution, if not destruction. Self-killing is undoubtedly criminal, (I do not say equally criminal,) whether perpetrated by a sword or pistol, by intemperate eating and drinking, or by intemperate exertion in a good cause.

Watch and pray, and strive against that fear of man, that dreadful slavish fear, which bringeth a snare. Be courteous, be gentle, be tender, and really affectionate. Let your conduct display the charms of the gospel. But be faithful. Let the world think you what they please; let them call you what they please—*zealot, enthusiast, sectarian, spleeny, mad, fool*, or any thing else—be faithful. Endeavor to please God rather than man. O be faithful unto death and you shall receive a crown. I know it is much harder to encounter smiles than frowns. But let us remember, that neither the frowns nor smiles of our fellow dust, will be received at the bar of God our Savior, as excuses for violating his laws. Let us arise then, my sister, and take to ourselves the whole armor of God, that we may be able to stand in the evil day; that we may resist temptation; that in the strength of Christ we may be able to face a *smiling* world.

The above strong expressions on "self-killing," were perhaps prompted in consequence of his being called to

resist a very natural temptation, in such circumstances, to throw away his life at once in excessive labors, reckless of the consequences to himself. Happy would it be for a dying world, if all truly devoted men would listen to so timely a warning, and remember that, while here below, they "are flesh and not spirit;" and that it is their duty to *live* and labor as long as possible. It is reported of one of the brightest ornaments of the ministry in this or in any age, that when sinking in the midst of his days, through excessive toil, he exclaimed in his own emphatic manner, on his dying bed; "I have thrown away my life *like a fool*." I dare not now give his name, lest it should grieve his friends;—nor dare I withhold the fact, lest I should be accessory to the death of some whose ears it may reach in time to save them from the deed, in these days of peculiar peril to the zealous preacher. Strange,—and yet not so strange, in one view of it,—that the conscience of the holy man, which is alive, like the conscience of an angel, to every other duty, is here, sometimes, found perfectly dead. He seems even to court and tempt this self-martyrdom, as the half-enlightened christians of other days, were seen to court the flames. The practical question, which his amiable infatuation is so rashly deciding, is not the one he is so ready to imagine, as presented by the good old adage, "better to wear out than to rust out;" an adage already perverted to the voluntary death of so many good men. But the question is this—Whether "it is better to *wear out*," or to *burn up* in the service of Christ. Such a man can never "*rust out*." Then let him take care to live, if from no other consideration, at least from this, that he may reprove the indolent, instead of furnishing them with a fresh pretext for their sloth, by the heedlessness of his exposure.

One suggestion may here be made, with propriety, respecting the manner in which christian friends are *effectually* to discharge their duty in this matter. If we would save our best and most zealous brethren from the sin of throwing away their lives, we must not mingle too much of *admiration* with our cautions, lest we add fuel to the flame we would moderate, in their imperfect natures. Let them truly know, that if they heedlessly persist in the imprudence, they will not only destroy their usefulness, but may also diminish their credit among reflecting men.

Mere mistake as to what one is able to endure, is, indeed, easily removed by light, by kind christian advice : but if, in any case, *Jehu* be found still breathing at all in the heart, it will be better to crucify him at once, by such timely *rebuke*, than suffer him to live and kill the friend of God and his church. When the christian world shall come generally to use such strains as we find in the above extract, we may hope for an abatement of the evil of "self-killing;" and that too without the diminution of that zeal which is according to a full knowledge of duty as well as truth. Amid strong exhortations to action, let us mingle cautions that have some effective meaning.

Whether my dear brother was himself always sufficiently mindful of his own sound doctrine on this subject, I will not attempt to decide. But this I believe will be universally accorded by those who know him, that he mingled much caution with much zeal. In the language so often on his tongue, it was truly his delight to "work while it is day;" and he sought carefully to *prolong* the day, *that he might work*. Had he possessed less of light or less of conscience on this point, he would probably have been at less expense of care and treasure in the preservation of health and life, in his frail and shattered frame. It was often with him an act of christian independence, amid a world of robust men, to be seen so singularly careful of the fragile tenement of his soul.

We now turn again to the subject of education, in some of its bearings, in connection with other things, as seen in the following.

*Beverly, Jan. 26, 1809.*

BELOVED BROTHER R.—You pay a degree of respect to my advice, to which I am by no means entitled. If, however, I have any influence over your mind, I would gladly improve it for the glory of God and the good of your soul. But, my brother, how is it possible for me to give you such advice, as you seem to expect, till I am more particularly acquainted with your attainments and pursuits in literature and religion? I wish to know, how far you have complied with the advice, that I have given you already. I must, therefore, advise you to write me a long letter immediately, and state, particularly what progress and attainments you have made in the knowledge and love of God; how far you have proceeded in

reading the bible ; how many chapters you usually read in a day ; how many passages you have committed to memory ; what progress you have made in the arts of thinking, reading, public speaking, conversing, hearing, remembering, *forgetting*, singing, the sublime art of praying and the divine art of doing good. Man has been defined "a bundle of habits." I believe, the definition is above half correct. Science and art should go together. I profess myself a great friend to science. Would to God, I had ten times more of it. But I wish for it only in connexion with art. I believe a man may be possessed of very great science, and yet be a very great fool ; that is, act very foolishly in almost all he does. All our knowledge should be practical, and we should endeavor to *forget* what is not so. He who spends his life in treasuring up science without using it, is but one degree above the vile slave of Mammon, who lives upon potato skins, that he may die with his cellar full of gold. So far as art and science can exist separately, art is by far the most valuable. A good education, therefore, consists much more in forming good habits, than in filling the head with the best of notions and demonstrations. I wish, therefore, to know what progress you have made in art, or the formation of habits, in order to advise you how to proceed.

As science and art should go hand in hand, I wish you to unite them as far as possible. Some parts of science, indeed, you must study, on account of their connexion with other parts, and their tendency to improve the mind. But such parts should not engage much of your time. Your relation to the seminary makes it your duty to pay some attention to all your college exercises. But I do not wish you to appear any thing more than barely decent in those branches, which you have no reason to think will be of any considerable practical utility ; nor by any means to attend to them more than is absolutely necessary. I should rather have such a knowledge of Hebrew and Greek, as I could now possess in six months, than to be as great a mathematician as Newton, as great an astronomer as Herschel, as great a naturalist as Swammerdam, as great a navigator as Columbus, as great a chemist as Lavoisier, as great an anatomist as Albinus, or as great a Latin scholar as Cicero. Though you may not be able



to reduce all your knowledge to immediate practice, you may have all your practices founded upon good principles; you may be able, and I will venture to say, you ought to be able, to give a good reason for every thing you do. Endeavor, as far as possible, to ascertain, what practical advantages may be derived from every study you pursue. When I first began the Greek testament, it was with a design to enter college. With the same design I read it through and through. I attained my end. I entered college without any difficulty. But I knew very little more about the meaning of difficult words and phrases in the Greek testament, than I did before I could distinguish alpha from omega. And when I left college, I had done very little more toward attaining the end, for which we should study Greek, than when I entered. I studied Homer and Xenophon, in order to recite them; not in order to understand the lively oracles of God. Alas, I did not derive a quarter of the advantage from studying Greek before I left college, that I might have derived with the same labor. And this was the case with most of my studies. I therefore consider my college education of small value, compared with what it might have been. I did not keep in view, I rarely considered, the great object, for which we ought to study. I used to study, to study night and day, that I might recite, that I might gain the character of a good scholar, that I might finally be a learned man; not that I might do good in the world. My brother, learn wisdom from my folly. When you leave college, may your education be worth ten times as much as mine was. Do not study, in order to shine as a great man, but in order to do good. With regard to each of your studies, inquire solemnly and deliberately with yourself, "what advantage can I gain from this study to assist me in the all-important business of doing good? and how shall I pursue it in order to gain that advantage to the greatest possible degree?"

I believe I have already advised you to write a dissertation upon the respective advantages of each of your college studies, about the time of commencing the study. Have you done it with regard to those you have finished, and those you are now pursuing? If there be any study of which you cannot see any considerable advantages, no doubt your instructors will find it a pleasure to

point out to you the advantages of the branches which they teach. I would insist upon knowing the utility of every thing. You cannot attain the advantages of any study, to any considerable degree, without at the same time knowing and considering those advantages. The best means, or one of the best, you can use, in order to know, realize, and attain these advantages, is to write upon them. You may write your dissertations in the form of letters, and send them to me. I will engage to make remarks upon them, which, possibly, you may find useful. You may now have some opportunity to try yourself and ascertain, whether you really prize my letters as much as you imagine. I am necessitated almost wholly to neglect my former correspondents. Sometimes I think I must neglect you also. My health is poor; and I never before felt so hurried as of late, and, as I expect, will be the case for several months to come. I have to prepare and preach three sermons a week, and am much engaged in preparing for the press, some of the writings of my beloved Eleanor, and a brief sketch of her life. They will be published in a pamphlet with a sermon, preached by Mr. S. Worcester, occasioned by her death. You may expect one of the pamphlets by mail, in about six weeks. After this is published, I shall be engaged for several weeks in preparing and publishing another edition of my *Minor Catechisms*, with great additions and improvements. I have long been talking about my *Reference Catechism*, and spent much time and labor upon it. But it is nearly completed. My friends are inquiring from day to day, when it will be published. If I should live to finish my *Reference Catechism*, I intend writing dissertations for the use of myself and some of my particular friends, upon the four following subjects, preaching, conversation, history, and education. The one upon preaching will contain the substance of all I shall then know of logic and rhetoric; and the one upon education, will embrace school-keeping. These dissertations I think of writing in the form of letters to you; partly to requite you for the epistolary dissertations, which I expect to receive from you, and partly because I think it one of the most agreeable and profitable methods, in which I can express my thoughts upon almost every subject.

You see I have written you a long letter. I have here said nothing but what appeared correct, when I wrote; but possibly I have here said something, which, upon mature consideration, I might wish to recal. You will judge for yourself what is useful and what is not; and guard against adopting with implicit confidence, the opinions of myself, or any one else.

My father appeared very much afflicted and cast down, for a short time after my brother died;\* but has since appeared much more composed. Sister Emerson and her children have removed to Holles. I am informed that she bears her heavy trial with great fortitude and calmness. Both my brother and my wife appeared to die in the triumphs of faith. If I am not greatly deceived, I have been truly comforted. I need not tell you, I need not tell any who were acquainted with her, that my loss is great. I feel it to be great. Yet I have had but very few melancholy hours on account of her death. What agonizing sorrows may yet be in reserve for me, the Lord only knows; and I am willing to leave the matter wholly with him. I have just recommenced housekeeping. My mother Read and sister S. Eaton, are with me. My little N. is plump, healthy, sprightly, loquacious, and very engaging. I hope I shall not forget that she is mortal. O that we may be enabled to mourn and rejoice, to live and die, like christians indeed.

The plan above recommended, of writing a short dissertation on each study as I was entering upon it, I pursued to some extent; and now have only to regret that I did not pursue it more uniformly. My experience has led me to think it one of the best among the many directions my brother gave, for rendering my studies at once the more pleasing and useful. It is always pleasant to see the ends to be gained by the pursuits on which we enter; and when we clearly see these ends, we shall be much more likely to attain them. While such knowledge changes

\* Daniel Emerson, our oldest brother, whose name has before been mentioned in such a connexion, that I think it proper here to add, that after leaving college, he studied law, but not having a taste for the practice, he spent some years as a merchant; when, on his hopeful conversion, he entered on the more congenial work of the ministry; and was but recently settled at Dartmouth, near New Bedford, Ms. when he was suddenly removed by death, to the great affliction of his people, kindred and friends.

drudgery into delight, it also doubles our efforts, and likewise directs these efforts more wisely.—I doubt not that it was by the intense contemplation of the *specific objects* to be gained by his pursuits, joined with his native ardor, that my brother found his whole soul engrossed successively in these pursuits, through life. Each one, for the time, became practically the great object for which he lived. When really great in itself, such a specific contemplation of its benefits, fired his soul with a noble zeal for their attainment. They completely filled the sphere of his *feelings* if not of his judgment, and put the energies of the whole man in requisition for their accomplishment. The cynic may deride this as enthusiasm. But it is by such enthusiasts as this process will inflame, and not by cynics, that any thing is accomplished by the limited minds of mortals. We must be brought to act as though the business before us is the great thing for which we exist. The art thus to concentrate and fix the mind on a single object, is like the grand secret in the military tactics of Bonaparte, by which he overthrew kingdoms, viz. ‘the art of bringing the utmost physical force to bear at once on a single point.’ Men who thus concentrate their powers, like the warriors of the Corsican school, are the men who conquer. Surely, then, the art of such mental concentration, is worthy of the profound study of every scientific educator. And I can have no doubt, that the habit of contemplating distinctly, and in a strong light, the benefits to be gained by the immediate pursuits of each day, is one important part of this art. To write upon these benefits, is the way for the young student to see and feel them.—I may add, that many powerful minds remain vacillating or indolent because they do not distinctly see a sufficient object to rouse and direct their energies; and many an one never masters a single study, simply because he does not see its use till the time for its acquisition is past.

The Minor Catechisms, historical and doctrinal, mentioned in the above letter, were not published separately, but as parts of the same work, THE EVANGELICAL PRIMER. This was his first publication of any importance. It cost him immense labor, for so small a book. But perhaps, no equal portion of his whole life, was spent to better purpose. He gradually formed and matured his plan, and



pursued it, year after year, as his health and other duties would permit, with a large portion of that ardor which has just been mentioned. It was a standing theme of his conversation, at home and abroad, when he met with those who were interested in such topics and from whom he could hope to gain a new idea by way of objection or addition to any part of the scheme he was revolving in his mind. Some of his friends became at length almost tired of the theme, and impatient for the publication. Little did they appreciate the standard at which he was aiming, and the solicitude of a young author for the perfection of his first attempt. The result has shown the wisdom of his care, and has amply rewarded his protracted labors. The work has been very extensively used in common and sabbath schools, and has been studied with profit by a multitude of the youth of our country. Many editions have been called for, embracing in all, as his publishers inform me, about 200,000 copies.

It may be gratifying to some, to see the following sketch of the origin of this work, as given by his friend Rev. Mr. Ellingwood of Bath, Me., from whose kind letter I shall have occasion for further extracts.

“He established a female bible class, the first that I ever heard of, in conducting which, he wrote questions on slips of paper, and presented to his pupils to be answered from the scriptures. This was a work of considerable labor, and as the questions multiplied, he transcribed them into a book. Here originated his Minor Doctrinal and Historical Catechism, which I believe he transcribed *nine times*, before it was ready for the press. When it was fitted, he repaired to Boston to make arrangements for printing it. He there met with Dr. Morse, to whose inspection he submitted his plan. Dr. M. advised him to add the Assembly’s Catechism, and to call it a primer. Agreeably to this advice, he postponed the printing, and added the Assembly’s Catechism with notes and scripture proofs, and, I believe a number of cuts. Thus was produced, with great labor and care, that valuable little book, the Evangelical Primer.”

Not only has this work been of use in itself, but when its sale became great, amounting to 40,000 in one year it called forth a multitude of similar publications, many of



which have been very valuable, though they have not entirely superseded this.

The following extract alludes to an agreeable and improving exercise among half a dozen classmates in college. The plan originated from a hint by my brother, though he was not acquainted with the details.

*Beverly, March 23, 1809.*

**BELoved BROTHER R.**—I wish you to give me a particular history of your Social Fire Side, in which I feel exceedingly interested. I wish to know what are your regulations, how you proceed, what subjects have employed your *social* hours, and what subjects are to be attended to in future. Much will depend upon a proper selection of subjects. Variety may be both pleasing and useful. With regard to historical subjects, may it not be useful to have some regard to the order of time.

Our meetings were, perhaps, once a week. Each individual in turn, gave an account of his reading, whether history, biography, poetry, or any thing else. It led us to read with more attention; it fixed the facts more deeply in the mind of the reviewer, while it imparted at least some knowledge to the hearers; and it served to cultivate a talent for narration. The hint may be of use to youth of either sex, at school or elsewhere, who can conveniently assemble in small groups, for a pleasant and instructive hour. Perhaps three or four is a sufficiently large number.

*Beverly, May 29, 1809.*

**DEAR BROTHER R.**—My health is very poor and my duties abundant. I am sometimes forced to preach with very little study, and, I fear, with little edification to my *candid* hearers. To be sure they are *candid*, for they do not complain; at least they do not complain to me. Sometimes, however, I have been enabled to preach much better than my hopes, and perhaps better than formerly, when I studied much more. I am more and more confirmed in favor of my present method of preaching. Reading sermons appears to me a dull business, and hardly deserving the name of preaching. Pulpit reading is the death of pulpit eloquence, at least with regard to the greater part of preachers. Here and there one can read

a sermon decently. Almost any body may learn to deliver a sermon extempore, to the edification of christians, both learned and unlearned. But to learn to read a sermon in a manner to convince, to move, to persuade the illiterate, is what scarcely any one can attain. It appears to me very wrong to make literary characters the sole judges of preaching; or to aim principally at edifying them by preaching. Much more attention is requisite in feeding the lambs than in feeding the sheep; as the lambs are much the most numerous, and the least capable of feeding themselves. Orton observes in a letter to a young clergyman; "Remember that nine-tenths of your audience are children—children in knowledge and understanding." This is a subject, which may profitably engage a considerable of your attention; a subject upon which I should be glad to lecture you, or rather to converse with you three or four hours. It is an excellent subject for disputation in some of your societies. I hope you will not think of any other profession, than that of the ministry. I wish you to procure Maury's "Principles of Eloquence adapted to the pulpit and the bar," and study it through and through. Now is the time for you to make a business of studying eloquence. I have no doubt that at least one half the excellence of the best of preaching, and of the best of pleading, and of the best of conversation, consists in eloquence. No doubt it constituted nine-tenths of Whitefield's. I should think therefore, that we ought to study eloquence at least the tenth part of our time. All your treasures of knowledge and understanding, will avail you little, very little, as a minister or a lawyer, without eloquence.

I have it in contemplation to visit New Haven within eight or ten weeks. One of my principal objects is to see Dr. Dwight upon some important business.

He accordingly took the proposed journey to Connecticut; the "important business" of which, in addition to the benefit of his health, was to subject his Primer to the inspection of Dr. Dwight and others, for the double purpose of obtaining their remarks and their recommendations, both of which were readily given.

He always insisted in conversation, as he does in this letter, on the duty of preaching in such a manner, that

common hearers can understand the discourse; and he remonstrated, with equal justice and severity, against the wicked vanity of introducing "learned terms" into a sermon. And what he urged in theory, he exhibited in practice. Perhaps he even went to an extreme, in this very important article of reform, as the power of his discourses was sometimes diminished in his zeal to be perfectly understood by the feeblest capacity. His predilection for extempore preaching, was modified in subsequent years, as already remarked. He was even more opposed to *memoriter* preaching, than to mere reading, as he thought it a waste of time to commit sermons to memory, and that it tended to a declamatory and heartless delivery. Probably "the happy medium" is, for a minister to prepare one *written* discourse, with much care, for each sabbath; and to preach one *extempore*. Each will then be better than either would probably be, were he to confine himself exclusively to one mode. Careful writing will help him to extemporize with more accuracy and power; and extemporizing will teach him to write with greater simplicity and vivacity. It is also to be remembered, that sermons may be *written* extempore, and may partake of all the faults of such discourses, with but a part of their advantages. Such is often the fact, when the pastor, pressed with other labors, attempts to write two sermons a week. It is also true of some, if not of all men, that they can study the *matter and arrangement* of a sermon more thoroughly in *six* hours without writing any thing more than a pretty complete sketch, than they can in *twelve* hours by writing the whole. The extempore discourse will, therefore, be often the most thoroughly studied, as well as the best delivered. Still there is *danger* that the preacher will neglect to study sufficiently his extempore performances. Diffident men will be the least likely to trust themselves in the pulpit without due preparation; they may, therefore, be the more safely encouraged in the practice of extemporizing, if endowed with the requisite self-possession.

## CHAPTER X.

FROM HIS THIRD MARRIAGE TO HIS DISMISSION FROM  
HIS PEOPLE. 1810—1816.

*Infirmity in his limbs—Early zeal for foreign missions—  
Tour to Ballstown—His missionary sermon—Advocates total abstinence—Tour to Wiscasset—Interest in revivals—Edits the writings of Miss F. Woodbury—visits Norfolk, Ct.—Excursions in that region—His return and dismissal.*

Early in the year 1810, he was married to Miss Rebecca Hasseltine of Bradford, Mass. who still survives him.

Under date of Aug. 27, 1811, he thus writes. "My wrist, though a little better, is still so weak that I can write but a few lines. As sister Charlotte is very low, I cannot attend your commencement."

His sister, C. Read, soon died of the same complaint that had proved fatal to his second wife, whose example she piously followed in the work of instruction.

A singular infirmity had now, for some time, disabled his right wrist. This will account for the long chasm of more than two years between the letters from which I quote. During most of this period, he probably wrote but very little. The like infirmity ere long, settled also in his left wrist;—and then in one of his ancles;—and then in the other. Or rather, I may say, that the constitutional maladies under which he had long labored, concentrated their forces, in successive attacks, on these outposts of his physical nature. Happy that they did so; for had they struck at once at the citadel of life, I fear we should have been left to mourn his fall, when his more extensive usefulness was but just begun. A slight sprain of the limb, in an accident while riding, was the signal for the first attack. A similar sprain in each of his other limbs,

in distant succession, was apparently the occasion of each successive assault. Under these accumulating infirmities, he suffered exceedingly for many years; nor was he entirely free from them to the day of his death. They baffled the skill of many physicians. Still his mind was active; and perhaps would have been even more so than before this distant location of the unknown disorder of his system, had he not been curtailed in his customary exercise. Sawing wood had been one of his favorite modes of exercise. Of this he was totally deprived on the failure of his wrist. He was still more fond of walking; and, when in vigor, was often seen rapidly passing the most nimble-footed on the side-walks. Of this, too, he was finally deprived. Neither could he longer take exercise on horseback, of which he was also fond, as his limbs became too feeble to hold the reins. Numerous were the expedients to which he resorted for supplying what is just as needful as food to the health of both body and mind. One of these expedients which succeeded beyond expectation, was that of rocking backward and forward in his chair, and swinging his arms at each vibration. That effeminate exercise of riding in a chaise, (which was then, in the declared opinion of President Dwight, becoming the disgrace and the slow death of many clergymen,) was but a poor substitute for the more vigorous action to which he had trained his muscles. Still he lived; and was considerably efficient in study, and the performance of such parochial duties as he could attend upon at all. He had a chair fixed in his pulpit, in which he could easily sit while discharging the duties of the sanctuary. And his diligence now, when thus admonished, was doubled, if possible, in whatever his hand found still in his power. He was among the last of all men to avail himself of an excuse for inaction. The kind sympathy of friends comforted his heart and cheered him to labor; and his invention was active in finding, not only employment to which his restricted powers were competent, but in contriving new means and facilities for increasing his own usefulness and that of others. In consequence of the weakness of his wrist, he invented, at a subsequent period, a system of stenography, by which he saved about one half the labor of writing. He had once been acquainted with a pretty common method which is



more brief; but he deemed it too arbitrary, and preferred to cast himself on his own resources for forming one of a more legible character. This he used for many years in compositions for his own eye, and in letters to one or two of his friends who became acquainted with it. He once had the purpose of rendering it as perfect as possible, and publishing it. But this purpose he relinquished, as he became more deeply sensible of the evils of writing in a manner which few understand.

The following is to his brother at Holles.

*Beverly, Nov. 23, 1811.*

MY DEAR BROTHER W.,—I have lately been thinking of a plan which I wish you to help me execute. I think it may prove of some advantage to us both. The object is to remember the dates of important events that have occurred since my remembrance. My plan is to associate them with events that I have witnessed and can familiarly recollect. For example, I can recollect of being in Franklin in the latter part of the year 1799. About that time Gen. Washington died. It is very easy, therefore, for me to recollect the year of Gen. W.'s death by associating it with my being at Franklin. My object in writing to you is to ascertain the dates of a number of events that are familiar in my mind, though I cannot tell the respective dates, nor perhaps the years when they took place. I send them on the inclosed paper and wish you to annex the dates against each respectively, as far as you can ascertain them.

*Dec. 12.*—Since writing the above I have had a fit of sickness, and have been unable to preach for two Sabbaths. I am now much better, and hope to be able to preach next Sabbath. My family are in comfortable health.

The facts he wished to ascertain, respected chiefly the history of his relatives and friends. He ever took a deep interest in whatever concerned them, and, I doubt not, gratefully improved in a religious manner, the past mercies of God toward them. The mode of associating the facts which he here mentions, is well worth the consideration of those who wish to treasure up accurately the facts of

past and passing life. Let them be associated with facts the dates of which we cannot forget : and if many are already associated with some cardinal fact, let us ascertain and fix in mind the date of that fact.

For about three years from the last date, and while pursuing my studies in the Seminary in this place, I had opportunity to see my brother more frequently than during any other equal period after the days of childhood, and can therefore testify, from my own observation, to the delightful ardor with which he continued to prosecute the work of doing good among his own people and to the world at large. Being frequently at his house, in company with others who were in a course of preparation for the ministry, I witnessed the uncommon degree of respect and affection which he exhibited towards them, and especially the faithfulness with which he would take care to inform them, personally and through others, of the particulars and the manner in which they might amend their faults and improve their excellences. He was deeply conscious of the scale on which he was doing good, while contributing to make one, who was to preach the gospel, a little better for his whole life. He would think much of them, and pray much for them, after their brief visit was past ; and perhaps, at some subsequent period, suggest something further for their improvement by letter or message. He always seemed inclined to look quite enough on the favorable side, and to indulge sufficiently high hopes of their future usefulness. A kindred interest he always took in such as were engaged in teaching schools of any kind.

I can likewise bear testimony to the zeal with which he now devoted his influence to the cause of missions, both at home and abroad. A noble ardor was excited among his people at this time, when the American Board were fitting out their first mission, and they were easily prompted to do much for its aid. Possibly, both his zeal and that of his people, was the more roused by the circumstance, that the lamented Mrs. Judson, a sister to his wife, was then much in his family. When the project of foreign missions was started and the American Board of Commissioners were appointed, he at once threw his whole soul into the enterprise. While many were only speculating on the scheme, he had begun to act and to

rouse those about him; and soon a goodly number of his people were glowing with apostolic ardor in the divine cause. Nor was his agency confined to his own people, or to some temporary impulse and aid. He was called by providential circumstances, to bear a part, as important as it was unobserved, in the practical decision of a momentous and eventful question to the cause of missions. To present this in its proper light, it is needful to notice an interesting crisis in the life of Mrs. Judson. The following paragraph from the pen of her biographer, will exhibit her situation in respect to her personally engaging in the mission.

“There was another circumstance which greatly increased the difficulty of a decision. No female had ever left America as a missionary to the heathen. The general opinion was decidedly opposed to the measure. It was deemed wild and romantic in the extreme, and altogether inconsistent with prudence and delicacy. Miss H. had no example to guide and allure her. She met with no encouragement from the greater part of those persons, to whom she applied for counsel. Some expressed strong disapprobation of the project. Others would give no opinion. Two or three individuals, whom it might not be proper to name, were steady, affectionate advisers, and encouraged her to go. With these exceptions, she was forced to decide from her own convictions of duty, and her own sense of fitness and expediency.”

It is proper that I should now say, that my brother must have been one of these “advisers who encouraged her to go.” And more than this; I am warranted from the best authority to say, that “probably he did more for this object than any other person, or *than all others*. Indeed, at one time, it is doubtful whether she would have gone *but for his efforts*.”

This was exactly an occasion for him to appear as steady and decided in his counsel, as he was affectionate and disinterested. On the probable consequences of his prompt decision in this case, it is needless for me to enlarge. Who can tell the consequences that may sometimes hang on a few words of advice; I will only add, that Mrs. Newell appears not to have decided to go on a mission, at the time she heard of Mrs. J.’s decision.

The first missionaries were ordained at Salem and embarked from that port. At that time, there was a fervor of "first love" in the missionary cause, and towards the persons of the missionaries, glowing in the breasts of such as were fired with the subject, which we cannot expect again to witness. Sympathy was overwhelming; and gifts flowed in abundantly, both as memorial tokens and in the shape of more substantial aid. It may not be out of place here to mention, as an instance, that one evening, just before the embarkation, a purse of fifty dollars in specie was cast in at the door of my brother's dwelling, by an unknown hand, with the label, "For Mr. Judson's private use."

The following extracts from letters to his wife, will mark his route on one of his many journeys for the recovery of his health.

*Westfield, June 26, 1812.—Friday.*

Most of my way from Beverly to Leicester, seemed dreary, and I proceeded sorrowing. The most beautiful prospects, such as a few days before I had so delightfully shared with you, could scarcely attract my attention. My cold was distressing, and I often found myself much more fatigued by riding, than I had anticipated. The feelings, with which I passed that way more than three years ago, were almost perpetually recurring, and filling my mind with gloom, which no consideration could dispel. It seemed utterly in vain for me to reflect that Eleanor and Charlotte are now unspeakably happy; and that my Rebecca was no less endeared to my heart, and no less qualified to make me useful and happy than my Eleanor. Grief was associated with every known object; and it was to no purpose for me to prove to myself that I had no cause to grieve. Had I anticipated such an effect, I should have taken another road. My friends, however, at Framingham, Worcester, and Leicester, I met with cheerfulness and enjoyed their conversation highly.

On this side of L. I have for the most part been happy. I have had a new road, better health, and very little fatigue. Other circumstances, also, have been highly conducive to my gratification. I proceeded from Brimfield to this place, as I proposed in my letter written at

Brimfield. What I have here witnessed, has been exceedingly interesting and delightful.

The General Association have finished their session for this year; and there is scarcely a minister left in town. I have concluded to stay and preach for Mr. Knapp, minister of this place, a very dear brother about my age, who is unable to preach, and is threatened with consumption.

*Williamstown, July 2, 1812.—Thursday.*

If my wrist were perfectly well, I would attempt to give you some description of the delightful way from Pittsfield to Williamstown, among the mountains and over the mountains.

I am now with President Fitch, who is writing upon the same table. He has received and treated us with remarkable kindness. His heart appears much engaged in the glorious work of grace, which the Lord has for several months been carrying on in this place. It is hoped that about thirty of the students and forty of the inhabitants, have been converted within three months. This is more delightful, than the alarm of war is distressing. We have reason to sing of mercy as well as of judgment. Let us thank God and take courage. Let us daily and fervently commend our dear country to the mercy of Him "who rides upon the stormy sky, and manages the sea"—who can bring order out of confusion, light out of darkness, and peace out of war. Let us trust in Him and not be afraid, though the earth be removed and the mountains carried into the depths of the sea. God is doing wonders for his church, though his judgments are abroad in the earth.

*Ballstown, July 7, 1812.—Tuesday.*

I do not find myself quite so well as I had anticipated from riding two hundred and fifty miles. I have therefore concluded, to spend a few days in this place, to try the influence of these celebrated waters upon my nerves. I arrived here yesterday, after riding about fifteen miles in very hot and dusty weather. Being languid and thirsty, I drank more than a pint of spring water. It was not very palatable, nor indeed very disagreeable. But I was still too languid to write to my dearest friend. To-day, I feel considerably better; which I impute at least in some measure to using the water in drinking and bathing. I



am confident the warm bath has rendered perspiration more easy and abundant. To-day, I drink with pleasure. I shall probably, go to Granville in about a week, make a very short visit there, and then hasten to my dear people and dear family as fast as possible, consistently with health.

*Shrewsbury, Vt. July 14, 1812.*

I left Granville yesterday ; and am now near the foot of the green mountains on the west side. My health is much as when I wrote last from Ballstown. If the weather should be favorable, you may begin to expect me by the middle of next week.

His zeal for domestic missions, instead of being diverted and absorbed by that so recently excited for the perishing abroad, continued to flow in a deepening torrent. Of this, he has left us an adequate proof in his sermon before the Massachusetts Missionary Society, at their fourteenth annual meeting at Boston, May 25, 1813. A large edition of this sermon was printed and extensively circulated by Mr. Armstrong, in the form of a tract ; and there is reason to believe that its effects are still deeply though silently felt in another great department of usefulness beside that of missions. I must, therefore, take the liberty to dwell a moment on this little production.

The sermon is from the text, "Gather up the fragments," etc., and is entitled, "Christian Economy." He here forcibly inculcates the duty of *saving property for benevolent purposes* ; and that in such a manner as is fitted to make the miser feel, that it is "blessed to give;" and the prodigal, that it is blessed to save ; and the idler, that it is blessed to toil, for the cause of christian benevolence. The other department of usefulness to which I refer, is the cause of temperance ; and that precisely on the principle of total abstinence, since so widely adopted and so gloriously triumphant, but then scarcely dreamt of by any individual, and publicly advocated by none, to my knowledge. After urging this principle with delicacy, yet with power, and that by the same arguments now so common, he thus addresses his brethren in the churches, and in the ministry. "My friends, let us try the experiment. Can we not abstain with honor, with comfort, and with the certainty of saving something for purposes of the

greatest importance? But if any cannot comfortably abstain, that circumstance should operate as an additional motive, should fill them with *alarm*, and rouse them to the most vigorous efforts to break in sunder the bonds with which Satan is binding them."

What effect this part of the discourse, consisting of several pages, may have had in preparing the way for the temperance society, some years after, and in the glorious revolution now in progress, it is not needful for us to know in this world. Great efforts had indeed already been made to *suppress intemperance*, and many had come into the habit of stipulating with laborers in their employ, to work without being furnished with ardent spirits. But the glorious discovery that was to work the greatest wonder of our day, was the simple principle here laid down, that man *needs no ardent spirit*.

I do not claim for the subject of this memoir, the honor of being the first or the only one to make this discovery. It is natural enough, amid such a train of operations, that divine providence should bring many to make it independently of each other. Still he was, perhaps, the first, to make a *public proclamation* of the true principle. It was about a year and a half from this time, that Rev. Mr. Cornelius formed the small local society, on the principle of total abstinence, which we find noticed in his memoir, p. 38. A much longer time elapsed before the formation of the general society.—During this period, he was extremely feeble, and sometimes unable to preach.

The following to Mrs. E. are notices of a tour to visit his friends and relatives in Maine.

*Bath, June 27, 1814.—Monday.*

Having lodged successively at Newburyport, Portsmouth, Kennebunk, Portland, and Brunswick, I arrived here Saturday, near noon. Thus far, God has made my journey pleasing and prosperous. My health appears to be improved. My cough, however, was no better, but rather worse (in consequence of taking more cold) till yesterday; when I was enabled to preach with much less inconvenience and more satisfaction, than I had anticipated. This morning I feel better than usual before

breakfast. I hope my wrist has gained a little. This afternoon I expect to go to Wiscasset in the stage, to stay one or two nights.

*Bath, July 4, 1814.*

As writing my letter last Monday was probably injurious to my wrist, you will not be grieved at the shortness of this. I hope my health is considerably improved. I preached yesterday with less inconvenience than for several preceding Sabbaths. I fondly anticipate the happiness of returning to those, who are most dear to my heart, in the course of next week.

*Portsmouth, July 11, 1814.*

In great mercy the Lord has favored me with better health since I wrote last, than for many weeks preceding. I fear, however, that my wrist is no better. I preached yesterday in this place, once only, and administered the Lord's supper. I anticipate much satisfaction in relating to you the history of my journey after my return.

The interest he always took in revivals of religion, was as intense as it was rational and free from fanaticism. He thus speaks, in a letter to me, respecting a revival in Yale College.

*Beverly, May 2, 1815.*

The revival in your college has gladdened our souls beyond expression. Even so, come Lord Jesus.

I should write more; but I fear I have injured my wrist already. It is weaker than when I began.

My reason for writing to Mr. Ingersoll, was very urgent. Many complain of the Panoplist, because it contains so little concerning revivals. I have rarely read or heard any thing more interesting than his letter.

Mr. Ingersoll had given an account of this revival to his friends in Beverly. Mr. I. though an undergraduate, was exceedingly useful in that revival. Indeed, he was a man possessed of so rare a combination of excellences, that he could hardly fail of being very useful in any condition. So much good sense, well-tempered zeal, affability, and sweetness of temper, are rarely seen in combination. After his conversion, he left the command of a vessel, obtained a liberal education, settled in the gospel ministry at Shrewsbury, Mass., and soon left his very en-

deared friends and endeared people, for better scenes above. I must not say more, and could not say less, of one so dear to my heart and to the heart of my brother. Some further account of him, and also of this revival, may be seen in the Memoir of Mr. Cornelius, p. 33. I subjoin my brother's letter to Mr. Ingersoll.

Beverly, May 2, 1815.

Your letter of April 1, has been read and heard by many with very deep interest, and, I hope, edification. Are you not willing it should be more extensively useful by publication? Dr. G. and ——, and others who have seen it, think it ought to be published in the Panoplist. I have no doubt the editor would gladly publish it, with, perhaps, some small verbal alterations. You may be surprised that I should think of publishing a letter written in so much haste. But such hasty effusions may sometimes be much more interesting and useful than more labored compositions. You may possibly have some scruples of delicacy upon the subject. But such scruples must often yield, where the cause of Christ is concerned. You have long felt, and I trust most deeply and delightfully felt, that you are not your own. Your soul, your tongue, your pen, your *all*, you have devoted to Jesus, again and again. If your dear Lord seems to *have need* of one of your letters for publication, surely you *cannot* withhold it, however unworthy it may appear in your estimation. You need not fear that Mr. Evarts would publish any thing that ought not to be published.

Let me earnestly entreat you, my beloved brother, to be careful of your health. May the Lord be with you, and bless you, and make you abundantly fruitful in good works.

Perhaps it is not too much to say, that my brother, amid all his cares to preserve a frail life, was at least equally careful to devote every portion of that life to some useful purpose. To this end, he watched as well as prayed. Nor was his prayer in vain. The great Author of all beneficence, is ever as ready to furnish suitable employment to those who delight in his service, as the instigator of evil is prompt to keep all others busy for him. Accordingly, when disabled for one species of labor, my

brother seems to have found another to supply its place. One among the many instances of this kind, is found in the period now under review, as will be seen in the following brief notice.

It had been his delight, for a year or two before, occasionally to impart instruction to one of the most vigorous youthful minds that have been found in our female circles. She was still more distinguished for the fervor of her piety, and the very practical cast of all her views, deep as they were, on the doctrines of religion. I speak of Miss Fanny Woodbury. Though a member of the *second* church in Beverly, and thus not under his immediate care, yet circumstances had led her to apply to him to guide her reading and to impart his counsel for the increase of her improvement and usefulness. But God had now seen fit, in the previous November, to remove this gifted spirit to its higher sphere above. Her writings were placed in his hands, with the urgent request, that he would select and publish such of them as he should judge best. This he did; and the result was the small volume, entitled *Writings of Miss Fanny Woodbury, who died at Beverly, Nov. 15, 1814, aged 23 years, selected and edited by Joseph Emerson*. Thus, when unable to write himself, he was very usefully occupied in selecting and giving to the public, the writings of another. This work has been extensively read, and well deserves a place in the library of every young lady in our land. It less filled with engrossing incidents than some other works of the kind, yet few, if any, will be found more deeply fraught with sound instruction, or more thoroughly imbued with the practical spirit of the gospel truth.

Concerning his health, etc. he thus wrote to me—

*Beverly, July 6, 1815.*

I have great reason to be thankful, however, that my health in general is considerably better than it was a year ago; although it has pleased the Lord to visit me with a judgment in rendering my left wrist nearly as feeble as my right. Never before was I so deeply sensible of the great blessing that those enjoy who are favored with sound and vigorous limbs. But upon examination I find, I have a thousand times more reason to sing of mercy than of judgment. I have reason to bless the Lord that



my indisposition is in my hands rather than in my feet, or my lungs, or my voice, or my eyes, or my ears, or my head; nay, I have reason for gratitude that this affliction is sent upon me rather than upon my dear companion, to whom the calamity would have been much greater. It becomes us not only to submit without a murmur, but to rejoice that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Although I have many dark and desponding hours, I sometimes hope that I can rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the rock of my salvation.

*July 29.*—Since writing the above, I have addressed a meeting at Boston for the purpose of forming a society to assist pious and indigent young men, in obtaining an education with a view to the ministry. We have not actually formed the society, but have made such arrangements, that probably, within a few weeks, it will be formed on a large scale. I exceedingly rejoice in what you are doing for this important object in Connecticut. May the Lord be with you and greatly exceed your most sanguine expectations. And I am confident he will be with you. I believe there has never before been a time since the foundation of the world, in which so much good might be done with so little exertion. While the Lord is thus manifestly at work, what encouragement have we to be up and doing.

At this period, he resided for some time at Reading, under the care of Dr. Phelps, whence he writes to his wife, under date of Oct. 26, 1815.

I trust my health has improved a few degrees since I saw you. We must take heed, however, that our hopes of my recovery be not too much raised. With resignation and cheerfulness, we must submit the matter to Him, who is infinite in goodness, and perfect in knowledge. I trust I have received mercies in answer to the prayers, not only of my dear friends in Beverly, but of the good people in this place, whose prayers I have several times publicly requested.

The next summer, my brother being very feeble, it was judged expedient that he should leave the sphere of his cares and labors, and accompany me to Norfolk in Connecticut, where I was about to take the charge of an

affectionate and hospitable people. The region was elevated and healthful; the scenery, variegated, deeply interesting to a studious and contemplative mind, and quite diverse to what had commonly met his eye. Much hope was cherished for the benefit of such a change; and I must be allowed to add, that not a little delight was experienced, on my part, in the prospect of ministering to my brother's comfort, and of enjoying his society, and his counsel, especially at so interesting and critical a period as that of first assuming the vast responsibilities of the pastoral office.

We left the place of his nativity in an open chaise, though he was but poorly able to bear the exposure to the unexpected severity of the elements. The following extracts are from letters to his wife.

*Norfolk, Conn. June 3, 1816.*

You will be gratified, and I hope, no less thankful, that I am safely here. We arrived last evening about sunset, after riding from Hartford, about 35 miles. For two days we have faced a very strong wind, and remarkably cold for the season. I have taken some cold; but not so bad as I feared yesterday. On the whole, I am encouraged to hope, that my health is improved since I left Holles.

*June 15.*—I am almost entirely free from every symptom and effect of a cold, except that my left ankle is a little swelled. I have two or three times tried the experiment of riding on horseback, and with better success in one respect than I dared to hope. I can manage the reins with my arms much better than I supposed, and find the exercise delightful. My hope of obtaining a cure, however, by means of this exercise, is rather diminished. The more I consider my disease, the more obstinate it appears. I desire, however, to be thankful that I can say, that 'hitherto the Lord has helped me;' and my heart glows with unusual gratitude to those dear brethren, and sisters, and friends, whose prayers and kind offices have been instrumental of this divine help. I find this land of strangers a land of christian friends—of friends indeed! They are as kind as my dear Rebecca can wish; and I am as happy as you can easily imagine, when you consider my distance from my beloved family, and the destitute condition of my dear people.

When we arrived in Norfolk, my brother was at once received into the family of our munificent friend, Joseph Battell, Esq. where he gratuitously received every possible attention during his stay with us. Occasionally, he made excursions to neighboring towns, for a few days, as will appear from his letters.

*Sheffield, (Mass.) June 25, 1816.*

Yours of the 17th inst. was exceedingly interesting on more accounts than one. I longed to be among my dear people, and if possible do something for their immortal welfare—or, at least, to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. But I desire to rejoice, that the Lord can carry on his work by such means as he chooses; and is not dependent upon my poor exertions, for the advancement of his kingdom.

I came here yesterday from Norfolk—a very *level*, smooth, and pleasant ride of about twelve miles. I had calculated to go to South Canaan, Conn. to-day, to attend a meeting of the Moral Society, in that region; but it is rainy, and I must keep house. I am with Mr. Bradford, the minister of the place, where I shall feel quite at ease, even if I should be detained two or three days. I receive abundant kindness wherever I go. I am more and more pleased with the good people in this hilly region, and more and more rejoice that I have come among them.

*Norfolk, July 3, 1816.*

The weather detained me at Sheffield several days, and occasioned a cold, in consequence of which I have not been quite so well since. Within a few days, it seems to have settled down into my left ankle, which has been considerably swelled, and at times painful. I do not now consider it prudent to ride any, nor to walk more than three or four rods at a time; nor, indeed, to sit up more than about six hours in twenty-four. Both my wrists have gained considerably; and I hope my poor ankle will be better in a few days. My digestion, and my health generally, is manifestly improved. In great mercy I am favored with almost uninterrupted cheerfulness; and am at this moment almost entirely free from anxiety, except what arises from the fear that this letter will give you more pain than pleasure.

I attended ordination, and have heard every sermon that has been preached in my brother's meeting house since I have been here, except one which was preached in the evening. I see him almost every day. His books, which he purchased of me, have arrived; and you may well suppose, that it affords me a *kind* of satisfaction—a *melancholy* satisfaction, to meet, among these distant hills and rocks, so many of my dear old Beverly friends—with whom I have spent so many delightful and profitable hours—friends who have given me so much good counsel, advice and instruction—friends alas! that are mine no more! But, blessed be God, I have friends in Beverly, who are dearer still, friends, whom, I trust, poverty will never alienate—friends whom I hope to enjoy for ever—and if I am not deceived, I have a friend in heaven dearer than all.

Since I came to this place, I have rode on the saddle more than a hundred miles; in two or three instances, about twenty miles in a day. I have found the exercise very salutary and delightful; but it is possible it may have been injurious to my ankle.

*July 4.*—I hope, that at times, I am enabled to submit with patience, and with something more than patience, to the sovereign holy Hand, that corrects me. O I need correction, I need much more correction. O Lord, do with me and to me, as seemeth good in thy sight. But, whatever may be my lot, have mercy upon my beloved family—have mercy upon my dear people.

Though for a few days, my bodily health has been rather declining, yet I hope my spiritual health has been reviving; and that I have been enabled with more earnestness and comfort, to commend my dear wife, children, friends and people to Him who heareth prayer—to Him who is able to do for them more than I can ask. O let us be more importunate and more abundant in pleading for our children. We know not how soon we shall be deprived of the privilege of praying for them. *One is not.* Dear Edwin! he seems more and more pleasant, precious, and desirable every day. How soon may N, and L, and A, be snatched away! and we be written childless!

The books of which my brother speaks, were a part of his long-loved library, which he thought it needful to

sell, as his pecuniary prospects were now becoming dark. With his feelings and associations, scarcely any earthly trial could have been so great to him. He retained, however, many of his most valuable books; and at a subsequent period, and in better circumstances, he indulged his predilections for some of these "old friends," by purchasing back again the folios of Baxter, etc.

I may here remark, that, commonly, he appeared to feel not the least anxiety respecting his pecuniary concerns. He was economical, indeed, but it was from religious principle, not from the love of gain, or the fear of want. Yet in one or two trying scenes of his life, his fears were at least sufficiently excited. The present was one of those instances.

*Norfolk, July 16, 1816.*

Yesterday I was much delighted to see our dear friend Mr. Ingersoll. He looks in better health than I have seen him before since he commenced his studies. He came eighteen miles on purpose to make us a visit of two or three hours; but concluded to stay all night, (though very inconvenient for him,) with the expectation that I should return with him to Litchfield to day."

Mr. I. has been before mentioned as a member of Yale College, whence he had taken an excursion to Litchfield, and came from that place to visit us. A part of a post-script by him, is subjoined.

MY DEAR MRS. EMERSON,—Your husband has kindly offered me a part of his paper, and a seat at his table, which I joyfully occupy. At Litchfield, I heard that my dear Mr. Emerson of Beverly, was with his brother here; and this determined me to prosecute my original design of visiting Norfolk. I rejoice to find Mr. E. so well. I tell him, and verily believe that he has improved fifty per cent since I saw him last Fall. His design is to accompany me to Litchfield on a visit. We shall begin our ride in a few minutes. My health was never better—please say this to my beloved mother and sisters; and that I shall soon write to them from New Haven, where I expect to be on the 18th.

Sincerely and respectfully yours,  
SAMUEL B. INGERSOLL.



*Litchfield, South Farms, July 20, 1816.*

I came to L. with Mr. Ingersoll, on Tuesday, and staid three days with Mr. Beecher. My visit there was very pleasant. He has eleven young ladies boarding in his family, of whom ten have hope that they are interested in Christ. Be assured, my dear, it is a pleasant sight to see such an amiable little flock, and bow with them at the family altar.

I am now at Mr. Pettengill's, five miles south of Mr. Beecher's. I expect to remain here a few days, and then to visit Warren, in compliance with pressing invitations. I feel as much at home here in Connecticut as you can easily imagine. I find dear christian friends wherever I go. My health appears to be improving, though very slowly.

*July 26.*—I am spending a few days with Mr. Pierpont, three miles east of the meeting house. Though a total stranger, he invited and brought me to his house, where I am treated in the true Connecticut style—with unaffected and abundant kindness. The Lord reward them a thousand fold. To-morrow I expect to go to Bethlem.

*Bethlem, July 28. Sab. eve.*—I am now with Mr. Langdon, minister of this place, a very pious and amiable young man, who was tutor with my brother at Yale College. To-morrow I expect to go with Mr. Langdon to Danbury, the place of his nativity. I have some hope that the journey will prove conducive to my health. I am not able to ride on horseback but a few rods at a time.

This excellent man, Mr. L., is also gone to his rest.

*Warren, August 3, 1816.*

I have been absent from Norfolk, wandering from place to place, nearly three weeks. This week I have been to Danbury, near the south-west corner of the State. Yesterday I returned to Litchfield, South Farms, where I had the satisfaction to find a letter from my dear Rebecca.

*Norfolk, Aug. 13, 1816.*

I am happy to find myself once more in the dear hospitable dwelling of Mr. B. Though Connecticut is doubtless the garden of the world, producing the richest, most abundant fruits of intelligence and charity, yet it cannot

supply the place of my beloved wife. In a few days, perhaps next Monday, if the weather should be favorable, I hope to start for Beverly, in company with my brother. Several weeks ago, I indulged a hope that I might be able to return alone. But now I am by no means able. I fear my left ankle is not any stronger than when I left Beverly. In all other respects, my health seems to be considerably improved. I do not entertain the least hope of being able to resume my stated ministerial labors before next summer; and the probability is very small that even then I shall be able. A separation from my dear people seems inevitable. *Their* good most manifestly demands this sacrifice from *us*. And I trust that He who feeds the ravens, will not suffer us to lack, though I know not by what means our wants will be supplied. O that this trial of our faith may be much more precious than perishing gold.

*Barkhamstead, August 19, 1816.*

I am now on my way home, with brother R. We have come about ten miles from Norfolk. Last Saturday, I was astonished to learn, by a line from Paulina, that I had a little daughter at Bradford, more than a week old when she wrote. I have neither time nor power to describe the conflicting emotions of joy and anxiety by which I was agitated. But I endeavored to stay my soul upon the eternal Rock. Dearest Rebecca, what would I now give to know the exact state of your health, and that of our sweet little daughter—if indeed she be yet alive.

He arrived in safety at his home. Thus closed the tour of our invalid,—a tour which endeared him to many, and many to him. It was undertaken in quest of health; but prosecuted, seemingly, as much in quest of daily usefulness, though with no such profession. Nor did he make any effort to this end; but studiously avoided all exertion that would impede his recovery. The truth is, (if a brother may be permitted to say, what it would be historic injustice to omit,) he *loved* to do good, and could not well help it, wherever he went. His usefulness, however, was now confined almost entirely to conversation, and to imparting instruction occasionally in reading, etc. to such young persons as might gather round him. While in N

he heard a class of young ladies read once a day for some time; at the close of which, he unexpectedly received from them a substantial token of their gratitude,—while he was equally grateful for the double reward of their attention and their bounty.

It had now become sufficiently manifest to himself and his friends, that duty required the final dissolution of his charge. It was accordingly dissolved, in due form and by mutual consent, Sept. 21, 1816, just thirteen years from the day of his ordination. The crisis was doubtless extremely trying, both for him and for his affectionate people. It was the sundering of the bonds of first love, on both sides, as he was their first minister, and they his only people. Still, the severity of the shock was much broken by a long and gradually increasing anticipation of its necessity. But after all, I am confident that I hazard nothing by asserting, that none but a minister who has actually been separated from an affectionate flock, can appreciate such a trial. Alas, the widowhood of soul that such a day produces! In his case, and in his feeble state, it was probably too much for his pen to attempt the record of his emotions, as I find not a word on the topic, at the time. Yet I doubt not, that it was with his wonted calmness and resignation, that he beheld this sealing up of the account of his pastorship, for the day of judgment.

## CHAPTER XI.

### HIS CHARACTER AS A PASTOR.

*Letters from Rev. B. Emerson—From Rev. J. W. Ellingwood—From a parishioner—Additional remarks on the character of his preaching—His success—His care in teaching recent converts, and caution in admitting them to the church—Church discipline—Efforts and plans for instructing his people.*

THE present is a fit occasion to pause for a moment, and take a view of the character of my brother in the diverse relations of the pastoral office. This view, however, may be the more brief, in consequence of many facts on this topic already adduced, and the incidental remarks in connection with them. Here, too, as elsewhere, I prefer, as far as possible, to give the statements and opinions of others, instead of my own. The first communication on this subject, is from Rev. Brown Emerson, of Salem. Situated within about two miles of each other, their intercourse was easy and intimate, and was very highly valued by my brother, as I had occasion to know from frequent remarks that he made in my hearing. This statement will exhibit his character chiefly in relation to his ministerial brethren, and his efforts for their mutual improvement as pastors.

*Salem, October 16, 1833.*

MY DEAR SIR,—Your lamented brother was a friend of mine, with whom I had an intimate acquaintance, from the time of my settlement in Salem, in 1805, to the time of his removal from Beverly; and every year added strength to the ties of friendship, by increasing the esteem and love I ever cherished for his character. The stores

of knowledge, with which his mind was enriched, the freedom, propriety, and vivacity, with which he communicated his thoughts in conversation, the self-evident sincerity, and unaffected simplicity of his manners, and, above all, the spirit of fervent piety, which breathed in all his social intercourse, rendered that intercourse peculiarly interesting and profitable. These delightful qualities were not only seen in the social circle, but were carried into his more private and intimate converse. On this point I speak from experience. During a part of his residence in Beverly, he and myself statedly met in what he humorously called our *friendly duel*, for the purpose of studying the scriptures together, canvassing subjects relating to the interests of the church, uniting in devotional exercises, and examining each other's religious views and hopes. We met a part of the time once in four weeks, and a part of the time once in two weeks. At these meetings, we took a view of Ecclesiastical History, and examined, with the helps we had, many portions of the Old and New Testaments. In all these private conferences, he showed the same intelligent, frank, active, and spiritual mind, which marked his more public intercourse.

No man placed a higher estimate upon the society of his ministerial brethren, or was disposed to do more to make that society reciprocally useful. When he was settled in Beverly, and for several years, the Association of Salem and vicinity was in such a state, that, in his judgment and the judgment of other evangelical ministers, the most important ends of an association of christian pastors, could not be obtained in connexion with that body. This led to the formation of the Salem Ministerial Conference, in the year 1804, of which your brother, in connexion with the late Dr. Worcester of Salem, and the Rev. Messrs. Hezekiah May and Samuel Dana of Marblehead, was a founder. Of this body, your brother was an active and useful member until he was dismissed from his ministerial charge. The body was afterward much enlarged, and continued in active operation, until the year 1823, when such changes had taken place, that the privileges, for the sake of which it was formed, were more conveniently found in other associations.



Of all the excellent traits in the character of our departed brother, none, perhaps, was more prominent, in the view of those, who were well acquainted with him, than *christian candor*. It was a soft and broad mantle, which he was ever ready to cast over the errors and infirmities of others. Seldom have I known a man, so firmly established in the truth, and so abhorrent of sin, who always seemed so entirely free from asperity of feeling, and whose words and actions exhibited more uniformly the meekness and gentleness of Christ.

Yours,

B. EMERSON.

Rev. Professor EMERSON.

The following will present him among his own people. It is from his intimate friend and former parishioner, Rev. Mr. Ellingwood. The decision which it illustrates, as a trait in my brother's character, has been noticed before. It was, however, generally so modified and shaded off by the milder graces, that perhaps some of his less intimate acquaintances might think him liable to become too yielding and pliant. In unimportant matters, he was indeed ever ready to yield; but in those of a higher nature, and where principle was involved, *never*. When seeking to become all things to all men, it was that he might gain them; not that he might supinely suffer them to ruin themselves, or injure others.

*Bath, Oct. 2, 1833.*

DEAR BROTHER,—Although my health is still so poor that I am able to write but little, yet I cannot forbear to mention a few facts respecting your brother's ministry in Beverly, which may perhaps assist you in making further inquiries of those who were constantly under his instructions.

He began his appropriate labors in Beverly with great zeal, and with a deep sense of his dependence on the Spirit of God for success; and, in pursuing his course, exhibited a great degree of christian independence. One of his first acts of this description occurred on the day of his ordination. The church and parish had made great exertions, and incurred considerable expense in providing a respectable entertainment for the council; but no sooner were the public services concluded than he repair-

ed to his lodgings, and spent the remainder of the day in retirement, utterly declining to dine with the council, and offering as a reason, that he thought it more scriptural that ordinations should be accompanied by fasting and prayer than by feasting.

During the early part of his ministry, and while his health was tolerably good, he attended an unusual number of conference meetings, prayer meetings, lectures, etc.

At an early period, he delivered a course of lectures on the Assembly's Catechism, in a private house, which continued, I think, once a fortnight for a year, and perhaps more, and were fully attended. These lectures were thought to be greatly useful in giving his people a good knowledge of the doctrines of grace.

He gave also a considerable number of lectures on scripture history and geography, making use of a black board and chalk to illustrate his subjects.

He often met the children and youth for catechetical instruction, and gave rewards of bibles and psalm-books to those, who committed the whole of the Assembly's Catechism with notes, etc. Many of the children of his parish, in this way, procured bibles and Watts's psalms and hymns, which they highly prized.

He established a Female Bible Class, the first that I ever heard of, in conducting which, he wrote questions on slips of paper, and presented to his pupils to be answered from the scriptures. This was a work of considerable labor, and as the questions multiplied he transcribed them into a book. Here originated his Minor Doctrinal and Historical Catechism, [as before noticed.]

Permit me here to relate an anecdote of your brother, illustrative of his decision and independence. At a certain time during his ministry, a young man was licenced to preach the gospel, who had been during his preparatory studies considerably connected with Mr. E.'s family and parish; and to whom he was much attached. This young man, it seems, had, by some means, unintentionally offended an influential and wealthy member of Mr. E.'s church and society. One of the brethren of the church went to Mr. E. and told him, that this influential member disliked the young man exceedingly, and objected to his preaching in the meeting-house; and that it was thought

that it would not do to invite him. He replied with great promptness, "I shall pay no attention to the suggestion. I would sooner go into Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, than I would thus treat an acknowledged and beloved minister of Christ."

Another anecdote illustrative of his sense of dependence on divine aid in performing parochial duties. One day, according to his custom, he left home on foot, soon after breakfast, on a tour for family visiting, in a remote part of his parish. A few minutes afterwards, I met him returning to his house, with a very quick step. The next day, in conversing with him on the importance of prayer, he said to me, "I never even visit my people without making the duty a special subject of prayer, just before I go out. Yesterday," said he, "I forgot to attend to it, and when I met you, I was going back to perform it."

He was, I believe, eminently a man of prayer.

Most affectionately, your friend and brother,

JNO. W. ELLINGWOOD.

Rev. Professor EMERSON.

I subjoin a few remarks from one who was young at the time my brother was settled, and who was a constant attendant on his ministry in Beverly. "I think few ministers have done more good in any place than he has done here. When he came among us, the cause of vital religion, was very low. By his preaching, by his godly conversation, by his devout and holy life, he raised the standard of religion; and not a few now look up to him as their spiritual father, and I doubt not will be his crown of joy in a better world. I think he left an impression on all with whom he became acquainted, of the reality of vital religion. His whole life preached the gospel.

"In the first years of his ministry with us, he dwelt more on terrific subjects than in after years. I had heard him preach the terrors of the law, till they made a feeble impression on my mind. I recollect his calling to see me, and in the course of his conversation, he asked me if I thought I had religion. And when I told him, that I feared I was destitute of it, he then said, 'if I thought you had not religion, I should tremble for you.' This

was said in such a manner, so kind and tender, that it made a deep impression, and I could not help trembling for myself. It had more effect on my mind, than his terrific appeals from the pulpit. I believe that a great part of the good that he was the means of doing here, was by his pious and holy conversation."

As a preacher, he always addressed the heart through the understanding and the conscience. He was always clear in his statements, and very methodical in his arrangement. His preaching was highly instructive, and at the greatest remove from all kinds of ostentation, both as to language and manner. Simplicity and pungency pervaded the whole. In all these particulars, his preaching bore the impress of the Emmonian school. Well knowing whereof he affirmed, he would fain compel others first to know, and then regard the sacred message. But what is not a little singular, he gradually became more impassioned and rhetorical, as he advanced in life. Some portions of his discourses, at a later period and especially towards the close of his life, were happy specimens of chaste and elevated passion. I cannot but think, that in the earlier part of his ministry, the fire and poetry of his soul, were held too much in check, so far as style was concerned, by his extreme desire to make every word intelligible to the meanest capacity, and by his utter loathing of all approach to ostentation. His more extended intercourse with the world, after his dismissal, and especially his residence at the south, may have contributed to this change, though his nearer approach to heaven, was probably a greater cause.

His enunciation was always distinct, and generally loud and animated. Indeed loudness was much too uniform, to admit of the greatest interest and effect. To this, he was led by an anxiety to make himself heard throughout by every deaf person before him. It was, however, a mistake, as he thus surrendered a greater for a less good,—the higher benefit of the many, for the advantage of a very few. His voice was strong, and his lungs, as he used frequently to say, were the soundest part of him. Of this, like his grandfather before him, he sometimes gave rather painful demonstrations to the more sensitive ears of his auditors. The deaf, however, were always very grateful, while others, perhaps, neglected to inform



him of the injury on their part, and thus left him to deception as regarded his highest usefulness.

It has already been stated, that he early adopted the extempore mode of preaching. This was probably a great gain, on the whole, though occasionally an injury in respect to conciseness and elegance of diction.

He trained his people, as well as himself, to be ready to every good work in advancing the cause of the Redeemer, at home and abroad; and in this good cause, I believe they have been distinguished to the present time. Beneficence he inculcated abundantly as a *christian duty* in distinction from a transient impulse of feeling. The point at which he aimed, was to bring each one of his flock, with the heart and with the understanding, so to live each day as to do his utmost to hasten the universal reign of Christ on earth. The millennium, *the millennium*, this it was that fired his soul, and with the hope of which he strove to inflame every bosom around him.

He was well aware of the fact, that man very readily doubles his own usefulness to the church, by bringing forward an equally useful man to the work of the ministry. Accordingly, he was ever on the alert to discover suitable young men for this purpose, among his own people and elsewhere, and to do all in his power to direct and aid them. Among them, may be reckoned the excellent and promising Mr. Ingersoll, already mentioned, to say nothing of many others still alive. He was also much engaged in promoting the usefulness of females, by encouraging them to the work of teaching school, etc., and affording the aid in his power while yet a pastor.

• It is already apparent from his letters, that his whole soul delighted in revivals of religion, several of which he witnessed among his own people. But he was much more deeply solicitous than some men, that they should be revivals of *pure and undefiled religion*. Conviction was not conversion, in his view; nor was a mere resolution, however strong, to renounce the world and lead a godly life, to be regarded as a saving change, though so liable in these days to be mistaken for it. He inculcated such a change of heart as leads the subject of it to delight supremely in the service and glory of God; and he sought credible evidence of such a change, in order to admission to the church. He sought also for a knowledge of



scripture doctrine, and of the nature of the gospel ordinances. The evidence, too, of a morally honest and devout life, was deemed equally important. With all his glowing zeal, he was not for making "more haste than good speed," in the Lord's work; nor was he blind to the danger of gathering young wolves along with the lambs into the sacred fold; knowing, that when grown, they would bite and devour the flock. Most deeply did he deplore the precipitancy of some in admissions to the church. He took much pains to instruct as well as to examine such as were apparently commencing a religious life.

This church increased much during his ministry; but to what extent, I am unable to state.

One of the severe trials of his pastoral life, arose from cases of discipline in the church. More or less of this is to be expected in every faithful church, which is at all numerous. And, perhaps, in a church newly formed, like this, there is a peculiar liability, of its containing some who resort to it from imperfect motives, or with extravagant expectations of some sort, and who will minister but poorly to its edification in love. Whether such was the case here, I am not sufficiently informed to decide. He and many of the brethren in the church found occasion for all the firmness and wisdom they possessed, in some of these trials; but probably such trials wrought, in the end, to their spiritual benefit.

His efforts to instruct his people out of the pulpit, as well as in it, were various and incessant. In addition to some devices for this purpose, already mentioned, I present the following, as found among his papers. Possibly the plan may be found profitable to other pastors. The paper is without date, nor am I able to state any thing respecting the execution or results of the plan.

We, the subscribers, members of the Third Congregational Church in Beverly, earnestly desirous of increasing in the knowledge and love of God, cordially adopt the following plan for our improvement.

1. We engage, by divine permission, to devote at least seven hours every week, for the purpose of gaining religious information, in such manner as our pastor may direct.

2. We engage, by divine permission, to meet with our pastor as often as once a month, at such time and place

as may be deemed most convenient, and to spend about three hours at each meeting in the manner that may appear to him best calculated to promote our spiritual welfare and the divine glory.

3. We engage to endeavor to answer such questions as he may ask us at these meetings, however we may manifest our ignorance and imperfections.

4. We engage to exercise great candor and tenderness toward all who at these meetings may manifest ignorance, make mistakes, appear confused, or appear in any way to disadvantage.

5. We engage not to mention the performance of any of the subscribers in a manner calculated to wound their feelings, or injure their character.

6. We engage to assist each other, with regard to the object of these meetings, as far as we may find it convenient, and frequently to pray in secret, that these meetings may prove greatly instrumental of building up Zion.

We hold ourselves bound by these engagements, as long as the pastor finds it consistent to attend the meetings, and our names stand upon the list of subscribers.

We reserve to ourselves, the right of having our names taken off from the list of subscribers, whenever we feel it our duty to request the pastor to do it.

Those of us, who reside more than two miles from the place of meeting, do not hold ourselves obligated to attend more than half of the meetings.

We do not expect that any will attend these meetings but the pastor and subscribers; as the presence of others might tend to embarrass the performances, and thus diminish the advantages which we hope to derive from these meetings.

If as many as ten should subscribe, the pastor will feel bound to appoint and hold the first meeting as soon as convenient.

## CHAPTER XII.

FROM HIS DISMISSION TO HIS REMOVAL TO BYFIELD.  
1816—1818.

*Sails for Wilmington—Arrival—Kind treatment—Spiritual enjoyment—Great love to his former people, etc.—Becomes a mason—Reasons for this—Preaches to the masons—Remarks on Milton, Dwight, etc.—His estimate of Scott's Commentary—Goes to Charleston—Kind reception—Astronomical Lectures—Lectures on the millennium and other efforts—Return—Removal to Byfield.*

AFTER his dismissal, and a subsequent journey to Hanover, N. H. he sailed from Salem for Wilmington, N. C. in quest of a milder climate for the approaching winter. The following extracts are from letters to his wife.

*Schooner Superior, Lat. 37, Lon. 74.  
Oct. 23, 9, P. M. 1816.—Wed.*

MY DEAREST COMPANION,—I left Dr. Worcester's before sunrise last Thursday, and went in a boat to the schooner, as she lay at anchor. About 12 o'clock we sailed. The attraction of Beverly, as we sailed along, soon drew me from the cabin. With what tender and solemn interest did that much loved village retire, and lessen, and melt away from my view. Mackerel Cove, the Farm,\* and Manchester meeting-house, seemed covered with a new charm. But still, I was far from regretting my undertaking. We soon found ourselves in the wide and roaring ocean. The wind was strong and fair; and we were swiftly driven through the opposing waves. I trust I found some satisfaction in committing myself to

\* Distant parts of his parish where he often held meetings.

the Creator and Ruler of the deep. The motion of the vessel, being considerably violent, had much more effect upon me, than I anticipated. The day, though poor for sailing, has in other respects been very fine. I have spent several hours on deck with much satisfaction. About sunset, I was greatly amused with a company of porpoises, perhaps fifty in number. We discovered them when they were thirty or forty rods from us. Almost every moment some of them might be seen, at or above the surface of the water, where they came up to breathe. They appeared as large as hogs and shoats. They came very near the vessel.

*Mouth of Cape Fear River, Oct. 29.*

When I wrote the above, I indulged the hope that my sea-sickness was drawing to a close. In this, however, I have been disappointed. I have not been well a moment since passing Cape Cod. I have reason to be thankful, however, that I have not been very sick at any time, that I have been able to attend prayers with those on board almost every day, and have enjoyed much delightful meditation. I have received the most kind and constant attention from all my shipmates, especially from Capt. Knowlton.

I am not without hope, that this little voyage may prove beneficial to my health. The motion of the vessel has given me abundance of exercise. I have been rocked, and waved, and heaved, and jolted, and rolled, and tumbled, and shaken, far beyond my anticipation. Though I have been able to eat very little, and have lost some flesh, yet I do not perceive that I have lost any strength.

*Wilmington, Oct. 29.*

By the good hand of our God upon us, we arrived safely in this port, about three o'clock this afternoon. In a few minutes after we arrived at the wharf. Mr. Tyler came on board, and seemed much rejoiced to see me. He introduced a Mr. Pitts of this place, a native of Chelmsford, Mass., brought up in Boston. He also appeared to give me a most hearty welcome. As I had made no arrangements for coming ashore, I thought of sleeping in the cabin. But Mr. Pitts politely invited me to his house, and I was persuaded to alter my purpose of lodging on board. I am now at his house, where I re-

ceive every attention I can wish—and more, for the mosquitoes come and sing round my ears, as though very glad to see me. Mrs. Pitts is a native of this place, and appears more like a native of New England than I expected to find.

*Oct. 30.*—The morning is fair and bright; the mosquitoes are all retired; the trees are green around me, and roses are blooming in the garden before me. I feel much better this morning, than I had dared to anticipate. I feel as much at my ease, in this land of strangers, as you can well imagine. I am cheered with the hope that my voyage and residence here, will prove serviceable to my health.

Capt. Knowlton has just called. When I proposed settling for my passage, he declined taking any thing, and said he was glad of the opportunity to give me the passage—and glad of my company.

*Nov. 2.*—I feel more vigorous than for many weeks before, and dare to indulge the hope, that my limbs are a little stronger. I hope to be able to preach to-morrow. I believe many are strongly desirous to hear a New England *Presbyterian*. They have scarcely ever heard any preaching but from Episcopalians and Methodists.

*Wilmington, Nov. 4, 1816.*

Yesterday, according to my previous hope, I was able to preach twice. Indeed, I was less fatigued at night, than I have usually been after preaching at home. I suppose one reason was, that my seat in the pulpit is more commodious than I have ever had before. As it respects the exercise of preaching in this place, therefore, the weakness of my limbs is a small calamity. I preached with about the same comfort to myself that I have generally enjoyed. My audience was nearly as large as I have usually had in Beverly; most of them appeared attentive, and some very attentive. God grant it may not be in vain.

*Nov. 10. Sabbath eve.*—I have preached twice to-day. As I was coming out of the meeting-house this afternoon, when most of the people were out, a poor old negro came up to me, and reaching me his hand, “Sir, I rejoice to hear you,” said he. You may be assured I took his hand



most cordially, though nothing more was said, as the carriage was waiting for me at the door. I must inquire him out, however, and see him again. O, I long to have a little prayer meeting, where I can have at least two or three dear brethren and sisters, that I am acquainted with, to help me pray and praise. And such a meeting I do fondly hope to enjoy within a few days. Never before did I so highly estimate my former privileges. The hour of one o'clock is more precious to me here than ever it was in Connecticut. O what a gratification would it be to think, that my dear Beverly friends were praying at the same time. I do love them more than ever; and beg of them to walk in love.

*Nov. 17.*—The day has been very warm; nay, hot, and what we should call at Beverly, a hot summer day. We have had frosts, however; and most of the leaves that were green, when I came, are dead. The roses, however, are still blooming in the open garden; and they are said to yield their blossoms every month in the year but February. But they are a peculiar kind of roses, that are more pleasant to the sight than to the smell. The frosts are considered a very great mercy, as putting an end to the sickly season. I have not seen a sick person in the place.

*Wilmington, Dec. 1, 1816.*

Tuesday evening I did not have the sweet little prayer-meeting, which I had anticipated; but I had a congregation of nearly sixty persons to hear what I had to say to them. After the introductory devotional exercises and reading a chapter in the bible, I made a few remarks, and read Miss Woodbury's "Address to Christians." It was heard with much attention and solemnity, and I hope with some profit.

I have now been here more than a month; and if I have ever found it good for me to draw near to God, it has been in this place. I have here enjoyed one of the happiest months of my life. O how good and how pleasant it is to feel my heart glowing with love to my wife, my children, my parents, my connexions, my friends, my enemies, and the whole human race. "My willing soul would stay in such a frame as this."

*Dec. 5.*—My dear children are often rising in my mind with increasing endearment. N.'s desk, which she so cheerfully parted with, is very commodious, and often brings her sweetly to my remembrance. The lint, that my dear little boys scraped for me, I have used ever since; and you cannot easily imagine, how much satisfaction it has afforded me. The sweet little Eleanor I love more, perhaps, for her mother's sake, than for any other particular reason. O that these children may become the children of God in the highest sense. Let us pray and plead for their souls without fainting, and without ceasing. Dear brother Low! he has been a father to me, and more than a father. I believe very few fathers have shown such abundant kindness to their children as he has shown to me. My other Beverly friends I cherish with fonder and fonder attachment. My heart seems enlarged to embrace them. Is it not astonishing that I can be so far removed from connexions and friends, so amiable and so dear, and yet seem to enjoy them almost as though I were present with them? O what reason have I to bless God for the sweet and almost constant tranquillity which I enjoy. My Jesus is mine and I am his.

Within a few years, and especially within a few months, I have been much impressed with the importance of becoming all things to all men, that I might by all means save some. It is this which has induced me to solemnize a marriage in the episcopalian form, and to commune with episcopalians; and it is this, which has induced me, after very serious and prayerful consideration, to become—what I once thought I certainly never should be—to become a free-mason. Why do you start? It is even so. I was yesterday initiated into mysteries, concerning which, I must keep the door of my lips even from her that lieth in my bosom. A desire of knowing these mysteries, however, was a very small part of my inducement to join the fraternity. A much stronger motive was presented by a hope of deriving advantage from it, in case I should travel to distant lands. But, if I know my own heart, the motive, which was incomparably stronger than all others, was a wish and hope, that I might be enabled to do good to my dear fellow mortals—to those, or at least to some of those, who are now my brother masons. It will afford me great advantages to do them good

in more ways than one. Without disclosing any secret, I could fill a sheet in describing these advantages; but you see my sheet is almost full. It may also expose me to some difficulties and dangers, from which I hope you will pray, that I may be delivered. You will not understand me as intimating any thing against masonry; but only that there are masons, who are by no means what they should be. Alas that this were not the case with multitudes of professed christians. It is no secret that a consistent mason must be a real christian. A goodly number of them, I trust, are christians. May the Lord in mercy give me some of the rest. My heart's desire for them all is, that they may be saved.

The glow of happy feeling that pervades these letters, is, perhaps, to be ascribed in some measure, to his change of circumstances. When dismissed from a beloved people, whose spiritual wants he had long been unable to meet, he was relieved from a mill-stone of responsibility, that had been imperceptibly sinking his spirit in the depths. He also found himself, though in a land of strangers, surrounded by kindness, and with a new sphere of usefulness gently opening upon him, and involving no more of either care or toil than might be found compatible with the most healthful action both of body and mind. His soul rose in grateful aspirations to God, and glowed with new love to the whole universe. But amid these autumnal roses, this freshening and balmy gale of returning prosperity, what do we meet? Behold, to the astonishment of his friends, and to his own surprise even, he becomes a mason! Not that we can imagine it a sin in him. On the contrary, his motives as just developed, appear of the highest order, involving chiefly the noble purpose of saving souls. But still it seemed inexpressibly strange to us, that he should be a mason. When rallied on the topic of its seeming incongruity, after his return, till he could no longer silently endure it, he very gravely expounded his motives in a manner similar to the above, and dwelt with peculiar emphasis on the hope he had been led to entertain, of its being the means of increasing his usefulness at the south. It may be well to bear these motives in mind, as we shall have occasion to recur to the topic of his masonry, at a future period and under a different aspect.

*Wilmington, Dec. 25, 1816.*

It was with unspeakable satisfaction, that I received your letter and Nancy's, last evening. As I am engaged to preach to the masonic fraternity within forty-eight hours, I can write but few words.

I should much regret to have our Social Library, that I have fostered with so much delight, be useless. Perhaps there is no other way, in which you can do so much good, at so easy a rate, as by dealing spiritual bread to the hungry from those shelves.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

DEAR N.,—You little think how much your letter has soothed my aching heart. You may be assured that of all mortals, you hold the second place in my affections. You do not know how much I have delighted to pray and plead for you, and your dear brother and sister, and their mother, every day since I saw you. But my dear child, you must pray for yourself, and for the rest of the family, and for all mankind. O you cannot conceive what sweetness there is in prayer. Taste and see. I am now tottering over the grave. I never expect to be well, till I am well in heaven. One of the reasons that I wish to live, is, that I may pray for you, and do all in my power for your salvation. O may you be all your dear departed mother was, and prepare to meet her, where you will find her more than an angel.

*Wilmington, Jan. 1, 1817.*

MY DEAREST COMPANION,—A happy new year! Happy indeed, if it conducts us to heaven. And I hope I am willing to leave the world—to leave my beloved wife, my sweet children, my kind and excellent friends, my unwritten books, and all my dear unfinished plans, whenever my Savior calls me to arise and depart. But if he has any thing more for me to do in this world for his glory, I should prefer to stay, and finish my work. O may I never be left to dishonor his blessed name.

I delivered to the free-masons in this place, the longest sermon I ever preached, and I hope, not the poorest. I endeavored to give my brethren as much doctrine, reproof, correction, instruction, and exhortation, as possi-

ble, in a discourse of eighty minutes, together with such commendation of our benevolent institution, as I could sincerely bestow. O may it prove instrumental of advancing the cause of the dear Redeemer. My being a mason myself, gave me a vast advantage in addressing them. My subject was, Luke x: 37. 'Then said Jesus unto him, Go and do thou likewise.

The grand object of my address, was to exhort and urge, and if possible to stir up my brethren, to engage with all their hearts, and all their powers, in evangelizing the world. God grant that my plea for the poor heathen, and for my glorious Savior may not prove in vain. At the close of the exercises, there was a collection for the American Bible Society of nearly sixty dollars. This is one comforting evidence, that my labor is not in vain in the Lord. O if our numerous and powerful fraternity would all engage in the blessed work, individually and unitedly, with all their hearts, how soon would the wilderness and the solitary place be glad for us—how soon would they rejoice and blossom as the rose!

My greatest objection to becoming a mason, was a fear, that it might wound the feelings of some of my numerous friends, who are dearer to me than life, and whose friendship I prize above mountains of gold. But, if I have really caused grief to any such, I hope it will be of short duration—that their sorrow will soon be turned into joy,—and that they will remember no more the anguish, for joy, that a more extensive field is open for the usefulness of their brother and friend.

*Jan. 2.*—If we cannot lay up any thing else for our dear children, let us daily be laying up a treasure of prayers. Perhaps we cannot leave them a better inheritance. I trust, however, they will be comfortably supplied with this world's goods. The Lord is dealing bountifully with me in this respect, far beyond my hopes. A few days ago, I solemnized another marriage, for which I received ten dollars. Some of my friends would have been glad to have had a contribution for me rather than for the A. B. S. last Friday. But under present circumstances, I greatly preferred that it should be for the latter. And what do you think the Lord sent me? The very next day he sent me one hundred dollars, just as unex-



pectedly as if it had come from the moon. It was a present from the episcopalians. I was politely requested to accept the same, as a testimony of the affection and regard of the congregation of St. James's Church. You know I brought from Beverly about fifty dollars. I have now with me one hundred and sixty-four, and do not owe in this place more than four. If our oil continues to increase at this rate, we shall soon be able to pay our debts.

*Wilmington, Jan. 30, 1817.*

I have just completed the second reading of your most welcome and endearing letter, which I received this evening. The advice, or rather caution, which you were so kind as to give me, "Not to forget the object for which I came to this place," was somewhat needed. I had unquestionably injured my feeble health by too great exertions. I am more and more impressed with the truth of a remark which my much respected friend and benefactor, Dr. Fisher, made to me some years ago, that my complaints were not of a nature to be thrown off by effort. I am not conscious, however, of doing wrong in preparing and preaching my masonic sermon, or in writing those long letters to you and P.

Dear brother T. ! and is he gone ? Alas, my brother. I had fondly anticipated the pleasure of greeting him as my minister at my return. His sermon upon Luke 23 : 39—43, (Lord, remember me, &c.) was one of the best that I ever heard or read. Very rarely have I been so much impressed or instructed by a sermon. And I trust I can say still more without violating the truth—that I not only found it sweet to my taste, but health to my soul. As I was meditating upon it one morning, I was affected even to tears ; which you know is very uncommon for me. I arose and wrote the following lines, which I wish you to consider as a memorial of my much respected and dear brother T.

If earthly comforts are in store  
And health and plenty smile once more,  
Lest I should then ungrateful be,  
In mercy, Lord, remember me.

Or if afflictions must prevail,  
 And greater trials still assail,  
 That I may ne'er repine at thee,  
 In mercy, Lord, remember me.

When on the bed of death I lie,  
 Soon from the world and time to fly,  
 That I may gain the victory,  
 In mercy, Lord, remember me.

And when my naked soul shall rise  
 To God, who gave it, in the skies,  
 That thy smiling face may see,  
 In mercy, Lord, remember me.

When shouting millions shall descend,  
 And Gabriel's trumpet nature rend,  
 My sleeping dust from death to free,  
 In mercy, Lord, remember me.

When at thy dreadful bar I stand,  
 With countless hosts on either hand,  
 Thy vengeance and thy grace to see,  
 In mercy, Lord, remember me.

And when the wicked must retire,  
 To dwell in everlasting fire,  
 May I, dear Jesus, dwell with thee,  
 And thou in love remember me.

Long as the heavenly arches glow,  
 Long as the rapt'rous anthems flow,  
 Thou who didst bleed on Calvary,  
 O Lamb of God, remember me.

If I am not deceived, my love and gratitude to my dear brethren and friends, who do not choose to have Mr. T. for their minister, remain undiminished. They have had much more opportunity to judge in this case than I. God forbid that I should have the least wish to impose upon them a minister, who is not the man of their choice. Whomever my beloved people may choose to be my successor, I feel prepared to embrace him, as one of my dearest brothers, with all the feelings of a fond and respectful parishioner, and to do all in my power to strengthen his hands and encourage his heart, and promote his usefulness among the dear sheep and lambs, and precious immortals, whose welfare must forever remain engraven on

my heart; unless he should appear to be a man of no religion, or of contemptible talents.

*Wilmington, Feb. 2, 1817.*

MY DEAR BROTHER R.—My health is, on the whole, very much as it has been for several months. My limbs have gained a little strength, to counterbalance which, I have been almost wholly confined to the house for four weeks. To-day, however, I have ventured out and preached once. I find it will not answer for me to make much effort at study, or at any thing else. As for undertaking to instruct a school, it is out of the question, unless my health should be greatly improved, of which the prospect is not very encouraging. I have manifestly injured my health by preaching, and by other efforts. I am now trying the experiment of laziness, and I am inclined to think it the best remedy I can take. As I do not find it comfortable to sit perfectly idle all day, and am unable to go out, and have but little company, I generally spend a few hours every day, in pursuits which require almost no effort, and such as I find most agreeable at the time. The moment any pursuit becomes in the least degree irksome, I discontinue it. I am happily accommodated with a study, and have a comfortable supply of books. I have read Milton's *Paradise Lost and Regained*, and have been considerably disappointed in both, although in different ways. I have not read them before for about fifteen years, in which time you may well suppose my mind would undergo very considerable changes. I was much more pleased with *Paradise Lost* than I expected. I was surprised to find it contain so much theology—so much correct sentiment. I am much more disposed to be in love with his Eve, than I was before. She has much more intellect than I had supposed, and is, on the whole, several degrees superior to Narcissa. I must acknowledge, that some of my remarks on *Paradise Lost*, have been too severe. I still, however, think it inferior to the immortal "*Night Thoughts*," for which my esteem is by no means diminished by a perusal. I feel it more and more desirable to publish this work with notes; but alas, when shall I be able to do it? But as for *Paradise Regained*, although in the latter part of it there are some good sentiments, well expressed, yet, considering the dig-

nity of the subject, the work appears truly contemptible. Had there been nothing to recommend it but its merit, surely it would never have been favored with a second edition. But, as it is the work of the immortal Milton, it would be literary heresy not to admire it. I have nearly the same opinion of Dwight's "Conquest." I feel the more confident in my judgment of this work, as from my love and admiration of the author, I think that it is not possible that I should have any prejudice against it. Though, with very great effort, I have read the greater part of it, I could never force myself to read it quite through. He was very unfortunate in the choice of his subject, and perhaps still more so in the execution. Besides, I am much displeased with the plan of uniting fiction with sacred history, and therefore I must be exceedingly opposed to such works as the Death of Abel, the Life of Joseph, the Sacred Dramas of Miss More, etc., with whatever talents they might be executed. But I had made up my opinion with regard to the "Conquest," before I had any such scruples. There are some other of Dwight's publications which I hope will not be republished, particularly his "Remarks upon the Review of Inchequin's Letters," which, although written with talent, and containing much information, are far beneath the dignity of the most excellent college president that the world has ever seen. Edwards and Dwight were the glory of New-England. Alas, alas, the glory is departed. And yet we have reason to be thankful that these brightest stars of our hemisphere will still shine, reflected from their golden pages, till their light is obscured and lost in the blaze of millennial day.

*Wilmington, March 17, 1817.*

MY VERY DEAR COMPANION,—I have already informed you, that I expected to visit Charleston. I am not certain whether I mentioned in my last, which was written in very great haste, that I had received a very affectionate invitation from Dr. Palmer, one of the good ministers of that city, to come and spend "a number of weeks" with him. In order to relieve my mind from the fear of being burdensome to any one, he is kind enough to add, "both Mrs. Palmer and myself will feel ourselves quite gratified by such a visit." Is it not wonderful that I should receive

such an invitation from utter strangers, more than one hundred and fifty miles distant? Surely we have additional reason to thank God, and take courage, and trust in him for the supply of all our wants. To-morrow I expect to sail; but possibly I may have to wait a week for wind.

You will perceive by the accompanying printed recommendation, that I have been attempting to dispose of some sets of Scott.

Yesterday I preached, probably for the last time in this place. The strength of my wrists has increased to such a degree, that I have shaved myself several times, without any pain or sensible injury. Though I long to see my dear wife, and children, and parents, and northern friends, yet I desire to be thankful, that I am by no means discontented. If I am not deceived, I continue to taste that the Lord is gracious, and find every day, that there is comfort in reading the scriptures, and meditating upon the exceeding great and precious promises of grace.

Yours most tenderly,

JOSEPH EMERSON.

In the printed recommendation above referred to, my brother gives his high estimate of Scott, as will be seen by a brief extract I shall here subjoin. I can cheerfully subscribe to his testimony in its favor, by saying, that the more I have used this commentary, the more highly I prize it. When I knew not a tenth part so much about it as I now do, I had not so high an opinion of its merits, compared with other works of the kind. Doubtless many have too low an opinion of the work, from a want of thorough acquaintance with it. Scott often puts into a single sentence or two, the marrow of long and labored criticisms by his predecessors; and these simple sentences, like inspiration itself, while they readily yield good knowledge to the unlearned or the cursory reader, are often found to pour forth a rich abundance to one who will patiently study their full import. A single adjective of his, will sometimes contain all that Owen has in a long paragraph. Still, there are other commentaries that are better fitted for certain purposes. The style is inferior to that of the admirable Doddridge.



My brother did much, both before and after this period, to extend the circulation of this work. He wished no family to be without it, where the English language is read. Still he would not have us place implicit confidence in any man's opinion respecting the import of that Divine Word, which we are to read for ourselves. The following are some of his remarks, as contained in the recommendation, both as to the use of commentaries in general, and as to the value of this in particular.

Now, as the bible is the best of books, the great fountain, the exhaustless ocean of divine truth; so, next to the bible, we may consider those books the best, which are best suited to explain and impress its holy contents. Though some parts of scripture are so plain as to need no comment, yet this is far from being the case with all. Not only some parts of Paul's Epistles, but many other parts of the Bible, are *hard to be understood*. When the Ethiopian eunuch was reading a passage of Isaiah, Philip said to him, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" "How can I," said he, "except some man should guide me?" And do we not find, at the present day, that in connexion with other means, the preaching and writings of great and good men, may be highly useful in *guiding* us to a right understanding of the most deep and difficult parts of the bible? And we not only need to have the scriptures explained, that we may understand them; but, so hard are our hearts, we need to have them illustrated and enforced, that we may feel and practice them. Perhaps no human composition is more useful for both these purposes, than a good commentary. At the first reading of such a work, most persons will be surprised to find how many obvious and interesting things had escaped their notice, even in passages the most familiar.

But though such a commentary may be very useful for reading through in course, yet perhaps it is still more useful for occasional consultation.—To those who delight in the law of the Lord, and make it their meditation day and night, passages will frequently occur which will peculiarly engage their attention, and excite an ardent desire for explanation or illustration. O, how precious, then, to have an able commentator at hand, to whom

they may repair to solve their difficulties, and to pour out to them the spiritual waters, for which they are thirsting and panting. Though they may not always gain complete satisfaction, their commentator will rarely fail of affording them some light; and by such consultation, they will often gain more instruction, and more refreshment and comfort to their souls, in a few minutes, than by pursuing a regular course of reading for an hour.—Each method, however, has its peculiar advantages, and neither should be pursued to the exclusion of the other. There is still another way, in which, to many, a commentary may be as useful as in either of these. It is to read the scriptures in course, marking only a few passages which may seem peculiarly to need explaining, and read the comments upon them, after we have thus read several chapters, or at the end of each chapter. But in whatever manner we may use such writings, we should deal with them, as with all human compositions upon spiritual subjects, bringing them to the law and to the testimony, receiving or rejecting them, according as they appear to agree or disagree with the unerring standard.

I have sometimes been struck and delighted with the rapid progress of christians, who were thus continually feeding and feasting their souls upon the milk of the word and the bread of life. And there is reason to believe that multitudes, now in heaven, have been exceedingly instructed, comforted, and built up in the most holy faith, by the expositions of Baxter, Poole, Burkitt, Henry, Doddridge, Guyse, Orton, etc.

Within a few years a commentary has appeared which has excited unusual attention. From particular examination, and the concurring testimony of thousands, I am induced to think it better for most people, than either of the above-named; and there is no doubt in my mind, that it is far superior to all others—This is SCOTT'S FAMILY BIBLE, WITH NOTES, etc. I have had his family bible about ten years; and, though much pleased with it at first, I have found it to improve upon more intimate acquaintance. So much has it instructed and delighted me, that I have considered it one of the greatest blessings, with which God has been pleased to distinguish this age of wonders.

It has afforded me much satisfaction, to see this work highly recommended by a considerable number of the most respectable ministers of my acquaintance.

But the opinions of persons in the common walks of life, for whom this work was particularly designed, is perhaps still more decisive, to shew that it is peculiarly useful for such. After much inquiry, I found that such persons who have had opportunity to judge, have been uniformly and strongly in its favor. Many have represented it as an inestimable treasure—but I have not known any who have regretted their trouble or expense in procuring it.

It has pleased God in his righteous Providence to cut me off almost entirely from ministerial labors and usefulness, in the midst of my days. One of the most comforting alleviations of this great trial, has been the reflection, that I have been enabled, in former years, to dispose of more than seventy sets of this admirable commentary, which will probably continue to be useful for ages, after I shall be laid in the dust. And I trust it would be no less consoling and delightful, if I could circulate as many more.

*Charleston, S. C. March 21, 1817.*

After a safe passage of thirty hours, I arrived in this city the day before yesterday, a little before sunset. But in consequence of sea-sickness and abundance of company, I have not before been able to begin a letter.

*March 23.*—I was engaged Saturday evening and some part of yesterday in refitting and preaching a sermon, which I had not preached for several years. The rest of the day, yesterday and evening, was devoted to worship and company. I had not time even to read my four pages in the bible, which is my daily and delightful task.

I have not now time, nor strength, to give you any particulars of my situation, which continues to be as agreeable as you can easily suppose. The company, which I receive, is of the most agreeable kind—intelligent, pious, sociable, and very attentive to my observations.

*Charleston, April 14, 1817.*

I am trying to do something for the support of my dear family; but hope my exertions will not injure my health. You know my fondness for astronomy. Some of my

friends have persuaded me to deliver a few lectures upon this noble science, for which I have reason to expect a liberal compensation. My whole strength therefore must be devoted to making preparation for these lectures. The first lecture I have in a great measure written, and expect to deliver in three days. I expect to give five or six in the whole. O that I may be the means of elevating the souls of my friends and patrons to the great Contriver, Builder, and Governor of all worlds.

Dr. Leland, one of the good ministers of this city, expects to take a long journey in a few days, to be absent a number of weeks, and wishes me to supply his pulpit, to which I have consented. I desire to be thankful, that I can preach, when the weather is favorable, without the least danger to my health. It may be my duty, therefore, to remain in this delightful city till June. I feel quite as much at home here, and as happy, as I did at Connecticut. Mrs. P., who is another Mrs. B., is from Weathersfield, in Connecticut. Others, as well as she, have endeared themselves to me by their kindness. But I have not time to state particulars. I must just add, however, that Dr. — appears to be one of the meekest, humblest, loveliest christians, that I was ever acquainted with. His addresses at the communion, Sabbath before last, were wonderful. He is in feeble health; and is sometimes so languid and drooping, that he can hardly speak. Dear man, I know well—alas! too well I know, how to pity him; but not from late experience. Notwithstanding all my infirmities, privations, and trials, my soul has had almost one continued feast of cheerfulness for months. Bless the Lord, O my soul.

*Charleston, April 25, 1817.*

Besides my board and much kind treatment, I have received presents to a considerable amount.

He that feeds the ravens, will give his children bread. O that he would feed us with the bread of life, from day to day, and enable us to be faithful to our dear offspring.

*April 23.*—I have peculiar reason to thank God, and take courage, that my health continues improving, notwithstanding the warmth of the season, and the efforts

which I make in preparing and delivering my lectures, and preaching occasionally.

*Charleston, May 5, 1817.*

Though, perhaps, I ought to devote all my strength to-day and to-morrow, to my sixth lecture on astronomy, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of stating two or three smiles of divine providence. My fifth lecture on astronomy was better attended than any preceding. I was enabled to preach yesterday with uncommon ease and comfort to myself; and I have reason to hope, with some degree of acceptance and edification to others. I preached kneeling; as I have done three or four times before in this city. I believe I enjoy a vigor of body and mind, greater than I have enjoyed for two or three years before.

About ten hours ago, Dr. Palmer put a letter into my hand, saying, "The Lord will provide." I opened it. It contained no writing within or without; but it enclosed thirty dollars. Dr. P. said it came from Mr. —, with whom I had no acquaintance. "When communications are made in this way," said our dear friend Mrs. P., while her eyes sparkled with joy; "when communications are made in this way, they must not be mentioned." "I must tell it to my wife," said I.

In this and other letters, my brother mentions, with minute particularity and much gratitude, the presents he received from known and unknown sources. As the good people here became acquainted with the fact, that his resources for the support of himself and his family, were nearly cut off by the loss of his health, they showed an unsolicited generosity which was as liberal in extent as it was delicate in the mode of its conferment. I do not feel myself quite authorized to give the names of those kind donors who were known to him. Suffice it to say, that several of them have been known at the North by the reports of other benevolent deeds.

*Charleston, May 3, 1817.*

Last evening, I gave my eighth and last lecture upon astronomy, to a small, but very attentive and solemn audience. Yes, my dear, the audience was solemn; for the lecture, being on the "instructions of astronomy,"



was in a great measure theological. If ever I delivered any discourse, that was suited to magnify the condescension of Jehovah, and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ in saving them that were lost, it was the latter part of that lecture. I endeavored to prove, and I believe I did prove, that the glorious Savior never died for any creature but man; and that, though this earth is "the bedlam of the universe," God has greatly distinguished it above all the thousands of millions of inhabited worlds, with which he has sprinkled and enriched immensity.

I have had an earnest request from a beloved christian minister, to repeat my course of astronomical lectures, who assures me that he thinks them "very interesting and very profitable." He has been kind enough to get a number of cards printed, as tickets for the second course, which he is now selling. His name is O, an excellent, warm-hearted, humble, missionary man, whose meat and drink is to do the will of his heavenly father. Mr. J. T. whom I believe you know, has been exceedingly kind in patronizing my lectures. He is brother to Mr. A. Tyler, who was so kind to me at Wilmington.

*Charleston, S. C. June 15, 1817.*

By the great goodness and mercy of our God, I have been enabled to complete my second course of astronomical lectures. This course has been better attended, in all respects, and I hope, better delivered, than the first. The avails exceed one hundred dollars. The avails of both courses, after defraying the expenses, amount to about two hundred dollars. Mr. W. an intelligent young gentleman from Boston, who heard my concluding lecture, was kind enough to observe, that if I would deliver the course in Boston, he should be happy to render me every aid in his power, in procuring patronage. It is very possible I shall make the attempt there within a year. If I should be successful in this, it is possible that I may be able to supply my dear family with the comforts of life, with more ease, and with less danger to my health, in this way, than in any other. Though my health is considerably, and I hope, permanently improved, I do not dare to hope that I shall be able, within three or four years, to do more than to deliver my astronomical lectures a few times in a year, preach occasionally to fair-

weather attendants, prepare and publish four or five little books, and pursue a course of studies to qualify myself, as far as possible, to take the charge or superintendence of a seminary for teachers, if ever I should have health for such an undertaking. I do not indulge the least hope of ever being able to take the pastoral charge of any people. It would only prepare the way for the pangs of dismissal.

*June 16.*—I have just received a present from—I know not whom—six very nice pairs of white cotton stockings, twelve neck cloths, and eight shirts. What shall we render to our divine benefactor!

To Miss N. Ingersoll, who has since followed her lamented brother before mentioned, he thus writes.

*Charleston, S. C. June 16, 1817.*

I am more affected, than surprised, to hear of your feeble health. Though it may be gain for you to depart, yet for the sake of your dear mother and friends, I should much prefer your tarrying a few years longer if the Lord will. But if your work is done, if your earthly course is finished, and the Savior is pleased to call you to occupy a more exalted station in a better world, I cannot wish you to stay.

Mr. B. can tell you particularly of the blessings, which I have here received from the hand of infinite mercy. They have been numerous and wonderful, and attended with peculiar endearments. One of the greatest of these endearments, is the full persuasion, that these mercies are sent in answer to the prayers of those, with whom I have so many hundreds of times delighted to pray, with whom I hope forever to sing and shout redeeming love and renovating grace, in those happy mansions, where the anguish of separation we shall remember no more. I still feel, and delight to feel, that my dear brethren and sisters, whom I once had the distinguished honor to regard as my flock, are still feeding me, clothing me, and supplying my every want, by means of their prayers, as really as when they ministered to me of their substance. I hope, however, I do not, on this account, feel the less grateful to the dear christians in this city, by whose liberality my every want is supplied; nor less thankful to him, from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift.

Give my love to all your connections, that you may see, and to all our dear brothers and sisters, my joy and crown, whom I exceedingly love in the Lord.

Yours most cordially,

JOSEPH EMERSON.

*Charleston, S. C. June 25, 1817.*

MY DEAREST COMPANION,—I have engaged a passage on board the brig Mount Pleasant. Seven or eight have engaged passages, who, I hope, are all christians, among whom is the owner of the brig. There are accommodations for about as many more, so that I confidently hope that a majority of the passengers will be sincere friends to Christ and everlasting friends to each other. Will not this be delightful. If I am not woefully deceived, I do feel an ardent and increasing love for those, who appear to love my Savior, whatever be their condition, denomination, or color, with whom I confidently hope to spend an eternity of bliss and praise. The darkest sign that I now know of myself, is, that I have scarcely had a dark or gloomy hour since I left Beverly; a circumstance, which I believe is very uncommon for so long a time, except for eminent christians, the character of which I never dared to consider as belonging to me. Will it not be delightful to have a cabin become a Bethel, where a majority of the occupants will unitedly and daily worship the Father in spirit and in truth? I have been dreading my passage for fear that I should not only be sea-sick, but should be denied the precious sight of a christian smile, from Charleston to Boston. But now I anticipate the voyage with a degree of fondness, which I fear will be in some measure disappointed.

Since I have been supplying for Dr. Leland, I have been delivering to his people a course of lectures upon the millennium, almost every word of which I have written. I find the benefit of my short hand to be greater and greater. These lectures I think of publishing within a few months. My object in these lectures is not to gratify vain curiosity; but to comfort the people of God, and to rouse and encourage them to the greatest possible exertions for the advancement of that kingdom, which shall infinitely outshine and outlast every other. Never before,

did I find half the satisfaction in studying this glorious and amazing subject.

*June 26.*—I preached last evening, probably for the last time in this city. If we should not sail on Saturday, however, I shall undoubtedly preach to Dr. Leland's people twice more, as Mr. Luther will not put to sea on the Sabbath.

I have been in this city and in this dear family, about fourteen weeks. In that time, I have formed a number of very endearing acquaintances and received favors in abundance. I have written sixteen long lectures, more than a dozen long letters, preached and lectured about forty-four times, read some, visited considerably, attended a few conference and prayer meetings, and conversed much at home, and abroad. And yet, considering that the recovery and establishment of my health, was the great object of my southern expedition, I have rather tried to see how little I could do, than how much. Considering how much I have done, and how warm the weather has been for several weeks, I am astonished to find how much strength and vigor I enjoy. My limbs are more than twice as strong as when I left you. Bless the Lord, O my soul.

After his return, his health and other circumstances were such, that he concluded to open a seminary for teachers at an earlier period than he had anticipated. Byfield, Mass. was the place upon which he fixed for this purpose, and to which he removed his family, sometime previous to the ensuing spring.

## CHAPTER XIII.

FROM THE ESTABLISHMENT OF HIS SEMINARY AT BYFIELD  
TO HIS REMOVAL TO SAUGUS.—1818—1821.

*Publishes his lectures on the millennium—Objects of his seminary—Society for instruction—Astronomical lectures in Boston—An objection to the long millennium—Astronomical lectures published—Union catechism published.*

THE following letter will afford information respecting his work on the millennium, and the arrangements for his seminary.

*Byfield, March 31, 1818.*

MY DEAR BROTHER R.—I have just returned from Boston, where I have been attending to the printing of my lectures. My health is considerably improved. We have more encouragement to go on with the proposed seminary and school, than we dared to anticipate, and perhaps as much as we ought to desire. My house is much more commodious than I expected to find. The price was so low, that I thought best to purchase. It is very large, intended at first for a meeting house. After spending about five hundred dollars in repairs, alterations, and outfits, it will accommodate the seminary, and school, and family, with six or eight boarders. Finding ourselves so happily planted here, it is not probable that we shall ever remove, until we remove to the eternal world. Perhaps we can do as much good here as elsewhere.

The *school* of which my brother speaks, was a preparatory school in connexion with the seminary, and was taught by his wife. The first year, I believe he had about



fifty scholars in the seminary; and the next year, about seventy or eighty.

He now set himself systematically to the great enterprise of reforming and elevating the system of female education. This was a favorite and long cherished object, and one for which he was peculiarly fitted, and to which Providence seemed now especially to call him. Little did he think, when disabled for the delightful duties of a pastor and enduring the pangs of separation from his people, how God was leading him forth, through a sea of trials, to a wider sphere of usefulness,—the very sphere for which his hand had made him and his providence had prepared him. He was born for the very work of teaching, and especially of teaching females. His specific object now was, to render their education more solid and much more extensive. While cheered in this object by the favor and co-operation of many, he had also to meet much prejudice and opposition. Some seemed hardly to think the female mind susceptible of the highest acquisitions of knowledge, or that it would be benefitted by such knowledge, if gained. His object was not merely to have a good seminary of his own, but also to benefit other teachers, and to raise up a multitude more, of the right stamp, and ultimately to fill the land with such seminaries and schools. Among other means for the promotion of this object, a society was formed in connexion with his seminary, under the following name and regulations.

“ SOCIETY FOR INSTRUCTION.

“ It is not good that the soul be without knowledge. Without knowledge, the mind is but a blank, or a blot. It is principally by means of instruction, that men are raised above brutes, and one man exalted above another. The fields of science breathe forth a fragrance more delightful than spicy mountains. The pleasures of sense are poor, compared with the pleasures of intellection. The tree of liberty is planted by the hand of knowledge, watered by the dews of science, defended by the bulwark of understanding, cultivated and pruned by the fingers of intelligence and wisdom. All the delights and endearments of civilization and refinement, are fruits of knowledge.

The devil and his angels are the powers of darkness, the foes of truth, the patrons of ignorance. The eternal Jehovah is the God of order, the God of knowledge, the Father of lights. The Lord Jesus Christ is the light of the world, the sun of righteousness. It is the delusions of Satan, that have long covered the earth with darkness, and with gross darkness the people. By the promotion of ignorance, he has long reigned as the god of this world—he has maintained an undisputed sway in his vast empire of pagans, papists, and Mahomedans. Sanctified science is the grand weapon to vanquish the legions of darkness. It is principally by the instrumentality of knowledge, that sinners are awakened, convicted, converted, and ripened for glory. It is life eternal, to know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. When knowledge shall fill the earth, Satan will be cast out.

“The advancement of knowledge, then, is no less important than the emancipation, the liberty, the happiness, of mankind—no less important than the salvation of the world.

“Impressed with these considerations, and believing that all that has been said of the importance of education, has fallen far below the reality, that the best systems of instruction are still imperfect, that those in common use are extremely defective, and that it is the duty of every person, if possible, to do something for their improvement, we, the subscribers, are ardently desirous of exerting our individual and united efforts, for an object so important. We do therefore unite together, and bind ourselves by the following

“AGREEMENT.

“We engage, (as far as may be consistent with the claims of other duties) to exert ourselves, to gain and communicate as much information as possible, relating to the best means and methods of learning and teaching the most useful branches of literature and science, especially reading, writing, arithmetic, composition, and religion. And we particularly engage to use our endeavors, by conversation, correspondence, etc., to assist, encourage, and animate each other, in promoting the great object of this society.

*Byfield, Nov. 24, 1818.”*

This expedient probably had its salutary effect at the time, in awakening attention, and concentrating effort, although I believe it was not long continued, in manner and form.

In the ensuing winter we find him in Boston, delivering his Astronomical Lectures to a popular audience, as he had before been invited by some friends. But it was no longer for his own emolument. As he had now a source of income from his school and his publications, for the support of his family, he who had received the liberal gifts of others, was desirous, in his turn, to aid the necessitous. The following notice, from the *Palladium*, of Feb. 9, 1819, will explain the specific object of his charitable labors.

“Public notice has already been given, that the Rev. Mr. Emerson proposes to give a course of Lectures on Astronomy. These lectures, from the interesting science on which they treat, and from the well known talents of the lecturer, may be expected to afford much gratification and improvement. And a consideration which will be an additional inducement with many, to afford their patronage, is, that the whole avails of these lectures are to be appropriated to the charitable purpose of aiding pious and indigent young ladies in obtaining an education, with a view to qualify themselves for the important business of teaching. There are few objects for which charity is solicited, which, in proportion to the expense, promises greater benefit to society.

“It is the happiness of the present age, that female education is much more attended to than it was in ages past. Indigent females, however, many of whom with the advantages of education, might embellish and improve society, are left without resource. They are destitute of various means of acquiring an education, which are possessed by the other sex; and the Education Society, it may be remarked, do nothing for females. The benevolent object, therefore, of Mr. Emerson, must commend itself, with peculiar claims, to every friend to female improvement as well as to literature and religion.”

*Boston, Feb. 3, 1819.*

MY DEAREST COMPANION,—This evening I have delivered my introductory lecture, and an address of nearly

the same length, to a very attentive audience of perhaps two thousand people. But some think my lecture and address were too much tinctured with religion, to gratify the most wealthy part of the assembly. Some ladies have been kind enough to thank me for the favorable representations which I gave of their sex.

*Feb. 4.*—I am far from regretting my enterprise. A very considerable impression appears to have been made in favor of the great object to which we are devoting our lives; and this impression, I hope, will be increased, beyond what we had dared to anticipate. Miss — came in last evening, after lecture, to thank me with all her heart and soul, for speaking so favorably of her sex, and pleading their cause so earnestly.

*Feb. 8.*—You have doubtless thought of me this evening, regretting that the first evening on which persons are admitted to my lectures with tickets, should be so rainy and muddy. What will you think when I tell you, that this evening I delivered my second lecture to about one hundred and fifty hearers! I receive quite as much attention here, as is conducive to humility, and perhaps a little more. Professor F., after examining my delineation of the sun's orbit, was kind enough to say that he considered it correct, new, and ingenious.

*Boston, Feb. 11, 1819.*

MY DEAR BROTHER R.—The Recorder has informed you what I am doing, and will ere long tell you the result. I hope to have at least \$350, to carry home to my poor scholars.

No apology was necessary for the freedom of your criticism upon my performances. Your enormous objection to the long millennium, I had well considered before I published my Lectures; but perhaps neither you nor Mr. Bogue has considered, that the same objection lies against the millennium of a thousand years literally, with only this difference, that instead of piling people up to the sun, they must only be piled up to the moon. It appears perfectly reasonable, that after the commencement of the millennium, the population of the world will double once in ten years, until the earth is full, which will be in less than 200 years. Or if you allow mankind to double once in 20 years, (which is certainly altogether too long a time,)

the earth will be full in less than 400. What then is to be done? My faith says, "The Lord will provide." If you will tell how he will provide for 600 years, I will tell you how he can provide for 359,600 more. I should be very glad to have you review my Lectures. It might do good to me, and much more to the public. If my theory is wrong, I certainly wish to alter it. But I must see much more formidable objections than I have yet seen, before I can think of giving it up. You will not doubt my sincerity, although you may think me enthusiastic, when I assure you, that I feel more and more confirmed in the glorious doctrine of the long millennium. Still it may be incorrect. I do not claim infallibility. I most ardently long to have the subject publicly discussed, without one single particle of bitterness or disrespect, with such temper and feelings, as earnest desire and prayer for the millennium is calculated to inspire.

Yours with increasing affection, J. E.

Such is the brief but very just reply of my brother, in answer to some extended mathematical calculations which I had sent him, and which showed that, upon certain assumed data respecting the increase of population, the world will not be large enough for its millions of millions to stand upon, at the close of the long millennium which he supposes to be predicted. So far from it, indeed, that, supposing the whole earth a plane, and all piled compactly together upon it, the solid mass would reach beyond the sun. I was aware, however, that the same things being assumed, we could no more hope for even a *short* millennium; but still I was willing to leave him to make his own reply.—The following, found among his papers, is a sample of such calculations.

"The number of square feet upon the surface of the terraqueous globe, is about 5575 billions.

"If at the commencement of the millennium there should be upon earth 100 million people, and this population should double once in every fifteen years for 425 years, the population of the world would then amount to 9771 billions, 677,184 millions."

An excellent and ingenious friend, not long after, having heard of these calculations, instituted similar ones of



his own, and published the results in the *Christian Spectator*. Curiosity on this subject, will be not a little gratified by a perusal of that paper; though it is much to be regretted, that it was not accompanied by the proper antidote to its staggering influence on our faith in any millennium at all, and consequently in revelation itself. Though my brother's volume was not mentioned in that communication, yet it probably had an effect in preventing the sale of the work. This I very much regretted; the more so, in view of my own connexion with the circumstances. Doubtless these Lectures contain defects; but even if they were much greater than they are, I should still think the book a very profitable one to be read for its highly practical effect on the heart and life. The spirit which pervades it, is one of love, hope, and zeal in the cause of human salvation. Whether we can tell, with so much certainty as my brother supposes, the commencement and duration of that blessed period predicted in the divine word, is a question of comparatively minor importance. Probably he was wrong here; and equally wrong in attempting to give so *minute* a picture of the glorious scene. That scene will doubtless be different, in many very important respects, from what either he, or Dwight, or Edwards, or Belamy has supposed. God will doubtless fulfil all his promises, and that perhaps even more gloriously than they have imagined, without distressing the world with a surplus of inhabitants, and without changing the order of human society. Such were my views as to the error of minuteness, while reading the work; and still, for its moral effect, it is one of the best books I ever read. The like opinion of its effect, was expressed by many around me, at the time; and I could not but deeply regret that its popularity and usefulness were thus checked, instead of its faults being pruned and the way prepared for the greater usefulness of an improved edition.

Since that period, there has been much less of minute speculation respecting the millennium, than for a number of years before. And it is well that there has been less; so prone are we to be wise beyond what is written. But it is now needful for us to guard against relapsing into the opposite extreme, viz. a degree of scepticism on what is written by God for our learning, and encouragement, and

guidance to practical effort. Surely, there is not on the sacred pages a more animating theme than that which fired the ancient prophets in view of Christ's universal reign. It will be folly and sin, to close our eyes to the cheering light God has given, because some now, as in all previous ages, have speculated erroneously on the subject. The grand error has been, in assuming data which God has not given, and I may here remark, that it is a demonstration that the prophecies are from him, that they have dealt so little in the minutiae in which uninspired men are so fond of indulging. Pictures have been drawn of the millennium, by commentators and theorists, which mathematical demonstration proves to be false *somewhere*. The world cannot be the theatre of *such* a scene, for a single thousand of years. But this furnishes not even the presumption, that the real scene which God has depicted, may not last to an indefinite extent. We may just as well hope for a long as a short millennium. It becomes us, then, to be cheered with glorious hope of the brighter day foretold, and to labor and pray for the event with all faith and zeal. Had not the subject of this memoir, had faith here, and strong faith too, he had never begun to be the man we saw him. The millennium filled and fired his whole soul, and he gloried in the thought that every effort he made might be rendered conducive to this triumphant issue.

This year, 1819, he published his "Outline of a Course of Astronomical Lectures, with an Appendix, containing an explanation of the most important terms relating to Astronomy." This work of sixty-seven pages, is, as its title imports, only an outline, though a pretty full one. It was designed especially for the benefit of those who should attend the lectures; but is still by itself an intelligible, interesting, and instructive work, for such as have already some acquaintance with astronomy.

*Byfield, July 19, 1821.*

MY DEAR BROTHER R.—I will forward you a copy of my Union Catechism as soon as I have received one, hoping it will meet your approbation. Is it not important to study the bible in a manner that is best suited to show the connection and meaning? Has not infinite evil resulted from the study of detached portions of scripture without attending to the connection?

Will you have the goodness to devote a few days to the examination of my catechism, and afford me all the aid in your power in rendering the second edition as good as possible.

We have some encouraging appearances in the seminary.

By "encouraging appearances," he doubtless means appearances of a revival of religion. Such revivals, to a greater or less extent, were frequently enjoyed in his school; perhaps nearly every season.

The nature and objects of the Catechism, will be shown in part by its title, and a few sentences from its preface. The title is as follows:—"A Union Catechism, founded upon Scripture History; consisting partly of Bible Questions, and partly of Questions with Answers; interspersed with Instructions, Doctrinal, Practical, and Explanatory, principally in the form of Notes; designed for the use of Individuals, Families, and Schools, especially Sabbath Schools."

"In the year 1807, the author published a '*Plan and Specimens of a Reference Catechism.*' To complete and publish that work, he received all the encouragement that he could reasonably desire. This he intended to have done several years ago; but want of health and other unexpected interruptions rendered it impracticable. The Union Catechism retains the same plan; and the execution is the same, with such improvements as the author has been enabled to make. The name is changed, partly on account of its being a union of different catechetical methods; and partly on account of its combining historical, doctrinal, and practical instructions.

"According to the first plan of this Catechism, it was to consist wholly of bible questions, with references to scripture for answers. But after much deliberation and counsel, it was thought preferable, that some of the answers should be inserted. In this way, the historical connexion can be preserved without multiplying the questions to an inconvenient number, or extending them to a tedious degree of minuteness. The substance of considerable portions of scripture, therefore, is often given in few words."

Notwithstanding the high approbation of this work by many, it was found to possess some faults, and did not meet a very extensive sale. Accordingly my brother, instead of preparing a second edition, betook himself, with zeal and patience, to the task of remodeling and improving the work. The result was the work which was partly printed at the time of his decease, and which has since appeared, under the title of "Biblical Outline," and of which some further account will be given in its place.

*Byfield, Oct, 26, 1821.*

**MY DEAR BROTHER W.**—An unusual pressure of duties, for several days, has prevented my replying to your very interesting letter. And now I have merely time to write a very few words.

I expect to remove to Saugus (lately part of Lynn) in a few days. My reasons for this measure, I have not time to state.

## CHAPTER XIV.

FROM HIS REMOVAL TO SAUGUS TO HIS SECOND VISIT  
AT THE SOUTH. 1821—1822.

*Reasons for removal—Discourse on female education—  
Number of Pupils.*

IN Nov. 1821, my brother removed to Saugus, a retired village about seven miles north-east from Boston. To this place he was led, in a great measure, “for the sake of preaching the gospel to a small society that would otherwise have been destitute.” It deeply touched his heart to behold a waste place in our Zion. The laudable efforts of this people to accommodate him, and thus to supply themselves with sacred instruction, are alluded to in a passage that I am soon to quote from his discourse at the dedication of his Seminary Hall. That his remarks and his new situation may be more fully understood, it is needful to state, that the buildings, which they had erected for the school, and as a place of public worship for themselves, when the weather should be too inclement for my brother to attend at the meeting house, was contiguous to the ancient and venerable parsonage in which his family were accommodated. These buildings were so connected, that he could pass from the one to the other without the exposure of going out of doors. It was understood that he should preach for this people on the Sabbath, when able, but should be under no obligation to perform any other parochial labor, as his infirmities and the cares of his seminary, would not ordinarily admit of it. The relation was peculiar; and so, in some respects, were the mingled people to whom he was thus to minister, as they were composed of a small group of diverse denominations.—At the close of the discourse, he thus addresses them.



“ MY RESPECTED PATRONS,

“ The occasion, which has called us together, cannot fail to be peculiarly interesting to you. Behold this beautiful house, which the Lord has enabled you to build. Next to our divine Benefactor, my first gratitude, on this occasion, is due to you—to you, whose vigorous and persevering exertions have had the principal instrumentality to bring me to this place. This neat, this finished, this very commodious edifice bears witness to your exertions in a cause of inestimable importance. When I saw your forwardness in this matter, a year ago, I could scarcely believe you sincere in your proposal. You seemed to be stating what you desired, rather than what you expected. But God has enabled your hands to perform their enterprise. May your zeal provoke very many to noble deeds for female improvement.

“ But this house is not designed for literary purposes alone. It is also dedicated to the holy service of Almighty God. And here the members of this Religious Society will accept my ardent thanks. Your willingness to receive for your minister, a poor “earthen vessel,” so very feeble and imperfect, excites feelings, which I cannot express. The very comfortable and convenient arrangement which you have made for attending public worship, during the inclement season, demands my liveliest gratitude to Him, who knows how to “temper the breeze to the shorn lamb.” But for this arrangement, the talent of preaching the gospel, with which God has been pleased to entrust me, which, though so very imperfectly exercised, I prize above any other, this talent, the most honorable, important, and delightful, that was ever committed to mortals, must have been buried beneath the storms and blasts of winter. To see myself again restored to the glorious work of the stated ministry, so much beyond my hopes; to see a kind and respectful people, that I can call my own, to see them eagerly attending upon my ministration from Sabbath to Sabbath, appears to me like life from the dead. May it indeed prove to be life from the dead to your immortal souls.

“ If I may be an instrument to this Church of strengthening the things, which remain, that have sometimes seemed almost ready to die; if I may be instrumental of

feeding this dear little flock of Christ, with the bread of life; if, as an under-shepherd I may be enabled to gather a few of his lambs into this fold, and prepare them to be presented spotless before the eternal throne, I desire no greater joy on earth. Beloved Brethren and Sisters, if on this occasion, you dare to rejoice, let me entreat you to rejoice with trembling. Do not expect too much from one, who feels himself to be less than nothing; especially when he can devote so small a portion of his time to you. Trust in the Lord, and in him alone. And again, let me repeat the request, which I made to you, when I first addressed you as your minister, "Brethren, pray for me"—Brethren and Sisters, pray for me, that I may be strong in faith; that my faith fail not; that I may be strengthened with might from on high; that you and I may live in love, and walk in love, and be to each other, a joy and a crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.

"My Brethren and Friends of the Methodist and Baptist connections, will here accept my most cordial thanks. In compliance with your wishes, officially signified to me, I have taken up my residence among you, and hope here to establish my Seminary. Nobly despising all narrow-minded jealousy, you have most kindly and respectfully pledged yourselves to "render every facility in your power for the establishment and prosperity of my Seminary, and for my own happiness and welfare." Nothing could be more grateful to my feelings, than such a communication from persons of a different religious denomination. I consider it a noble instance of that liberality of Christian feeling, which is so happily characteristic of the present age. Such liberality, I hope ever to cherish, and to reciprocate. God forbid, that I should ever attempt to sow discord among the brethren of the cross, the disciples of the Lamb. God forbid that I should ever attempt to alienate your hearts from your present connections, to interrupt your communion, or disturb your peace among yourselves. Though I have my religious opinions, which I have never attempted to disguise, yet, my Brethren, I do feel assured, that the opinions, in which we agree, are incomparably more important than those in which we differ. I consider Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, and many other denominations, as engaged in the same great cause—as fellow-laborers, though generally in different

fields, of the same great Husbandman. While they appear to be abiding in Christ, and he in them, I can most cordially rejoice to see them bringing forth much fruit. Still more shall I rejoice, if I can do any thing to confirm them in the faith of the gospel, and make them more abundant in their labors of love. Most cordially can I extend the hand of fellowship to all who appear to love our Lord Jesus Christ. Most sincerely can I bid God-speed to all, who are engaged to advance the Redeemer's kingdom, and spread the triumphs of the cross throughout the world. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

This extended passage very justly exhibits the mingled independence of opinion, and true catholicism of heart, for which he was ever equally distinguished. It is not, however, chiefly for this purpose, that the extract is given; but to show the new relations in which he was now placed.

A word more on this discourse before we leave it. It was not mainly as a *dedicatory* performance that it was prepared, as will be seen from its title page, which is here given. "Female Education—a discourse delivered at the dedication of the Seminary Hall in Saugus, January 15, 1822. To which is added, The Little Reckoner, consisting principally of arithmetical questions for infant minds." This little work, consisting of forty pages, I must regard as one of his happiest efforts on the importance and improvement of female education. It was widely circulated, and with good effect; and were there room, I should here make extensive extracts from its pages.

TO MISS Z. P. GRANT.

*Saugus, May 8, 1822.*

My situation here is, on the whole, more agreeable than I anticipated, though I am much pressed, and sometimes distressed, with abundant cares. I have one hundred and twelve scholars. In consequence of the sickness of my youngest child, Mrs. E. has scarcely been able to afford me a moment's assistance in teaching; and in consequence of indisposition, Miss C. is able to do scarcely any thing. The obvious inference is, that I need more assistance, and the best assistance that can possibly be

procured. This inference is most powerfully confirmed by some other considerations. My pupils are not only more numerous, but much younger and less pious than usual. I feel that there is danger that my Seminary will sink by its own weight, or rather its numbers, and that I shall be crushed beneath the ruin. Never before did I so deeply feel what it is to "rejoice with trembling." There is the utmost danger that my health will fail, and my dear youthful flock be scattered. I often turn my thoughts to *one*, for whose former assistance I desire to bless God—one, who has done more than any other young lady, to raise my Seminary—one, whom my pupils are prepared to receive with respect, with affection, with the utmost confidence. We wish for your assistance both Summer and Winter. We had almost forty scholars in the Preparatory School. We think it duty to invite you to come as soon as your engagements may admit. I have other reasons for desiring your assistance in teaching my pupils, and in attempting to instruct the public. These, I believe, I mentioned to you at Byfield. They now appear more cogent than ever. I am more and more impressed and distressed with a view of the extremely injudicious, defective, superficial, and atheistic methods of teaching in common use. I use the word *atheistic* in a negative sense. It is my decided opinion, that you and I can do much more toward effecting a reformation, by united than by separate exertions. I hope your friends, (I need not say *you*,) will view the subject on the great scale. The united voice of earth and heaven—of present and future generations, seems to call you hither. I hope no lion will be in the way of your coming.

Perhaps it is needless to say, that I am most ardently desirous to make my Seminary very much better than it has been, and better thence again, and better still.

In the above extracts, perhaps Miss G. will hardly pardon me for retaining so much respecting herself; but I preferred to retain, in his own language, a portion of my brother's views of her assistance in his school, where she had been before, both as a pupil and a teacher. She finally complied with the above request, and labored in his Seminary for a considerable period previous to her again establishing a separate school of her own.

*Leicester, Nov. 6, 1822.*

MY DEAR BROTHER W.—I am on my way with Mrs. E. to visit Norfolk. My health is better than I could reasonably expect, after so much toil, and care, and anxiety, as I have had for several weeks. I have reason to say with peculiar gratitude, “Hitherto, the Lord has helped me.”

I find a printed catalogue of the scholars of his seminary from the beginning up to the present year. It may not be improper here just to give the numbers in each year.

1818—45	1821—50
1819—85	1822—122
1820—69	

The pupils in the *preparatory school*, were probably not included in the catalogue. On the list of the first year, I find the names of nine young gentlemen, but none in succeeding years. The mingling of the sexes in such a seminary, will probably be found inexpedient in most, if not in all cases. Experience is the only criterion for the decision of such questions.

The whole number of pupils which my brother had under his care in the course of his life, amounted to about one thousand, as before intimated. He employed not only assistants, who devoted their whole time to teaching, but also assistant pupils; but to what extent, I am not able to state.

*Saugus, June 25, 1823.*

MY DEAR BROTHER W.,—I am about purchasing a number of articles of philosophical apparatus. My scholars are less numerous this year than last.



## CHAPTER XV.

HIS SECOND VISIT AT THE SOUTH. 1823—1824.

*Arrival in Charleston—Health and feelings—Excursion to Dorchester—Recitation Lectures—Retrospect—Duties of a minister's wife—Facts and Remarks by Professor Peck—Catholicism—Particularly towards the Baptists—Early cause of this—Return to New-York—Sickness there—Invitation to Wethersfield—Return to Saugus.*

IN the autumn of 1823, it again became needful for him to seek a milder climate.

*Charleston, Nov. 27, 1823.*

MY DEAREST COMPANION,—The good hand of our God upon us, has brought us safe to this place in ten days. We arrived yesterday.

On my arrival here, I found myself much more lame than when I left Boston; and with considerable difficulty walked to Dr. Palmer's, where I was received with all the cordiality I had anticipated.

Last evening I took lodging at Mrs. F.'s, in company with our dear Boston friends, Mr. and Mrs. F. and Mr. T. My residence here promises to be as happy as can well be conceived, at so great a distance from my dearest friends. Were it consistent and convenient for you to make one of this intelligent, pious family, I am sure you would find your situation delightful. But our dear, precious babes require your constant care. Here are about a dozen boarders, almost every one of them hopefully pious. With these, I hope to enjoy much sweet counsel and edifying conversation; particularly with Mr. Frey, the converted Jew, and Mr. Brown, the Mariners' preacher. Mr. Brown

appears to be a most excellent man ; and has very great and increasing encouragement in his arduous and important labors.

Let us always remember the hour and the minute of our appointed devotions.

*Charleston, Dec. 21, 1823.*

MY BELOVED DAUGHTER,—Separated by hundreds of leagues from my dearest earthly friends ; pressed down by a complication of known and unknown diseases ; day after day, almost entirely confined to my chamber ; my solitude scarcely interrupted by night or by day, I think and think again of those precious ones, whom I must ever regard as parts of myself. How often does my N. rise to my view, with all the solicitude of dutiful tenderness to soften my sorrows, and mitigate my trials. Could I see you—could I seem to behold you equally solicitous for your own immortal welfare—O could my fancy behold your countenance irradiated with the smiles of heavenly love, faith, hope, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, it would be comfort indeed. Could I view this as a reality, it would gently slope my passage to the grave ; it would soften the pillow of death ; would mitigate or neutralize the last pang of dissolving nature. O my daughter, have pity upon me, have compassion upon yourself. Do you not sometimes fear, that we shall never meet again on earth ? Do you not sometimes fear, that we shall never enjoy each other's society another hour, another moment, in this life, or that which is to come ? Can you endure the thought ? Have you no desire to renew your acquaintance with that dear saint in heaven, whose love to you was even stronger than a father's ?—whose lips were employed so often in impressing the tenderest kisses on your cheek, and in teaching you to articulate your name ? Can you endure the thought of an eternal separation from her, who so solemnly united in devoting you to God in baptism, and with her dying breath, commended you to the Savior ? O, can you think of forever being separated from that Savior, with whom she so delighted to commune on earth—with whom, I trust, she will more and more delight to dwell to all eternity ? Can you think of forever blaspheming that glorious Immanuel, whom she so delighted to honor, adore and

praise? Tell me, my N. what think you of Christ? Is he often the subject of your meditations? Do you think upon him in the night watches? Does he ever appear to you precious? Do you ever feel a desire to taste his precious love? Do you ever feel constrained to cry to him, "Lord, save me, I perish?" Do you ever dare to say, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief?" Or do you turn and hide as it were your face from him, as having no form, nor comeliness, nor beauty, that you should desire him? And can you thus disregard Him, whom all the heavenly hosts admire and adore with the profoundest reverence and deepest prostration? A thousand things I could add; but I will rather say again, my dear, dear child, have pity upon yourself, have compassion upon me; have compassion upon your poor, feeble father, "tott'ring on the brink of that vast ocean he must sail so soon."

*Dec. 23.*—My prospect of health and usefulness in this world, is dark and comfortless. O my children, my dear children, what will become of my sweet babes without a father!—and their mother without a husband! I hope, however, that I am enabled, habitually to commit my beloved family to Him, who has said, leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me.

Your very affectionate father, J. E.

*Charleston, Dec. 27, 1823.*

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER R.—I still find myself forming plans and projects, though my feeling is that I shall never execute them. I have been afflicted with a mental imbecility, and intellectual prostration, for which I could not account. It is possible it may have been owing to a supposed fistula; for since it has gathered and discharged pretty copiously, I have felt a little more energy. I have great comfort in the scriptures, for which I desire to be most ardently thankful. They do appear to me more and more delightful. In former years my mind was so prostrate that I could scarcely read a chapter.—I hope I have been made willing to die, although I do not constantly feel that submission that I desire. I sometimes feel a certain kind of self-contempt which I fear is not exactly like the humility that I ought to feel.

I think that I shall attempt to keep school next summer, if I can have Miss G.'s assistance.

Yours most affectionately, J. E.

*Charleston, Dec. 23, 1823.—Eve.*

MY DEAREST COMPANION,—I have preached a very few times for our good friend Dr. Palmer and others, but with so little life and energy, that I believe there is no danger of its proving injurious.

Last evening, I attended a very interesting meeting in my chamber. It was a meeting of parents to pray for their children. They attended by particular invitation from me. Our companions we could not forget on such an occasion.

*Charleston, Jan, 1, 1824.*

New year "returns; but not to me,  
Returns" the new the happy year.

*Jan. 5.*—With a heavy heart, I have entered upon the present year. It is true, the climate is delightful. Every day of this year has been remarkably pleasant; and this day like its predecessors, is now smiling upon me in all the lustre of May and the mildness of June. And what is still more endearing, I am favored, from day to day, with the smiles of my dear friends in this hospitable city, who treat me with all the kind attention and respectful consideration, that I can reasonably desire. But dreary and dismal is the prospect before me. At least as it relates to the present evil world, "Shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it." Most of my plans for future usefulness, seem blasted forever. I do not know that I am getting good or doing good—that I am gaining health or wisdom, knowledge, skill, or understanding. If life should be spared, I know not when I shall be able to return—whether I shall be able to keep school next summer, nor, if I should, when to appoint the time for beginning. But why do I distress you with the catalogue of my calamities? It is, that I may have your sympathies, your prayers, and your counsel. If you can devise any plan, that you think will be practicable, I trust it will be agreeable to me, as you are, perhaps, even more interested in my life and health, than I am. I hope I am willing to be in the hand of infinite Wisdom and Good-

ness—to do and to suffer all the divine will—to die whenever the summons may come, or to live all the days of my appointed time, and suffer ten times more, than I have yet suffered. The scriptures appear to me infinitely precious ; and I hope I can sincerely adopt the words of the prophet, “ Although the fig-tree shall not blossom,” etc.

*Jan. 6.*—You know that for several months there has been some special religious excitement in this city. Considerable additions have recently been made to the churches under the care of Dr. Palmer and Mr. M'Dowell. Mr. M. was installed over the third presbyterian church in this city, soon after my arrival. His church appears to be in a state peculiarly interesting. It is but a few months, since it was formed. I do hope, it is built up of lively stones. The members appear to be exceedingly happy in each other, and in their pastor, and he in them. May the Lord confirm his feeble health, and long preserve his precious life. But there is no person within hundreds of miles, whose society and fellowship I more highly prize, than Mr. Brown's, who lives in the house with me. He is seaman's preacher ; and it is delightful to see him so constantly, so ardently, so faithfully engaged in his work. Confident I am, that his labor is not in vain in the Lord. His wife is a very dear and obliging sister, who seems ready to every good work. They are both from New Hampshire. He is an Andover student.\*

*Charleston, Jan 12, 1824.*

Yesterday, which was Sabbath, I had a more comfortable day, than I had enjoyed since I left you. In the morning I preached for good old Dr. Firman, who has been a baptist minister more than fifty years. And here I will mention, that for some time, I have roomed with Mr. Peck, baptist missionary in this city. He is an Andover student, having been previously brought up and educated in Providence.

From the tenor of this letter, you must have perceived, that I feel some degree of encouragement with regard to my health. I hope I shall not be permitted to engage in any enterprise, that will prove injurious. My mind, how-

\* Mr. Brown afterwards became the Secretary of the Seaman's Friend Society, and has lately been removed by death.



ever, must have some employment, or it will brood over its calamities and perversely increase them, by preying upon itself. I have, therefore, ventured to propose the instruction of a few young ladies in Watts on the Improvement of the Mind. If I can procure such a class, it may conduce to my corporeal, intellectual, and *pecuniary* health. I have just mentioned the plan to a number of the good ministers in this city, as they were holding a meeting for prayer and mutual consultation for the advancement of Zion's welfare. The plan appeared to meet with their unanimous and ardent approbation.

The weather is so mild, that I have written this letter with my windows open and without fire.

*Charleston, Jan. 16, 1824.*

For several days, I have been engaged in preparing an introductory discourse and making other arrangements for my Recitation Lectures.—I send you a paper containing a communication from our good baptist brother P., which you will be interested to see. I told him, my wife would thank him twice for it, as it was calculated to favor her sex and her husband. I believe he is as hearty a well-wisher to me and to my enterprise as this city contains.

*Jan. 17.*—I am very suddenly called to go about twenty-five miles into the country to administer the Lord's supper to a very small church at Dorchester. They emigrated from Dorchester, Mass. I expect they will seem almost like my own people. This morning is peculiarly delightful. I hope the ride will be beneficial to my health. I am furnished with a horse and chaise, and a servant to ride behind on horseback. Such an attendant, you may well suppose, will not be very gratifying to my republican feelings. If, however, I can sometimes change seats with the servant, it may possibly benefit my health.

*Charleston, Jan. 23, 1824.*

My journey to and from Dorchester, and my visit there, were exceedingly interesting, and I hope in some measure profitable to myself and others. I preached there to about forty whites and twice as many blacks, collected from an area of more than one hundred square miles. I then administered the holy supper to about eight whites and twice

as many blacks, who had not received it there before for nearly two years. The church, or rather meeting-house, stands in the woods, much more retired than that of Linebrook, and about the same size. It is very near the eastern bank of the Ashley, twenty-five miles from this city.

I still feel encouraged to hope, that my health is really improved, and that I shall be able to do something next summer, if I can have the assistance of my wife and daughter. I have received a very kind, endearing, and very comforting letter from —. Two or three extracts may be as interesting to my other self, as they were to *this* self. “All your friends here take a deep interest in your welfare, are much gratified to hear from you, and wish to hear again by an early mail.” “Do not exert yourself beyond your strength.” “Consent to vegetate for a while; or, if you please, like a mere log, float down the current of time. You may yet be refitted and of much use. But should you prove a wreck, your friends will cherish the remembrance of the good you have already done.”

Sister R. Eaton's health appears to be much improved. She has six or seven scholars. This is here thought to be a good beginning for a school.

*Charleston, Jan. 30, 1824.*

You are doubtless desirous to know the success of my efforts for a Recitation-Lecture Class. On Monday evening, I delivered my introductory lecture to a very respectable and very attentive audience. On Tuesday morning, I had the happiness to meet twenty-five pupils. On Wednesday morning, there were five more, and on this morning three more. The whole number is thirty-three. They appear to be of about the same ages as my pupils generally. I have the honor to reckon among them five married ladies. The class appear much more like my northern pupils, than I had anticipated. There is much of that lively and earnest attention, which I have found so interesting and delightful in my own hall. You will not think it strange, then, if the lecture-room here should seem more like home than any other place.

*Jan. 31.*—How great is the change that has taken place in my health, feelings, and prospects, in a single month. I have not, indeed, the strength I once enjoyed. But it

is such as to render labor pleasure. It is indeed but a little labor that I attempt to perform ; but to spend two hours with my class, three or four times a week, is a task truly delightful.

To his step-mother, then residing at Woodstock, but since dead.

*Charleston, Feb. 7, 1834.*

MY DEAR AND HONORED MOTHER,—A long time has elapsed, since I had the melancholy pleasure to visit you last. Be assured you have not been forgotten by one, on whom you have conferred so many endearing favors. You have been much in my remembrance, much in my affection, and much in my gratitude. I desire to bless God for the relation, which in his providence, he was pleased to form between us. It has certainly been singularly happy to me ; and I believe it has to all our connexions. I do not recollect that I ever received one instance of unkindness from you, either in action, word or look ; nor do I remember ever harboring, for a moment, one disrespectful or unpleasant feeling toward you. Especially do I desire to bless God for your abundant, incessant, and long continued kindness to the best of fathers. I cannot help thinking, that it was owing, in some measure, to your instrumentality, that he was enabled to bring forth so much good fruit in old age, and, as I trust, to ripen so fast for the world of glory.

You may wish to know something of my history since I saw you. During the last year, I scarcely enjoyed health for a single day. Without any apparent cause, and when I had been fondly hoping, that my health was better than for many years before, my infirmities came gradually upon me in the winter ; increased in the summer, and in autumn brought me down to the brink of the grave, so that, at times, I despaired of life. It was thought advisable that I should again try the mild influence of a southern clime. Since I have been in this city, I have sometimes been cast down, but I hope, not disposed to murmur. Death has repeatedly appeared very near to me, sometimes terrific and sometimes desirable.

You may wish to know some more particulars concerning my children. N. has been at Bath about eight

months, assisting Miss Susan Eaton in teaching. I expect her to assist me in the Seminary next summer. L. and A. are preparing for college. How unspeakably it would gladden my heart, if I could indulge a rational hope, that they would ever become faithful ministers of Jesus Christ. My three little children, E. and E. and J. are healthy, sprightly, and sufficiently interesting to me. May the Lord have mercy on their precious souls. What a duty, what a privilege to pray for children—for grandchildren. In your supplications for the rest of your grand children, I trust mine will not be forgotten.

Most sincerely yours,

J. EMERSON.

P. S.—To his brother-in-law, Rev. W. Chapin, also since dead.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Long before now I intended to have returned you at least my thanks, for the numbers of your useful little publication, you were so kind as to send me. I hope the work has done extensive good, and will continue to do good, more and more extensively, for many years to come. I am still more interested in your *Missionary Gazetteer*. May the Lord succeed all your enterprises and efforts to advance his glorious kingdom in your own heart, in your dear family, in your beloved flock and congregation, in your vicinity, in our country, and throughout the world. The cause in which you are engaged, is truly noble, and appears more and more delightful. Go on, my brother, go on and prosper. Let us be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; and we shall find that our labor is not in vain in the Lord.

Love to my beloved sister, and the precious little ones that God has given you.

Yours truly,

J. EMERSON.

TO MISS N. INGERSOLL.

*Charleston, Feb. 3, 1824.*

During the ten weeks that have elapsed, since my arrival in this city, I have probably thought more of you, and of our dear Beverly friends, than for two years before. The only reason, that I can assign, is, that I have had

more leisure. I have had feast upon feast, in "the remembrance of joys" I there experienced, which I have found more "pleasant" than "mournful, to the soul." And I have found it scarcely less pleasing, perhaps more profitable, to consider the various and complicated trials, through which I was there preserved, and from which I was delivered. I hope I can say in truth, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; and in faithfulness he has afflicted me." O, I love to consider, and repeat to myself, what my gracious Redeemer, divine Sanctifier, watchful Guardian, and almighty Captain, has done for my soul, and for the souls of those who are dearer to me than life. And while the eye of retrospection is traversing the long and arduous way, through which the Lord has led me, it often pauses in one place and another, to view the Ebenezer, which imagination erects, with this inscription, *Here the Lord helped me.* And then my soul takes fresh courage, and rests in the delightful confidence, that he, who has been with me in six troubles, and delivered me in seven, will never leave me.

I find in this city, the best religious society and religious privileges. A few times, when the weather has been unfavorable, I have been unable to attend public worship on the Sabbath. A few times I have preached, sometimes with coldness, and sometimes with some degree of engagedness and satisfaction to myself, and I hope with edification to others. O when shall I again preach in that meeting-house, where I have preached more than in all others? When shall I again occupy that dearest of pulpits, and address that dearest of congregations? When shall I again keep the sacred feast with that dearest of churches? When shall I again unite in public songs of praise with those dear, *dear* brethren, whose long and unremitted kindness to me was wonderful, passing that of parents. But perhaps I have already given my last exhortation, delivered my last message, sung my last song, prayed my last prayer, and tasted my last joy, in that sacred house, which has been endeared to me so many hundred times, by the presence and communion of my dearest christian friends, and (may I not say,) by the presence and communion of my dearest Savior. My beloved sister, I have nothing to take back, nothing to recant, of all the



testimonies, which I bore to the truth and excellency of the gospel of the grace of God. These glorious and pride-staining doctrines are my light in darkness, my joy in sorrow, my glory in tribulation. These are the doctrines, which, I most ardently hope and pray, may be preached and received in that house, for centuries to come, and preached in houses erected upon the same consecrated spot, till all the elect of God shall be gathered in—till it is dissolved by the final conflagration, and preaching shall give place to songs of eternal praise. Then, I trust, it will be said of many a glorified saint, that he was born in that house.

*Feb. 9.*—Give my most affectionate regards to the dear sisters with whom you have prayed so often, and, as I trust, with so much satisfaction. I hope those with whom I am acquainted, have not forgotten to pray for their old friend, who often thinks of them with the most solemn and lively interest. If I had health, and other avocations did not forbid, I should delight to spend day after day, and night after night, in writing to every one of them. I have felt, that the blessings, which I have received for many years, have been granted more through the instrumentality of their prayers, than of my own.

*Charleston, Feb. 11, 1824.*

MY DEAREST COMPANION,—Brother P. appeared much gratified with the kind expression in your letter. He wishes me to return his best respects. I believe I never became so intimate with any other man in so short a time.

Sister R. Eaton enjoys very good health. Her school is still small, though increasing.

The Miss R—s are as kind as ever, and so are Mrs. B., Mrs. F., etc. But no one appears to take more pleasure in showing me kindness, than Mrs. J. I dine with her frequently; and she tells me, there will always be a plate for me at her table.

TO MISS E., NOW MRS. P.

*Charleston, S. C. Feb. 13, 1824.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I need not inform you of the friendship, which has recently commenced between Mr. P. and myself—a friendship, which, I trust, is founded on

the chief-corner-stone of salvation, destined to co-exist with immortality, and brighten with the stars of light. I shall, therefore, address you with the freedom of an intimate acquaintance, feelingly alive to your happiness, and deeply interesting for your future welfare. The occasion is peculiarly sacred. It is the first, and undoubtedly the last, effort of my pen of such a nature. God grant it may conduce to his glory and your advantage. Even if I were able, I should by no means think it desirable, to regale your taste with the flowers of rhetoric, or exultate your fancy with the charms of novelty. All the novelty is the undertaking itself. My highest ambition is to feed your mind with the ripened fruit of christian love. I would present to your consideration, a few plain truths and obvious reflections, which coming in this peculiar manner, may be blest to comfort and quicken you on your way to glory.

Your prospect in life, is more interesting and momentous, than language can express. Your imagination often faints and sinks in the attempt to paint it. Yet many of the probable scenes of your future life, strike you as realities; and excite the inquiry, "Who is sufficient for these things? What then am I, that I should think of an undertaking, so arduous, so difficult, so much above my ability to execute?" Thus did the youthful Jeremiah, and thus the venerable Moses recoil from the work which the Lord assigned them. They were afterward, however, enabled to do it. Say not, then, "I am a child." Out of the mouth of babes, God can ordain strength, and perfect praise. Let not your heart be troubled. Believe in God; believe in Christ. You know not how great things almighty grace can work in you, and for you, and by you. Though you feel weak, your God is strong; and if you suitably look to him, you will find, you can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth you. Though you may have a painful sense of the influence of your intellectual and spiritual attainments, remember, that in your Savior, are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him. Dare, then, to take a view of the prospect that is opening before you, and calmly inquire, What are the duties of my expected sta-

tion? and how shall I best perform them? Could I afford you the least assistance in answering these questions, it would be no less gratifying to me, than to you.

For every station, which a mortal is called to fill, religion is of the first importance. But in no other station, allotted to females, is it so important, as in that, to which you are looking forward. The first and most important question, then, for you to ask yourself, is, "Am I a possessor of that religion, which is pure and undefiled before God and the Father?" I will presume to offer you only a few hints, to aid your examination of this most interesting and momentous question. You know the commandments. Do they appear suitable for God to impose, and for men to obey? Do you love them? Do you keep them? Do you earnestly strive to keep them, in heart, word, and deed? Do you strive to keep them continually? Is your delight in the law of the Lord? Do you meditate upon it day and night? And is your soul like a tree, planted by the rivers of water, that with unwithering leaf, is bringing forth its fruit in its season? Often have you read and heard Christ's sermon on the mount, while your heart has said, "These are precious sayings." Do you keep them? They are sayings not merely to be read and admired; they are to be *done*. Do you do them? Are you engaged, from day to day, in doing them? Let me advise you, before the rising and setting of another sun, to read this best of sermons; and as you read, to pause at the close of every saying, and inquire "Does this saying apply to me? and do I perform it? Let me also advise you to read, with the same kind of self-application, the epistle to the seven Asiatic churches. Many other passages, you may read in the same manner, with perhaps equal advantage. Attend particularly to the religious exercises of scripture saints. Do your experiences correspond with those of Abraham, Jacob, Job, Moses, David, Asaph, Paul, etc. The whole bible may be read with great advantage, to assist you in ascertaining, whether you are a christian; and it is by far the best of books for this purpose.

Yet I would by no means despise the assistance which we may derive from the uninspired writings of great and good men, upon this subject. Among the many which may be perused with advantage, I will mention the follow-

ing :—Saint's Rest, Pilgrim's Progress with Scott's notes, Flavel's Touchstone of Sincerity, Edwards on Affections, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Law's Call, Scott's Practical Observations, Mason on Self-Knowledge, and Spring's Essays. Mason and Law, however, as they contain scarcely a ray of gospel truth, I can recommend only in connection with evangelical works, though, as far as they go, they are admirable. Considered as treatises upon those important subjects, they are dreadfully defective. Accounts of revivals of religion, and biographical sketches, containing the experiences of christians, may also claim your attention. In connection with these methods, you may likewise examine yourself by inquiring, whether you do most devoutly, and with all your heart, enter into the great and glorious plans of the present age for evangelizing the world? and whether you do unreservedly consecrate your every talent to co-operate in their execution?

It is not only desirable that you should be *really* pious; but it appears peculiarly necessary that you should be *eminently* so. Your grand business, in your expected station, will be to *help* your friend—to help him in the work of his high and holy calling. How can you do this, if you are not somewhat distinguished for good works? In a work, which seems sufficient "to crush an angel," surely he will need an *eminent* christian for his exemplar, his counsellor, his encourager, his dearest friend and helper. It seems indispensable, that his people and friends should believe and feel, that she, whom the Lord gives him, on purpose for a help, is a help-meet indeed, and not a hindrance—that she is a pattern of industry and good works, of humility, meekness, faith, patience, self-denial, and every christian grace and virtue. Then may we expect, that she will do him good and not evil, all the days of her life.

The idea of literary eminence, you must probably relinquish. Otherwise, there is reason to fear, that, under the pressure of your cares, your piety, or your health, or both, will languish. You must probably content, or rather felicitate, yourself with aiming at the nobler eminence of the heart. Eminently pious you *may* be, **MUST BE**. Every thing else, that you can possess, without this, is comparatively unimportant.

Next to piety, domestic virtues appear most important. There is, indeed, an intimate connection between the one

and the other. We cannot conceive that the mistress of a family can be eminently pious, without a high degree of domestic virtue; though there may be considerable degrees of the latter, without the former. But domestic virtue, like every other form of virtue, is greatly improved, exalted, and ennobled, by piety.

The lessons, which you have received, and are daily receiving, upon guiding the house, are so much better than I can give, that it must be obviously improper for me to enlarge upon this branch of domestic virtue. Upon the duties you will owe more immediately to your *friend*, I will most respectfully offer a few thoughts.

You will bear in mind, that the part assigned you in relation to him, is subordinate. But the honor will not lie so much in the part, as in acting it well. Even if this were not the case, yet in such a cause, and with such a man, you will consider it sufficiently honorable, to act a secondary part. [See Emmons' sermon on 1 Tim. 1 : 12, vol. 3, p. 80.]

In the office of helping your *friend*, be most watchful and prayerful, that you do not hinder him. Do not hinder his prayers, nor his alms, nor any of his labors of love. Cheerfully allow him to pursue his own course, unless you can convince him there is a better. Never use entreaties, where arguments fail, unless you are sure of being in the right. The solid respect and tender attachment, he bears you, will always plead sufficiently in your favor, without the addition of entreaty.

Instead of hindering, I trust it will be your business and your pleasure to help him to the utmost, in every good word and work.

You may help him to preserve and improve his health. Without this invaluable blessing, the work of his high calling must cease. Knowing his constitution and infirmities, you may often anticipate his wants, and prevent his maladies; and in case of severe indisposition, the watchful kindness you may manifest, and the cheering cordials you may minister to his mind, may be more beneficial to his body, than all the drugs of the apothecary.

You may help him in his studies. Though he is already so well instructed in the things of the kingdom, yet he must study, in order to bring forth continually from his replenished treasury, things new and old. His usefulness



must depend, in a great measure, upon his successful prosecution of his studies. As far as possible, relieve his mind of every domestic care. I have no doubt it was this, which conduced, in a great measure, to make the immortal Edwards what he was and is—the glory of New-England—the joy and boast of succeeding generations. Surely a man may be a very kind and tender husband, at least in ordinary cases, without thinking of the meat that he is to eat, before he sees it upon the table. In other ways, also, you may aid his studies. With the knowledge and intellectual improvement, which, we hope, you will possess, you may greatly aid his inquiries and investigations, by your remarks and questions. After two or three hours of intense application in solitude, his mind will be refreshed, and his views extended by a little conversation with his dearest friend, upon the same subject; while affection will unite with the love of knowledge, to render his observations as gratifying to you, as they are instructive. If you are able to comprehend his views, and understand his plans of doing good, he will delight to talk them over with you, at every opportunity. In this way, his schemes may be improved and matured; and many an hour may be redeemed to him and to you. You may aid his studies by frequently reading to him a chapter in the bible, a few lines of the Night Thoughts, a column of the Recorder, or a passage of some favorite work; especially, if you have attained that excellence in the art of reading, which is so desirable in the wife of a minister. I would much rather my wife should read well, than be mistress of all the metaphysics of Brown, or all the languages of Babel. You may likewise aid him in his studies by preventing intruders. Many call upon ministers, without any important business. In such cases, you may tell them that Mr. P. is much engaged, and that, unless their business is very urgent, it would be a great favor to excuse him from seeing them. In this way, some may be prevented from seeing him, and others may be induced to make their unprofitable visits much shorter. You may possibly render important service to his studies, as well as to his health, by giving him a gentle hint, when he is in danger of studying too much. When deeply engaged in some favorite pursuit, he may sometimes be in danger of continuing it, when he ought to be conversing, exercising, or sleeping

Probably there is no other source from which his health and life will be so much exposed. May the Lord have mercy on him, and on you, and all your friends, and enable you to lengthen out his precious life to a good old age.

You may help him in the instruction of his people, from house to house. You may encourage him in the performance of this important duty. You may often suggest, that it may be useful to visit such a family, or such an individual. You may frequently visit with him, and lend your aid in rendering the conversation more spiritual, more lively, and more profitable; especially when he may be so feeble as to be hardly able to speak. How exceedingly thankful must you then feel, if favored with the talent of speaking well. Then must you feel that your tongue is indeed the glory of your frame.

You may help him to discover and correct his faults. Faults he certainly has, though, I trust, they are comparatively few and small. And faults he certainly will have; though, I trust, they will be fewer and fewer, and less and less, from year to year. "Flaws in the best; the many, flaw all o'er." I am far from suspecting that he is infected with that fault of faults, the wish to retain them. Unless I entirely misunderstand his character, he is wishing, and praying, and striving, from day to day, that he may be enabled to discover and correct whatever is wrong in his views, his habits, or his heart. I have told him, I was determined to treat him as a son, and to keep back nothing from him that appeared profitable for him to know. With this plainness of speech, he was manifestly well pleased; and he will like the same in you. You will find it, however, a delicate duty to perform, and sometimes difficult. Two or three hints upon this subject, though they should prove unnecessary, will not be injurious. Never tell him a fault, but when he has time to attend to it; unless, perhaps, when it may appear absolutely necessary to prevent immediate evil. Never tell him a fault, except in the most mild, moderate, and tender manner. Never appear confident, that he is in a fault, unless when he is manifestly sensible of it; but only query, whether in such or such a particular, some other course might not have been preferable. From this remark may be excepted the cases wherein he is sensible of his fault, and only needs your assistance as a promptress, to remind him

when he is peculiarly exposed to fall into it. Mrs. W., of D., is probably not the only woman, who has cured her husband of speaking too rapidly. She used to say, (and I know not how many times she has said it,) just as they were entering the house of God, "Now, my dear, you will recollect not to speak so fast." Well may it be said of such a wife, "Her price is above rubies." It is possible he may sometimes be assisted in the detection of his faults, by knowing the unfavorable reports that others may circulate. How far it may be best to inform him of these, it may be difficult to decide; certainly, in some cases; but most certainly, not in all. Whether I have been more benefitted or injured by the knowledge of such reports, I am doubtful. With regard to any such report, deliberately inquire with yourself, in the first place, whether it is desirable for him to know it. If you decide in the affirmative, then give him the information in a manner to wound his feelings as little as possible; and be sure not to manifest any indignation or resentment against those who may have raised or propagated the scandal. Be cautious, also, that you do not aggravate the matter by stating it. I have no doubt, it will be said of him after his death, "Ah, he was a most amiable man, so mild, so gentle, so pleasant, and the very pattern of meekness." And shall it be said also ——? O, if in your power to prevent it, let it never be said with truth,—“For once, like Moses, he was provoked, and spake unadvisedly with his lips.” Should he ever be overtaken in such a fault, may it not be, as in the case of Adam, from a temptation presented by his “dearer self?”

Above all, you may help him to break down and to destroy the sectarian prejudice and bitterness, that for ages, have prevailed and rankled in the breasts of Baptists and Pedobaptists, against each other, equally distressing and disgraceful to both. Some of these dreadful Canaanites still remain, to mar the heritage of the Lord—to defile thy land, O Immanuel. Carey and Ward, and Marshman and Fuller and Woods, and many others have done much, to destroy these cruel foes of Zion. I do hope, and trust, that my dear brother P. will be enabled to do more in this glorious warfare, than any of these. I do believe, that the Lord has raised him up, and peculiarly qualified him, for this very object. His every talent, his every acquisi-

tion, whether personal or mental, appears peculiarly suited to such an end. The blessedness of the peace-maker will, I trust, be most eminently his; and yours the blessedness of being his nearest, his dearest, his most efficient helper in the blessed work. You will permit me to say, that, as far as I am able to judge, you appear better fitted for such an office than for any other. The Baptists will love you, in the first place, for his sake; and as you can most cordially return their love, they will love you for your own sake; and still more, I trust, for Jesus' sake. But you will still continue to love your Pedobaptist connections, and to be beloved by them, with unabating ardor. You will still consider your father a distinguished saint in glory, whose praise is in all the churches; you will consider your mother as having been the worthy and beloved companion of such a father; you will consider your step-father as reciprocating with her and her children, all the respect and tenderness that the immortal Young did with his Lucia, Philander and Narcissa; you will consider your brother and sister, as justly beloved and esteemed by all the good. Toward such connections, you never can feel one moment's indifference. With such connections, you must ever rejoice to feel yourself in alliance. Yes, and your dearest friend will rejoice with you. He will rejoice with you, and not only "give thanks to God for you," but for your connections. Thus united, you will form a bond of union between the two denominations—a Peace Society, constituted and cemented, on purpose to unite those together, who are united to Christ. May the Almighty Prince of peace bless your union, and smile upon your efforts, and enable you to devise, adopt and execute such measures as may be most conducive to the advancement of his peaceful kingdom.

For the performance of these various duties, and many others which I have not time to particularize, you will need all the knowledge, all the wisdom, all the grace, all the prudence, all the meekness, all the fortitude, all the self-denial and all the resolution, you possess—all, and more. More you may have. More you *must* have. More you must seek. These are good things, which you must ask of your heavenly Father. These are good things, which your heavenly Father will delight to bestow (See



James 1 : 5. Prov. 2 : 1—9. and Zeph. 2 : 3.) Study and effort must be joined with prayer.

First and principally, study the bible. Surely it is a fault, an enormous fault, of most christians, whose libraries are enriched with various books, that they neglect the bible. They are far from devoting to it, that attention, which its sacred contents demand. Is not this the greatest fault of the Andover students generally? I have no doubt, it has been the greatest of my beloved brother P. Of this, he appears sensible, and has already commenced reforming. I believe, he is now convinced, that, if instead of studying German, for example, he had employed the same time in gaining a familiar acquaintance with the most plain and easy parts of the bible, the acquisition would have been ten times more beneficial. Some things, that may appear important, must often be neglected, for the sake of pursuing that which is more important still, the study of the bible. We are too apt to think, that *we can study the bible at any time*, and therefore neglect it, for things of much less value. Do not many content themselves with attending to those things which are remotely connected with scriptural information, to the neglect of those of more intimate connection? or with attending to things comparatively unimportant, to the neglect of such, as are infinitely momentous? First, then, and principally, if you would be an effectual helper to one of the best of men, if you would be a peace-maker in Israel—first and principally, study the bible. Read it by day and by night; meditate upon it continually. Do not spend hour after hour in attempting to understand the most dark and difficult passages, that are of secondary importance; but feed and feast your mind, with such as are easy, that you may grow up unto the measure of the stature of a perfect one in Christ. Be sure to read the bible through in course, at least once a year. This you may do, by reading three chapters every day, together with three psalms in addition, every Sabbath. Let me advise you to begin, where your place would have been, had you commenced the bible with the year. I have noted in the margin of this letter the place to begin, on each day in March. Will it not be some satisfaction to think, that each day you are reading the same chapters with your dearest friend? When you meet with a passage particularly striking, mark it, and



commit it to memory. From time to time, review the passages, thus marked, and repeat them to another person, to be sure you have learned them correctly. You will find it easier to learn forty detached passages, in this way, than to learn a chapter containing the same quantity. The detached passages also will be much more valuable, when committed; so that there will be a double advantage in the method proposed. There is, perhaps, no other way, in which you can more rapidly accumulate spiritual treasures. There are only about forty chapters, which I should recommend to be wholly committed.

Endeavor to fix in your mind the leading events mentioned in scripture, so that you can state them, and be able to give an account of the principal scripture characters. Acquaint yourself with the geography and chronology of scripture; at least, be acquainted with the principal places and most important eras of scripture.

Fix in your mind the principal subjects of two or three hundred of the most important chapters; as Gen. 1—Creation; Gen. 2—Paradise; Gen. 3—The Fall; Gen. 4—Cain and Abel; Gen. 5—Longevities; Gen. 6—8—The Flood; Gen. 9—The Rainbow; Gen. 10—Origin of several nations and kingdoms; Gen. 11—Babel; Gen. 12—Call of Abraham; Gen. 13—Separation of Abraham and Lot, etc. etc.; Ex. 3—The Burning Bush; Ex. 20 and Deut. 6—The Ten Commandments, etc. It will require some time to designate and express the subjects; but it will be time well spent, whatever those, who have never practised this method, may conjecture to the contrary. This method will greatly aid your meditations, and enable you to redeem many a precious hour. If I may presume to mention my own experience, I have often found it pleasant, and, I trust, profitable, to think over the substance of whole books, during the silent watches.

It may be useful to learn the answers to M'Dowell's Questions; and possibly you may find it useful to devote some attention to the Union Catechism, especially to the Introduction, in which you will find the best rules that I can give, for understanding the scriptures.

Besides reading your stated chapters in course, it may be well to read a few chapters, and sometimes, perhaps, fifteen or twenty, in other parts of the bible, every day.

Whenever your attention is particularly turned to any passage, turn to it, read the connection, meditate upon it, and render it as profitable as possible.

I hope you will not consider an hour in a day, and sometimes, when you have leisure, two or three hours, too much time to be devoted to the sacred volume.

These methods of studying the scriptures are not mere theories. They have been tried; and, I believe, were never faithfully tried, without success. These methods, or others, more useful for you, I hope you will practice. Reading according to some good method, you will find doubly advantageous. You will be likely to read more, and what you thus read, will be more profitable. May the Lord direct and aid you in studying his word, and make you mighty in the scriptures, and thoroughly furnished to every good work.

It appears to me more and more important, that ministers and their companions should be well acquainted with the bible. If without endangering your health, or neglecting important duties, you can possess a good knowledge of geography, history, and philosophy, it is well; it is *very* well. But these things are mere trifles, compared with the excellency of the knowledge of Christ and salvation. I would ten times rather you should know the bible as well as ———, than to outshine Mrs. ———, in the hemisphere of science and literature.

Next to the bible, those books will be found most useful, which afford most assistance to understand, to remember, to feel, to practice its sacred contents. Almost any commentary may be useful for consultation. Scott is probably best for reading in course; Orton next; and Henry next. These have been read through, and some of them, at least, more than once, by the same person, with very great advantage. I believe, Mrs. E. has found Orton the most valuable author to her, she ever read. Had she read through Scott, she would doubtless have found him much more so; but whether more valuable, in proportion to the time spent in reading, is doubtful. I would particularly recommend Mrs. Rowson's Biblical Dialogues and Edwards on Redemption. The latter may well be studied, read, or thought over, every year. Most of Edwards's works may be read, and read, and read again, with great advantage. The works which I have recom-

mended for self-examination, may be equally profitable for edification. A familiar acquaintance with such common and excellent works, must be highly conducive to the influence and usefulness of a minister's wife. To treat with contempt, such men as Baxter, Flavel, Doddridge, etc. is no evidence of any kind of greatness, except it be the greatness of folly or the greatness of sin. The sermons of Watts, Saurin, Davies, Walker, Bradley, and Worcester, are undoubtedly, among the very best in the language. Dwight's Theology, is probably, the most useful system of divinity, that has yet appeared. Prideaux's Connection of the Old and New Testament, is one of the most elaborate, able, and correct of historic compositions. The first part of it to the days Malachi, may afford very great assistance in understanding the prophets. The whole may be read with advantage. The Night-Thoughts is probably the most valuable poem that has ever yet been composed by man; and in my estimation, worth more than all others, except such as are designed for the sanctuary. Watts on the Improvement of the Mind, appears better suited to aid the investigations of reason, and to assist in the communication of knowledge, than his Logic or any other. You will find it of admirable use, to direct you in reading, conversation, and all the business of life. Many other books, I could recommend; but perhaps I have recommended too many already. One of my greatest fears concerning you, is, that you will read too many books. You may be an excellent christian, and a very useful character, without ever reading one of the books which I have mentioned, except the bible. The bible you must read, and study, and understand, and remember, and feel, and practice; "that first, that last, that midst, and without end."

Next to the acquisition of knowledge and mental improvement, the subject of conversation, is, perhaps, the most important. The principal value of your knowledge, will arise from its being imparted. The principal means of imparting it, will be your speech. How very important, then, that you be able to "speak well." This is a talent, which, in the estimation of your *friend*, you already possess, in a high degree. Whether his partiality has adorned you with this precious pearl, I cannot decide. However that may be, the Lord grant he may never

lose his favorable opinion of you in this respect, nor in any other. The probability is, that his view of this subject, is at least partly correct, and that you have reason for this, to thank God and take courage—to bless the name of the Lord, that he has favored you with a talent that is so delightful in its exercise, and so useful in its influence. Let it be your daily prayer and effort, that this talent may be improved to the utmost. If the Lord should smile upon your efforts, as I trust he will, you will, probably, be able to do more good to your associates in this way, than in any other. Shall I suggest a few hints relative to the improvement of this talent? If they should be just such as I should give to my own daughter, I trust, they will not, on that account, displease you. Good conversation must always be founded upon wisdom and knowledge. Never attempt to speak, then, when you have nothing to say. Endeavor to gain a correct and precise acquaintance with the words and phrases in common use in our language. The meaning of our words and phrases may be gained by listening to good conversation, by reading good style, and by consulting good dictionaries. In all doubtful cases, have recourse to the dictionary, if possible. Persons may often commit gross mistakes in the use of words, without mistrusting it. One method to prevent this, may be the following. Read Miss Kingsbury's Dictionary with close attention, marking such words as have definitions particularly instructive, and such as you would remember for use. One young lady of my acquaintance, whose mind is much improved, marked more than one thousand in this way. Probably she never learned her own language a quarter so rapidly, in any other way. One page a day will cost you but a few moments; which I think, may be better spent in this way, than in studying mathematics. For a reason, that I cannot now explain, I would request you to mark the definitions, that appear incorrect. By the assistance of a friendly monitor or otherwise, endeavor to detect your accustomed verbal improprieties, write them down, and avoid them. Never attempt to shine in conversation by using expressions, that may not be perfectly intelligible to all the company. I should not be much pleased to hear it said, that you converse *elegantly*. I wish to have your heart so deeply interested with your remarks, as not to be sensible, whether



your conversation is elegant or not. Perhaps it is not necessary for me to caution you against all kinds of stiffness and affectation. The more simple, the more easy, the more natural your conversation appears, the better. Be very sparing of puns and witticisms, and totally avoid jesting, and all other forms of insincerity. If possible, converse much with children, in whose society you may feel perfect freedom from all uncomfortable restraint. If you have leisure, it may be of great use to keep school a few months. It would probably conduce more to your improvement, than any school you ever attended for an equal time. You may perhaps find it convenient to teach a Sabbath school. In conversing with your equals or superiors, be cautious not to say too much or too little—not to speak too fast or too slow. It is a great and difficult point, to know when to speak, and when to be silent. Never refuse to take the lead in conversation, when it obviously falls to you, nor prevent others from performing this honorable and important task, when it falls to them. Avoid and prevent scandal, as far as possible. Speak very little of yourself, except when it is manifestly required, or to confidential friends. Be cautious not to wound the feelings of others unintentionally. Speak with the utmost caution in the hearing of strangers. Never reveal the secrets of others, and rarely your own. In disputation, be calm, moderate, affectionate. Query, rather than assert. Never dispute, but for truth; never attempt to maintain a point you do not believe; nor use an argument that does not appear solid. Clearly ascertain and define the question. Keep closely to the point, and do all you kindly can to make your antagonist do the same. Be ready to acknowledge your error, when clearly confuted; and never seem to exult over a prostrate opponent. Never substitute ridicule nor dogmatism for argument. Do not cast your pearls before swine; nor waste your arguments upon those, who manifestly have not "sense enough to be confuted." Carefully writing letters, journals, etc., is an admirable method of improving in correct conversation. Rhetoric and grammar should form a part of your weekly studies. But perhaps the most important rule for conversation, is to remember, that for every idle word, we must give account at the day of judgment.



I hope this long letter will not be the means of rousing your efforts, or your feelings, to the injury of your precious health. Should I find that to have been the case, I shall lament the moment I ever thought of such a project. Without health, all your other talents must be dormant. It is a subject unspeakably momentous; a subject that touches the very centre of my heart; a subject, that forces tears from eyes, that have almost forgotten to weep. O, my Nancy, my beloved Nancy! what was it that crushed thee, and tore thee from my bleeding breast, and hid thee in an untimely grave?

“Snatched ere thy prime, and in thy bridal hour!  
And when kind fortune with thy husband smiled!  
And when high-flavored thy fresh opening joys!  
And when blind man pronounced thy bliss complete!”

Alas, it was too much feeling, too much solicitude to be qualified for her expected station, too much effort, too much watchfulness. Alas, she knew not what she did. Little, little did she suspect, that when thus anxiously preparing to aid me through this thorny wilderness, she was preparing to pierce my heart through with a sharper thorn. Could she have suspected the tragic issue, surely she would have spared herself—spared her “ceaseless depredations on a life, dearer than that she left me.” But God saw fit to hide it from her view, to blast our earthly hopes, and call her to the skies. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight. Let us, then, learn wisdom from the error of the lovely dead. “For us she languished and for us she died.” Let us learn to spare ourselves, while we can do any thing to comfort our friends in their pilgrimage, or aid them in their progress to a better world. Let your health, then, be an object of constant attention. Let a sense of duty soothe you to tranquillity. Take as much repose as possible. With your prospects, with your temperament of mind, with your excitements, you cannot be in danger of loving your pillow too well, or of pressing it too long. Retire at 10 and repose till 6 or 7. [It was then Winter.] If the midnight hour is sleepless, think over the Assembly's Catechism, or a chapter in the bible, or the names of the books of the bible backwards and forwards, or the multiplication table, or calculate the number of inches from the earth to the sun. Enjoy as much ra-

tional, cheerful society, as possible. Take as much bodily exercise, as you can bear without injury. Instead of reading two octavo volumes in three weeks, do not think of reading more than one in four weeks. Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say rejoice. Such a course, with the blessing of God, will not only promote your health, but ultimately, conduce to your improvement, your usefulness, your happiness, your exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Feb. 22, 1824.

MY DEAREST COMPANION;—I have written a long letter to Miss H. I have endeavored to state and enforce the principal duties of a minister's wife as solemnly as possible. May the Lord add his blessing.

Knowing the intimacy that existed at this period between my brother and Professor Peck, I recently requested him to furnish me with such facts and observations respecting my brother, while in Charleston, as he might deem proper for the present work. He has very kindly complied with my request; and here is perhaps the best place for inserting his communication, as a part of it comes in this immediate connection, although many of the more general remarks are equally applicable to the subsequent portion of my brother's life.

“ In the winter of 1823-4, Mr. Emerson visited Charleston, S. C. to restore his impaired health. I had the pleasure then of residing in the same family and occupying the same room with him several weeks, and of observing traits of his character at times, when ill health and depressed spirits, or the natural warmth of his temperament, or the confidence of intimate intercourse, threw his heart and his habits of life most entirely open to view. One feature of his character, which I then noticed particularly, was the *habitual fervor of his devotional feelings*. No one, I am confident, witnessed the manner of his conducting family worship, without noting his peculiar earnestness and solemnity of manner, and his manifest sincerity and spirituality. He was evidently filled, and at times almost overwhelmed with his conceptions of the majesty of God, and often borne away by his delightful views of the Savior's love and grace, while he uniformly

manifested a vivid sense of the odious nature of sin, and its ruinous effects on the human race. It was the same in the retirement of the closet, whenever it was my privilege to unite with him in his private devotions. That his public ministrations were of the same nature, is well known. A second trait of his character, was what may be termed his *impassioned love of truth*. If ever there was a man, who sought truth for its own sake, and disregarded whatever circumstances would have rendered it unacceptable, or made its acquisition too costly to ordinary men, it was Mr. Emerson. Hence, few men have been more distinguished for candor and deliberation. It was this love of truth, united with a strong conviction, that one of the surest means of arriving at truth, is free and fair argumentation, that frequently led him into controversial discussions with his fellow-boarders. Whenever an opinion was advanced or a statement made, which he deemed erroneous, he did not fail to avow his dissent frankly, and to give his reasons for it. Yet he was always ready to listen to the reply, to give it its just interpretation, and to award to it the utmost consideration to which it appeared to him entitled. It may be added in this connection, that Mr. E. was remarkable for his truly enlarged *catholicism*. He seemed to have no partizan spirit. It could not be said that he had identified himself with any set of men or opinions, further than he verily believed they were right and true. Even where he had formed a judgment on subjects of grave importance, he not only professed, but manifestly cherished a readiness to look at any new considerations or facts that seemed likely to give them a different aspect. He was altogether removed from the spirit of those, who, when they have formed a decided opinion on controverted points of christian faith or practice, indulge feelings of reserve if not of personal dislike toward all who dissent from them. At one period of his life, he had been strongly inclined, he informed me, to connect himself with a denomination of christians whose sentiments differed on some points from those he had since held; but he had, notwithstanding, been accustomed to regard their progress uniformly with a cordial good will.—I would mention, as another prominent trait in Mr. E.'s character, his warm and expanded *benevolence*. In whatever form suffering met his view, he felt a most prompt and tender sym-

pathy. And his sympathy was not inoperative. He was forward to relieve, to the full extent of his ability, and beyond. The duty of self-denial for the sake of doing good, he studiously advocated and conscientiously performed. More especially his conceptions of the duty of christians to make sacrifices for the recovery of our race from sin by the universal preaching of the gospel, were far in advance of the spirit of the times, and his ardor in carrying out, in his own habits of life, the principles which he so zealously urged on others, subjected him, in some instances, to the imputation of penuriousness, than which nothing could have been charged on him more directly at contrast with his truly noble generosity. May the time soon come, when it shall not be so *singular* to live after the most rigid rules of temperance and simplicity, that the surplus bounty of a kind Providence may flow out in more abundant streams to fertilize the parched places of the earth.—Mr. E. did not limit himself to any one mode of benevolent effort. He did good to all men as he had opportunity. His mind seemed habitually on the watch that he might let no opportunity go. It is not impossible that his solicitude to be faithful in that which is least no less than in that which is great, was a primary cause of his loss of vigorous health and his consequently restricted sphere of philanthropic exertion. No man could have deplored more deeply than he, the want of physical power to carry into effect the warm suggestions of his heart. Yet he cherished a spirit of meek acquiescence in the will of his Heavenly Father, in whose wisdom and love his confidence was like that of a little child.

“With all these excellences of character, Mr. E. was a man of great humility. It was a deep-wrought and abiding feeling in him, that whatever he was and whatever he did, that was acceptable to God, was the direct result of divine grace. To have ascribed any service to him, as if it entitled him to reverence and praise, was most assuredly to give him pain. Not that he was indifferent to human commendation and censure, but, while he was desirous of doing things good and acceptable in the sight of all men, he was most happy in seeing the fruits of his labors redound to the glory of *God*, to whom alone the praise of his virtues and labors was due.”



One circumstance, delicately alluded to in the above communication, requires a more full explanation. The 'denomination of christians to which he was once strongly inclined,' is that of the baptists. It was at the period when he was connected with college. The occasion of this, as he once informed me, was his frequent attendance on the preaching of the baptist ministers in Boston. And the reason of that attendance, was, that their preaching was much more spiritual than he elsewhere found in that vicinity. It was food and life to his hungry soul. Nothing is more natural than that his renovated spirit should seek its best aliment wherever it could be found; and nothing more natural, than that he should thus be led to a favorable presumption respecting other matters that distinguished these good ministers from such as were more lax in doctrine and formal in preaching. *Close communion*, however, he could not think of adopting; and on further examination, he became rooted and grounded in the doctrine of infant baptism. Still he always loved and respected this denomination, the more on account of the early benefit he received from their preaching.—No one need now resort to the baptists to find good preaching in Cambridge and its vicinity; nor is it easy for us of late years, to conceive of the spiritual dearth which then reigned in those congregational churches. Doubtless they contained many pious persons; but they had little religious intercourse or apparent life. They had nothing like prayer meetings and conferences to bring them acquainted with each other and to "stir up their pure minds." Low arminianism, and a dead and undefined orthodoxy, mingled with great worldliness, pervaded and paralysed the visible body of believers. All was still, save the faint cry of *precedence*. It was that death-like calm in the spiritual atmosphere, which precedes the stiff but needful gale of reformation, or the tornado of heresy and infidelity;—or, as it may be, the wild whirl of both in boisterous collision!

In this ill-boding state of things, when the wise and the foolish were slumbering together, the baptists were awake. And the consequence was, that, for years, they gathered around them most of those in the metropolis whose hearts were touched with special fervor in the cause of God. This concurrence of circumstances has probably, in its results, done more for the prosperity of that denomination



in the vicinity, than any thing else that can be named. Their godly zeal at such a time, is greatly to be commended; and God has greatly blessed them in connection with it, and as a direct consequence of it.

Loving pious baptists as my brother did, we may well account for his zealous wish, that the middle wall of partition between us, may be broken down. Happy the day that shall see it fall; and fall it must before the power of truth and christian love, and all will sit down together at the table of our common Lord.

TO HIS WIFE.

*March 20.*—I hope you will not think me too adventurous, when I tell you, I have commenced my lectures on astronomy.

I have received a letter from N. Ingersoll, stating that she was much indisposed, and intimating that she did not expect to continue till my return. If we have one sincere and ardent friend in the world, I am confident she is such.

TO MISS N. INGERSOLL.

*Charleston, March 21, 1824.*

As the time of my departure approaches, I feel an increasing pressure of cares and duties. You will therefore excuse a few very imperfect lines, in reply to your most welcome letter, which I received a few days ago. Scarcely ever did I peruse a letter with more interest, or more satisfaction. I think, however, I should have been more gratified, if you had not said and implied quite so much in favor of one, whose numerous imperfections and exceeding unworthiness will certainly astonish you at the judgment day. With these views of myself, my understanding cannot but view the Savior as unspeakably glorious, and transcendently excellent. I should certainly dissemble, if I should pretend that I did not feel an ardent, constant, and delightful affection to those christian friends, that I have so many times met in the house of God, at the holy table, and in other places. But I fear I do not love them for Jesus' sake. What is more natural than to love those who love us? Do not even the publicans the same? There is, perhaps, no evidence of christian sincerity more

equivocal, than love to the brethren. The grand question is, *Do we love them for Jesus' sake?*

And are you then, "hastening to your narrow house?" "The thought of death indulge." To lay to heart the end of all men, may be most salutary to the living. But I cannot help hoping, the Lord has more work for you to do in Beverly, and that he will yet lengthen out your precious life, and add to your days more than fifteen years. I trust, however, death will not surprise you, whether it come sooner or later. How cheering, how delightful, how glorious, how enrapturing the thought of dying in the Lord—of dying to live and reign with Christ forever!

The names that you mention, are all precious, as well as many more in B. The sight of every one of them seemed to touch my very heart. Assure them of my continued love, though I fear it is all selfish. May the Lord bless them more and more forever. I did not mention names in my other letter, because I should not have known where to end.

I have much reason for thankfulness for the numerous expressions of kindness that I am continually receiving in this hospitable city. Yet there is no person who is to me all Mr. B. was. I long to hear that he has become an ardent christian. I trust there is a precious store of prayers laid up for his salvation.

I hope none of my friends will be grieved that I write to you and not to them. If I had time and strength, I should delight to write ten times as much to every one of them. I hope they will consider that your writing, and your infirmities, give you some peculiar claim. And I hope you will not be grieved, if you find these to be indeed the "last words" that you ever receive from my pen. But I humbly trust we shall enjoy an eternity of bliss together. I expect to see you again in this world. But if not, I trust our separation will be but momentary—that soon, very soon, I shall follow you to a better world. I bid you a short farewell.

This excellent female soon slept in death.

*New-York, April 21, 1824.*

MY DEAREST COMPANION,—Agreeably to the last date of my No. 13, I sailed on the 19th inst. The first three

days of the passage were remarkably favorable, and I took no cold. We then had to encounter contrary winds from the east, which were extremely chilly, and I trembled for the consequences. But yesterday and to-day, we have had delightful land breezes from the west and south, and I feel much less effect of the cold than I feared. I have suffered considerably, however, from sea-sickness. Since my arrival, I find myself stronger than could be reasonably expected. In a few days I hope to be able to proceed to Wethersfield.

TO MISS Z. P. GRANT, AT LONDONDERRY.

*New-York, April 25, 1824.*

Just before I left Charleston, I received a communication, signed by Mr. Tenney and seven others, earnestly requesting me to remove my seminary to Wethersfield. What will be my decision, I cannot foretell. Perhaps you can afford me some light upon the subject; at least, I trust you will pray that the path of duty may be plain.

I am still ignorant of the reasons which induced you to decline my offer. I am confident, however, they were such as satisfied your conscience; and therefore, am perfectly satisfied without knowing them. I most ardently hope your usefulness will be greater than it could have been at Saugus. I expect Mrs. E. and Nancy will assist me the ensuing season.

*New-York, April 27, 1824.*

MY DEAREST COMPANION,—I expected to leave this city yesterday morning; but yesterday morning I could scarcely walk or stand alone. The night preceding I was attacked with the cholera morbus, and had a most distressing time from twelve o'clock till six. I could not have thought, that any disease, not mortal, could have made me so weak and so haggard in so short a time. My distress, however, gradually subsided, in the use of castor-oil and arrow-root. Last night I slept soundly and sweetly. This morning the disease appears to be entirely gone; and it is no less wonderful, than delightful, to find, how rapidly my strength appears to be returning. In a very few days, I hope to be able to take the stage. I have such

an abhorrence of the seas, that I cannot endure the thought of going in the steam-boat. After I am able to start, I shall pursue my journey as rapidly as my infirmities will admit ; except that it may be duty to pause a day or two at Wethersfield.

*New-York, April 30, 1824.*

I am still lingering, very reluctantly, in this city. The rocks of Saugus have now much more charms for me than the splendid edifices of this great mart of the new world. I am sometimes upon the very borders of impatience. But impatience is a most miserable medicine for a sick man ; and so I endeavor to quiet myself as much as possible. To tell you the truth, I am more unwell than I expected, at this time, to find myself. I have been seriously threatened with a fever. After using all possible means for my recovery, I wish to submit myself unreservedly to the care of the great Physician, who is able to do for us exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think.

How soon after the above date my brother returned to Saugus, I am unable to state ; but probably within a few days. It is also probable that he executed his purpose of visiting Wethersfield on his way.

## CHAPTER XVI.

FROM HIS RETURN TO SAUGUS, TO HIS REMOVAL TO  
WETHERSFIELD. 1824.

*Resumes his labors in the Seminary—Reasons for leaving  
Saugus—Whelpley's Compend.*

AFTER his return to Saugus, my brother resumed his seminary, and continued it through the summer season; but with what comparative degree of success, I am not able to state.

He was, however, still very feeble; so much so, indeed, that it became, in his view, and that of many of his friends, a question of life and death, whether he should any longer attempt to sustain the two-fold office of preacher and preceptor. It is true, he was not under obligation to preach, when inconsistent with his health; still, a mind like his, could not well rest when his people and his school could not be regularly supplied with so important a means to their present and eternal improvement, as that of the preached gospel. Of course, he was very liable to go beyond his strength, and to endanger his life in attempting to furnish such a supply. The truth is, that whatever arrangements may be made for exonerating a feeble pastor from responsibility in the eye of his people, still, if they are not regularly supplied, a sense of their need will prey upon his spirits, if it do not prompt him to actual exposures,—and often the more so in proportion to his feebleness. Thus the very circumstance of supplying a destitute people, which had been a powerful inducement to bring him to Saugus, now operated, after having made the perilous attempt, to induce him to leave the place. To



continue his school in a place where his scholars and his family could not regularly enjoy preaching, and that of the right kind, was out of the question.

Still, the thought of leaving his people, to whom he had become not a little attached, and especially of leaving them in so destitute a situation, was deeply trying to his feelings, as he frequently expressed, both orally and in his letters.

With this view of the case, in connexion with the advice of many of his friends, he concluded to accept the offers and comply with the solicitations, made to him some months before by the good people of Wethersfield, Ct. In these movements at W., his friend and companion in youth, Rev. C. J. Tenney, bore a conspicuous part.

Accordingly, having completed his arrangements by the purchase of a house, near the commodious public building in which his school was to be accommodated, he removed to W. in the autumn.

While on his journey he wrote the following to Miss Grant, who had now the charge of a school in Londonderry, in which he ever appeared to take nearly the same interest as in his own.

Worcester, Nov. 18, 1824.

I was so much interested with your school and your conversation, that I believe, I did not mention my intention of publishing our system of Artificial Memory in connection with the next edition of Whelpley. Will you be so kind as to send me a copy of all the names which you have *chronologized*?

May the Lord grant you consolation and strength, in proportion to the greatness of your trials and the importance of your labors.

Whelpley's "Compend of History," of which he here speaks, had been considerably improved by my brother at a previous period, and had now passed through several editions. He afterwards, with much labor, made further improvements in this excellent classic. Its usefulness in schools, was much increased by his printed questions to the work, and by his Imperial and Biographical Chart, which is prefixed to the volume.

## CHAPTER XVII.

FROM HIS REMOVAL TO WETHERSFIELD, TO HIS THIRD VISIT AT THE SOUTH. 1824—1830.

*Location at Wethersfield—Death of a mother-in-law—Reports of his change in religious opinions—Publishes the course of study in his seminary, etc.—Recitation lectures for the winter—Revival in his seminary—The bible as a classic—Religion to be taught in schools—Principles of economy—On the study of languages—Death of Mrs. Judson—On unfolding the faculties—Questions to Goodrich's history—On grammars—Poetic Reader—Publication on the study of our history—His letter on masonry—Death of a child—Fears of fanaticism—Visits Massachusetts—New chart of history—Popular lectures on history—Preaches on popery—Returns to W.—Excursion to Massachusetts—New remedy—Returns to W.*

AFTER so many vicissitudes, and in so frail a tenement as his enfeebled body, it may well be supposed that he should indulge no very confident expectations from his own labors. Still his hope was not broken, nor was his zeal in the least abated. Soon after his arrival in Wethersfield, he wrote thus to his brother at Holles.

*Wethersfield, Nov. 25, 1824.*

MY DEAR BROTHER W.—By the great mercy of our heavenly Father, my family have all been brought hither in safety and comfortable health. We know not what will

be the issue ; but at present, our prospect appears favorable.

In two or three days, I expect to be in my own house.

TO MR. EATON, FATHER OF HIS FIRST WIFE.

*Wethersfield, April 17, 1825.*

MY DEAR AND MUCH RESPECTED FATHER,—Again the Lord is covering us with a cloud—perhaps, *in his anger*. It may be, however, that in relation to our dear departed friend, we have much more occasion to sing of mercy, than to sigh of judgment? How few of her age, are still among the living! Instead of prematurely taking her away, like our beloved Nancy, he has spared her to a good old age: And has not her path been shining brighter and brighter, from year to year? From our first acquaintance in 1798, she seems to have omitted no opportunity of manifesting her kindness. In your secluded and peaceful dwelling, I have spent hundreds of hours, upon which I look as among the most happy of my life. Of the numerous visits, that I have made you, every one has been pleasant, at least to myself; and I hope, I can also add with truth, that every one has been useful. For these effects, she contributed her influence. “I loved her much; but now I love her more.” “How blessings brighten, as they take their flight.” I trust she has entered into the joy of her Lord, to go no more out forever. Though my health, since my arrival, has not equalled my hopes, still I do not despair of deriving substantial benefit in this respect, from my residence in this most delightful village.

TO MISS Z. P. GRANT.

*Wethersfield, April 28, 1825.*

Though pressed with business, I have endeavored to practice, what I so often repeat to brother invalids, “Do thyself no harm.” I have about two cords of wood, almost wholly sawed, split and piled with my own hands, besides supplying two or three fires. I do indulge the hope, that my health is substantially improved. But as long as I continue in this tabernacle, I shall doubtless have occasion to take up the lamentation, “Lord what a feeble piece.” I have not done with projects; and am

still dreaming (perhaps nothing more than dreaming) of important improvements; I need not tell you in what.

“Hills over hills, and Alps o'er Alps arise.”

Still it is delightful to climb, though but in imagination. May you be able to *do* better, than I have *thought*. Give my love to my former pupils, now your's. I do not know that I can give you any important hints concerning them.

You will not forget, that I wish to improve, as far as possible, whatever I am concerned in publishing.

May it not be well to teach your pupils Euclid, before philosophy and astronomy; for the same reason that we should teach addition before multiplication; or at least, geography before history?

The next letter is to his friend, Mr. Ellingwood of Bath. The notice prefixed to it by Mr. E. will render it intelligible.

While at Beverly, on a visit, I found a report circulating extensively, that he had become a Universalist. I thought it important to inform him of this report and get a letter from him to show to the Beverly people before I left the place. The following letter is his reply.

J. W. E.

*Wethersfield, July 20, 1825.*

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—You will accept my most cordial thanks for your kind letter. Feeble health and peculiar pressure of duties must apologize for the shortness of my reply. The late report respecting my change of sentiment, is just as well founded, and just as true, as some former reports relating to my change of sentiments. It is my earnest wish, that those who are interested to know my views and feelings upon the subject of universalism, may hear (if possible from your lips) a series of letters upon this subject, lately published in the Connecticut Observer. I consider this discussion of the subject, very much superior to any other which I have seen. If the remaining letters should prove as good as the six published, I think they will form as useful a tract as any that has yet appeared. Next to unitarianism, I consider uni-

versalism the most dangerous of errors. These two errors tend exceedingly to produce, and nourish, and invigorate each other. But I consider unitarianism the more dangerous of the two, principally from its greater tendency to produce universalism.

These letters are said to be the production of brother H—— of H——d.

The report mentioned above, is one which I should by no means have expected, as he was always so full and decided in all his preaching and conversation on the great evangelical doctrines. It was by no means so strange, though equally without foundation, that reports should occasionally be circulated of his having *become a baptist*, or being *about to become one*. The truth is, that after the early period already mentioned, he had no wavering on the main question of baptism, nor did he probably ever waver as respects other questions above referred to. Still he was always so kind to those who differed from him in opinion, and so ready and so hearty in his commendations of all which he approved in their opinions or practices, and so ready to co-operate with them in every good work, that it is by no means strange that some of them should occasionally express the hope, that his candor and love would soon make him *wholly right*: and from such expressions, reports of this kind, might easily and perhaps innocently be formed, in passing from one to another.

In this place, perhaps, it may be as well to state a single fact that belongs to the impartial history of his opinions, as to reserve it to the period when he first made it known to me, and I suppose to a few others. A year or two before his death, it became a serious question with him, whether the scriptures do not authorize a *second* baptism in the case of such converts as were baptized in infancy. His mind was considerably tried on this question, while, at the same time, it became if possible more confirmed in the duty and privilege of infant baptism, as will appear in the sequel of this narrative. One thing became quite fixed in his view, in relation to this topic, viz. that if the texts which are generally adduced in favor of "believers' baptism," *do* support that practice, they support it *in connection with infant baptism, and not in opposition to it*. It was his purpose, as he informed me on his death bed, to



state at length the process of his mind on that subject, if spared to complete a memoir of himself. We had before conversed on the question at considerable length, and at different periods; but I need not detain the reader with a more minute statement of his views or his expectations. He had probably studied the scriptures on the question of baptism, more than most ministers of either denomination. The particular position in which his mind became fixed, and which I have put in italics, I confess appeared to me just, and I was led to wonder that I had not before seen the same ground assumed and defended.

The first season at W. the numbers in the seminary and the preparatory school, amounted to about one hundred. After its close, he spent a few weeks in visiting his friends in Massachusetts.

In January 1826, he published a "Prospectus" of his "Seminary, comprising a general Prospectus, Course of Instruction, Maxims of Education, and Regulations of the Seminary, with Notes relating to Books, Branches of Literature, Methods of Instructions, etc. etc." In this pamphlet, consisting of 60 pages, we find much valuable matter on the subject of education, in addition to the particular account of the seminary. It was designed for general usefulness no less than for the purpose of making known more widely the nature and objects of his institution.

He also published subsequently a notice, in 12 pages, of his "Recitation Lectures upon the Acquisition and Communication of Thought." This course of lectures, about 130 in number, were designed "as a supplement to the instruction in the seminary," for the benefit of those who wished to pursue their studies further. It was for a winter's course, embracing mental improvement, rhetoric, composition, Latin, hermeneutics, etc., to be pursued by 'lecturing and familiar colloquial discussion, united with the recitation of regular lessons.' The scheme was somewhat novel. We may learn something of its success in the sequel. As to Latin, his design was to teach but little of it; and that, with special reference to the derivation of English words. He accordingly devised a plan of teaching it for this purpose.

The next extract will present the feelings of a father's heart on the first expression of a christian hope by his children. It is to the family of Dea. Hasseltine, his father-in-law.

*Wethersfield, May 29, 1826.*

VERY DEAR PARENTS AND SISTERS,—Can it be—can you believe it possible, that three of my children have recently obtained hope of pardoning mercy? Perhaps your fear and trembling will be no less than your joy and astonishment, when I assure you of this most interesting fact. It is what I can scarcely realize. God grant, that neither of them may be found at last to have indulged merely the hope of the hypocrite. The revival appears to be progressing. About thirteen of my pupils are indulging hope, and perhaps a greater number of the parish. We feel more and more delightfully attached to our pastor. What a privilege to enjoy the ministry of such a man! Such an inestimable treasure may you enjoy, “till nature yields to heaven.”

TO MISS GRANT.

*Wethersfield, July 8, 1826.*

During the last summer, my pupils manifested an unusual degree of indifference with regard to religion. The coldness of our spiritual atmosphere, exhibited a striking and dreadful contrast to the intensity of natural heat, which, for so long a time, was burning around us. There is some reason to fear, that among perhaps ninety impenitents, there did not occur a single case of conversion, nor indeed of genuine conviction. The dear little band of praying sisters, though continuing to meet from week to week, for the purpose of united intercession, was often found to consist of only four or five individuals. Their influence upon so great a number of unbelieving associates, you may well suppose, was extremely small. In some respects, indeed, my school was peculiarly pleasant, and my task delightful. It is perhaps rare to see in one school-room so large and so lovely a company, who lack the “one thing needful.” Perhaps no class of their predecessors have been more distinguished for good order, industry, proficiency, and amiable deportment. But all these are not Christ. And often, when my friends were congratulating my prosperity, and manifestly rejoicing in the number, respectability, and good conduct of my pupils, my heart was sad. I was fearing and trembling, lest, with very few exceptions, they were preparing for a more

aggravated condemnation and deeper wo. The literary operations of the present term, I commenced with gloomy anticipations and painful forebodings. My unbelieving heart was ready to tell me, that my usefulness, as a teacher, was closed forever; as literature and mental improvement, unsanctified by love to God, are but as sounding brass, a tinkling cymbal, or the means of evil. I felt constrained to intimate my feelings to my brethren and sisters of this numerous church. At the close of their sacred feast, I requested them to remember my pupils, and entreated them to pray earnestly, that those who had come from other towns, and other states, who had left their beloved homes to reside among us, might not here spend their money for that which is not bread, and their labor for that which satisfieth not. With this request, I have no doubt many of the members have complied; and I have the most delightful assurance that their prayers have been effectual. And it may be, that before they called the Lord answered. I am not certain, whether it was a little before, or a little after, or on that very day, that the gracious drops began to fall upon my little vineyard, and to water some of my pleasant plants. The effects were soon perceptible; and one and another were apparently found to bring forth fruits of holiness. For more than two months the sacred dew has been distilling; and we have felt its refreshing, vivifying influence. Nor has my enclosure, like the fleece of Gideon, been blest alone, as it was at Byfield. The sacred influence has been vouchsafed to fields around us; and, I trust, is still continued without abatement. About thirty of my charge have expressed a hope of having here experienced renewing grace and pardoning mercy—five of them members of my family, three my children.

How many of these are genuine converts, it is not for me to say. Most confident I am, that God the Holy Spirit has been here, and is still among us, to convict and to convert—to deliver from eternal death—to bestow the blood-bought treasures of everlasting love; and though my strength has been much weakened in the way, yet herein I rejoice, and will rejoice. O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. The number of my pupils is about eighty-five, more than half of whom, I suppose, are indulging at least a trembling hope. Such a

season of divine refreshing, I had not presumed to anticipate.

It has been unspeakably gratifying to find, that several of my former pupils, while revisiting the place and the seat of their literary labors, have, as we hope, been made partakers of the heavenly gift.

I am exceedingly desirous of knowing the state of your health, and of your school. May the Lord bless you more and more. I hope my health has begun to improve; and that after vacation I may be able to resume all my labors.

TO THE SAME.

*Wethersfield, Sept. 10, 1826.*

My health is considerably improved. The revival continues. My task, from day to day, is most delightful, though not without some trials. I hope I have made some important improvements in the art of teaching, since I saw you. Do choose a secretary to record the useful hints that occur to you from day to day. It may do more good to the next generation, than all your other labors.

TO REV. DR. EDWARDS.

*Wethersfield, Oct. 26, 1826.*

You may regard it preposterous in me to think of writing a tract upon "Christian Education." But you will consider that it is one thing to think of writing, and quite another to anticipate the prize. The necessary effect of such an effort must be, to a person of my pursuits, a reward much more valuable than the sum that is offered. And as for the honor, I shall never be ashamed to have you, and every christian know, that I have made the greatest possible exertion in so noble a cause, and failed of gaining among many, what one only can obtain.

My greatest desire for living a few years longer, is, that I may write a volume, containing the result of my experience, reading, and speculations upon the subject of education. My present theory is, (a theory, which the providence of God has very gradually led me to adopt—a theory, in which I feel more deeply and awfully interested than ever I did in any other,) my present theory is, that the bible is the book of books for schools, academies, col-

leges—the book of books, not only to direct the conduct, convert the soul, and save the world ; but to discipline the faculties—and that its sacred and richly diversified pages are sufficient for the stupendous purpose, without the aid of Homer, Virgil, or Newton. It is therefore my opinion that no other study should be pursued, merely or principally, as an exercise to improve the intellect. It is also my opinion, that it is most undesirable for me and for you, and for all of like professions, to be distinguished as mineralogists, geologists, chemists, natural philosophers, linguists, etc. We have not time—no, my brother, we have not time, to devote much attention to these things. A very little knowledge of these will suffice us for all practical purposes. I mean a *little*, compared with the knowledge of the bible, which we need continually. Our bible, our salvation, our closets, our flocks, our pupils, the salvation of the world, should engage and exhaust our utmost energies.

## TO MISS GRANT.

*Wethersfield, Nov. 8, 1826.*

MY DEAR SISTER,—My seminary is now closed ; which allows me opportunity to answer your very interesting letter of Oct. 24. I am more and more impressed with the importance and duty of contending earnestly for the faith. Never before did I so deeply feel the awful responsibility of a teacher, or the importance of mingling religious instructions with literary, and performing every thing with the savor of the gospel. Confident I am, that the things which have happened unto you, will conduce to the furtherance of the gospel. Take courage, then, to go forward in the strength of the Almighty. Let your lamp be ever trimmed and burning. Take to yourself the whole armor of God. Be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord ; and your labor shall not be in vain in the Lord ; your work shall be rewarded.

I have two requests to make to you, both of which I hope you will find it convenient to comply with. One is, that, in case you *should* be driven from your present station, you would inform me, before giving any encouragement to engage elsewhere. The other is, that you would devote the ensuing winter to the pen—to writing the re-



sult of your experience and speculations upon teaching and conducting a school. If you should never live to teach more, it will form the most valuable legacy you can leave to your friends. If you should survive many years, which I pray and hope may be the case, it will be the best preparative for greater usefulness in time to come. This is the dilemma, which, I trust, you will prayerfully consider.

*Wethersfield, Nov. 22, 1826.*

MY DEAR BROTHER W.—It is my intention, if God should spare my life a few years longer, to make (not print) a book for the use of posterity. I wish to record for their perusal the most important facts, which I know and can learn respecting my ancestors and near relatives. Of such as are dead, I shall wish for all the aid which my friends can give me.

*Wethersfield, Dec. 3, 1826.*

MY DEAR SON L.—You know I wish you to be as economical as possible; not so much for the sake of saving a few dollars or a few cents now, as to form a habit that may enable you to live comfortably and contentedly upon a very small income, or to give away almost the whole of a large one. Every dollar you save from what are generally considered necessary expenses, I consider worth eleven dollars, that is, one to me, and ten to you. Still it would be inverted economy that should injure your health or your education.

Are you not suffering for want of an outside garment. Get such a one, as is cheap, comfortable, decent, and durable.

I hope you will not read any more history without maps to consult as you proceed.

Here, as in many other passages of my brother's letters, we have a clue to his principles of religious economy in the use of property; and all go to show most clearly the justice of the remarks on this topic, in Professor Peck's communication. The fundamental principle, was that maintained in his missionary sermon—"let nothing be lost." What is wasted on our lusts or our vanity, is even *worse* than lost. Whether we eat, or drink, or clothe ourselves, or adorn our persons, or furnish or decorate

our dwellings, all is to be done *to the glory of God*. And nothing is to be done in any of these ways, which we do not conscientiously believe to be to God's glory; or upon which we cannot ask his blessing; or for which we cannot cheerfully give an account at the close of our stewardship. On this principle, he appeared very steadily to regulate his expenditures, as well as his efforts for procuring property. He wished to do all possible good in this, as in higher departments of christian action—to be faithful in that which is *least*, no less than in the *true riches*. Were I, however, called upon to mention the two particulars in which I should most fear that he was in some practical error, I should say, on the one hand, that, while always neat in his appearance, yet, perhaps, he paid too little attention to dress, and to ornament generally, for the highest usefulness in his station; and on the other hand, that he sometimes purchased books which he did not strictly need. But both of these are points in which he felt that christians are bound to afford a striking example in order to rectify a misguided world that seeks to adorn the perishing body, while it neglects the furniture and the salvation of the immortal spirit,—a world which is as vain in the one as it is penurious in the other. I cannot, indeed, suppose him perfect in these matters, either in judgment or in heart. Still, in this duty of christian economy, and also in the kindred duty of strict integrity in all worldly transactions, I should as soon venture myself to stand in his lot, at the final tribunal, as in that of any other man with whom I have been acquainted.—Alas, the account for which many are most thoughtlessly preparing!

The letter which is to follow, is on the study of languages. It is addressed to Dr. Humphrey, President of Amherst College, where my brother had recently sent his son. I believe he had before addressed an elaborate letter to him on the study of the learned languages, which has not come to my hand. Hence we have here but brief hints to some of his arguments against the study, as a general and extensive requisition in the colleges. I regret that I have not his arguments at full length; as I am willing he should speak for himself, in this memoir, on every important subject, just as he would if now alive, though my own opinion may differ from his, as it does in

the present case, in some particulars.—The pamphlet to which he alludes, I suppose to be one on the course of study in Amherst College.

Wethersfield, Jan. 24, 1827.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—For yourself and for your good brother H. you will accept my thanks for the pamphlet I have recently received from his hand. I have found it all exceedingly interesting, and most of its parts highly gratifying. It manifests an ardor, decision, and faithfulness in the cause of education, which I cannot but admire, especially in those whom I so much respect and love. “Though shadows, clouds, and darkness are still upon it, we have reason for the most lively and devout thanksgiving, that the shadows are fleeing away, the clouds dispersing, the darkness retiring, and the prospects brightening.”

I am highly pleased that you and your learned associates are proclaiming to the world, that you do not consider an extensive acquaintance with the learned languages, an essential part of a thorough and useful education—that with a very limited knowledge of these, young gentlemen may be deserving of college honors and high literary consideration. Surely the necromancy of the dead languages, that has so long darkened and disgraced the high places of science and literature, is losing its charm. Thousands besides myself rejoice in the approaching fall of the Roman and Grecian tyrants, who for ages have held their dark and gloomy reign in colleges and halls. The day of their deposition we hail as a jubilee to christian literature. We may rejoice in their expulsion, even though their immediate successors should be more atrocious murderers of time than they. The reign of such successors must be short. Soon He will come whose right it is to reign; and then *Holiness to the Lord* will be inscribed upon every study and upon every book; and none will sigh for the filth or the wild jumble of Horace, or the useless narrative of Xenophon.

I need not, indeed I cannot express to you how much I am gratified with the prospect of your instructing your pupils in the wonders that God has wrought for us and for our fathers, both in this country and in that from which they fled.

More cheering still is the proposed "department, devoted to the science and art of teaching." I confidently hope and believe, that the benefit of this will be much every way. It will tend to correct, to improve, to elevate, and, I trust, to sanctify, not only your college but all colleges—and indeed, the whole world. In these things I rejoice and must ever rejoice.

But, agreeably to your anticipation, your proposed improvements do not quite correspond with my wishes; nor indeed, with my hopes. And I am not without my fears that some of your proposed alterations, will be found the reverse of improvement. I refer particularly to the French and Spanish languages.

That some of our citizens should be well acquainted with one or both of these, there can be no question. But who? Would they on the whole, be of any substantial utility to me?—to you?—to your associates—to our ministers, physicians, or attorneys, to our farmers, mechanics, or merchants? None, absolutely none; except, perhaps, to one merchant in a hundred. To most of us, I do believe, they would be worse than nought—a mere negative quantity. At least, I am confident this would be the case with myself. I should be attending to them and reflecting upon them, when otherwise I might be much better employed. They would be injurious to mental improvement, as the diversity of my pursuits is already too great. They would conduce to mental imbecility by still more distracting a mind already too much distracted. They would leave still less the little (alas! too little) time that I can now devote to studying the bible. Though they might be occasionally useful, they would, no doubt, produce an excess of evil, perhaps ten fold. To my beloved and much respected pastor, I believe, they would be more injurious than to myself; simply because his influence is greater and more important than mine. Nor do I believe they would, on the whole, be useful to a single pastor in New England; and the same remark may, unquestionably, apply to almost all our citizens. Who then among us are called to study French and Spanish? I answer, those who have a rational prospect of settling where they cannot converse with their neighbors in any other language; and perhaps in the whole country, forty or fifty more for particular objects. I am certainly desir-

ous of affording all possible aid to our young sister republics in the south. We are called to rejoice in their emancipation and tremble for their danger, and pray that they may be saved from destruction. I am perfectly willing that a few hundred of our best young men should study Spanish and exert their utmost efforts to rescue and raise these important plants of liberty. But probably, not the thirtieth part of your pupils will think seriously of such achievements, while under your care. But even if it were decided that every one of them should become South American patriots, legislators, teachers, or missionaries, I should very much doubt the expediency of attending to the Spanish language within your walls. They might probably employ their time quite as profitably under your care, in studying our history, our political institutions, our religion, the philosophy of mind, the science of teaching, etc. I see not, then, that the study of Spanish is likely to be on the whole desirable for any of your pupils, upon any supposition. It might doubtless be learned as well, and in much less time, after closing their collegiate course. To twenty-nine in thirty, the time spent in studying it would be entirely lost. Shall twenty-nine inconsiderate youths be encouraged to pay such an enormous tax for the benefit—no! not for the real benefit of a single individual? Nor am I more favorably disposed to the study of French. I know well the arguments that are often urged in favor of learning this language. Again and again, I have endeavored to weigh them in the balance of the sanctuary, and always found them wanting. Confident I am, if you admit these strangers as members of your college, you will soon feel constrained to expel them.

And now, it has again become a serious and painful question with me, What shall I do with my son? I have never regretted his becoming a member of your literary family. With the views and feelings which I delight to cherish towards your institution, how can I think of removing him? And yet, how can I consent to his wasting a great part of his time, quarter after quarter, upon French and Spanish? How can I think of paying money for that which will not be likely to profit? paying money for encumbering his memory with literary baggage, not worth the room it must occupy? Scarcely ever was I reduced



to a dilemma so trying and painful. I know you would delight to relieve me if possible. What can I consistently do? If I take my son from Amherst, where can I send him? to Hartford?—to Middletown?—to Cambridge?—to Bangor?—to Waterville?—to an institution in Mass. yet in embryo? And what shall I do with my other sons? Must I renounce the thought of giving them an education? Cannot your new course receive some further modification, so as in some measure to meet my views and the views of perhaps half of your more serious patrons? If there must be a certain amount of attention to foreign language, what if you should substitute a thorough review of the Greek Testament and the study of the Septuagint for French and Spanish? Other important alterations I should exceedingly desire, but this would be so far satisfactory that I should not think of removing my son.

Most respectfully, yours,

J. EMERSON.

P. S. Perhaps it is my duty to state, that your observation respecting the popularity of the learned languages, has been exceedingly different from mine. It has been one of my principal subjects of my inquiry for about twenty years; and for several years, I have scarcely found a person capable of judging, who was not decidedly opposed to the usual college course in relation to Latin and Greek.

J. E.

It is not to be understood, that my brother would *exclude* the learned languages from our colleges. He would have all educated persons, both male and female, to know something of Latin, if possible. But he would not have them learn it from heathen writers to much extent, if at all, except in the few cases of very accomplished classical scholars, who should become such for specific purposes. In these respects, his views were doubtless much changed from what they were while in college or engaged in fitting young men for college. The extensive course he gave the two young men who were with him at Dr. Emmons's, will readily occur to the reader.—Instead of excluding Greek, he would have at least all who are to be ministers, study it much more extensively than is the general fact; but in different authors.—But we shall hear more from him on this subject, under date of Dec. 30, 1830.

As it respects French and Spanish, no explanations are needed.—He regarded it as miserable folly indeed, for young ladies to waste their time on these languages.

*Wethersfield, April 4, 1827.*

MY DEAR BROTHER W.—My health has been very feeble the winter past. I have been confined to the house almost the whole of the time. I hope the warm weather will prove favorable; but dare not flatter myself, that I shall survive many winters more. May we make it our great business to prepare to enjoy each other's society in a better world, where the inhabitants shall not say, "I am sick."

TO DEA. H. ON THE DEATH OF MRS. JUDSON.

*Wethersfield, April 22, 1827.*

BELoved PARENTS,—We received the solemn tidings yesterday. Our dear, dear Ann has completed her pilgrimage, ceased from her wanderings, and gone to her long home. Though removed far from us, and withdrawn from earth, she is not removed from our affections. She still lives in our hearts. More fondly than ever, does recollection cherish her smiling image. Though she may be removed "ten thousand leagues beyond the sun," does she not seem actually nearer, than when she was the other side of the world? She is as near us now, as she would have been, had she died in our fond embraces—as near to us, as she would have been, had we actually seen her borne upward in a chariot of fire. How consoling, how animating to follow her with an eye of faith—to behold her attended by radiant seraphs, now approaching the pearly gate, now walking the golden street, now approaching the glorious Immanuel, and now seated amid admiring and shouting millions, at the foot of the Lamb. And now she raises her celestial voice, tuned by almighty grace to the music of heaven, in perfect harmony with the holy choir, Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen. Dear sainted spirit! how glorious, how amazing is thy change! how different is this from the discord of earth—from the sighs and groans of

the prisoner, and the clanking of his chains. Happy soul! after so many toils, so many difficulties, so many perils, so many journeyings, so many fears, so many distresses, so many pangs, how sweet is thy rest, how enrapturing is thy repose! The days of thy mourning are forever ended. Thy heavenly day has commenced; a day that no night shall succeed, no cloud shall dim, no storm disturb; a day, far above the power of mortal imagination to conceive; a day, that shall continue to brighten and blaze forth with new radiance, long as the Sun of Righteousness shall continue to shine, or immortality endure.

But ah! the mourning, solitary husband! What heart but bleeds at his loss. Alas, my Brother, bereaved of such a friend, such a helper, such a dearer self, how dim, dark, and unlovely to your eye is earth, and wealth and fame and every thing but holiness and Christ and heaven.

Beloved Father and Mother, your cup of grief, though deep and large, is not unmingled. At this very moment, dark, mysterious and trying as it is, you have perhaps even more cause to sing of mercy than of judgment. To be the parents of such a child—to be permitted to give back to the Redeemer a daughter so bright, so improved, so loving, so beloved, so spiritually engaged, so useful, and now, as we trust, exalted to such a height in glory—what earthly honor can be compared to this! For the sake of such a daughter—for the sake of what she has done, and what by the influence of her past example and writings and prayers, she will yet do, you might well be willing to endure all the evils of this evil world, that you have yet felt, and all that are before you. Thrice happy Parents! while more than twice ten thousand mourners are mingling their cordial sympathies and prayers with yours, their hearts can hardly fail to call you blessed. Perhaps no American female was ever more highly honored with christian affection and christian esteem, than sister Judson. Her undissembling mourners are not confined to one religious denomination, nor two; nor are they confined to any country or nation. They are to be found in the four quarters of the earth, in the islands of the seas, and on the mighty deep. O that the mantle of your youngest daughter, may rest upon each of your other children and upon your grand children.

TO MISS GRANT.

*Wethersfield, May 27, 1827.*

My health was so very low last winter, that I almost despaired of life. I have therefore done nothing more to my "Useful Penman." This is the reason, that I have not offered it for sale in Boston.

I rejoice exceedingly in the noble experiment you are trying. I have no doubt, that it will be of great utility, not only to those who may be favored with your personal tuition, but to thousands more, whom you will never see in the flesh. "Attempt great things, and do great things." I am extremely dissatisfied with almost every thing I read upon education. "Unfold the faculties, unfold the faculties, unfold the faculties" is the universal and incessant cry. Though I certainly consider this as an object of vast importance, and though it is possible that I may say and do as much to improve the mind, as some of our brother teachers, yet God forbid, that I should consider this as the sole or chief duty, which we owe our pupils. To aid them in forming the most useful habits, to store their minds with the treasures of knowledge, to train them up in the way they should go, to lead them to Jesus, and guide them to heaven, is certainly more important than mere cultivation of intellect. I believe, however, it is the way to cultivate the intellect in the best manner. But, you know, it is not generally so considered. In due time *the wise shall understand.*

We have over eighty pupils—generally speaking, very promising; and I cannot but hope, we are making some improvements in the art of teaching—especially in teaching the bible.

When this art of teaching, of which my brother so frequently speaks, shall itself be regularly taught in colleges and other seminaries, there will be still greater need than at present, of a few concise terms, of frequent application in speaking of this department. The chief one is a name for the art itself, which, I may venture to say, will be **DIDACTICS**, instead of the uncouth and obnoxious term, *pedagogics*. We shall also need to use the adjective *didactic*, in a new application, as I have once ventured to

do in this work. Now, should these needful terms speedily come into use, who can tell but they would hasten the improvement of the science itself. Let us, then, use these terms, as we may have occasion, paying our fine, in the mean time, to the critics, till they shall see fit to refund it, with interest, for the good thus done.

TO THE SAME.

*Wethersfield, June 28, 1827.*

Most sincerely can I condole with you and your friends, under your present indisposition. I cannot but think that my lameness has been instrumental of prolonging my days. It may be that yours is designed for the same end. I am exceedingly desirous that you should live to complete your present plan, and publish the result. Were I young and vigorous, I should undoubtedly adopt the monitorial system in a much greater degree than I am now able to do.

TO THE SAME.

*Wethersfield, Jan. 5, 1828.*

I have a heart to feel for you most deeply, and, I hope, to pray for you; but, alas, I have no head to advise you. I must leave you to your covenant God, to the counsel of your friends, and to that wisdom which is profitable to direct. It may, perhaps, be sufficient to suggest to your mind one consolation and two directions, all three divine. "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake." "Fear not; only believe." Let me beg of you to attend to your feeble health. I trust the Lord has more work for you to do; but whether at Derry, or elsewhere, is of little importance.

I am writing and printing Questions to Goodrich's History of the United States, of which I send you what are printed. I expect to prefix eight pages, containing title page, directions, etc. The whole work will probably make nearly one hundred pages, and I hope will be finished by May.

You will perceive that I wish to add an important supplement to the early part of our history, and, if possible, to infuse into the tender mind, something of the spirit of puritanism. In the religious enterprise of our pilgrim fath-



ers, I rejoice, and trust I shall continue to rejoice more and more.

Do let me know the state of your health. Mine, I hope, is considerably improved, though I am almost wholly confined to the house. I can study about seven or eight hours a day, with great satisfaction.

Whelpley's Compend and the Questions are soon to be stereotyped. I wish to make all possible corrections. I need not attempt to tell you how grateful I shall feel for any hints upon the subject.

TO THE SAME.

Wethersfield, Jan. 21, 1828.

I feel by no means decided with regard to the place where duty calls you to labor. I am free to say, however, that if you could unite with Miss H. and Miss L. in one school, where two hundred young ladies could be well accommodated with board and lecture rooms, without the danger of having their attention interrupted by the other sex, your seminary would unquestionably be more *useful* than any other institution for females in this country; and, I trust, more *popular*. In case of such a coalition, too, I should hope each of you would find time to instruct the fraternity, or rather sisterhood of teachers, from the press. From each of your pens, I believe, a debt is due to the public, which, if not discharged, may be a distressing load upon the conscience in the hour of death. One book, that I wish one of you to write, is a grammar—a grammar divested of fine-spun, conjectural theories and false definitions—a grammar based wholly upon facts, and conducive to utility. I have been more troubled upon this subject of late than ever before. I know of no printed definition of a verb, that appears to have even the semblance of correctness. No verb signifies *to do*, or *to be*, or *to suffer*, but an infinitive; and many an infinitive signifies neither of these. Action, passion, and existence, may be signified as clearly by nouns, adjectives, and adverbs, as by verbs. Cardell's definition or assertion, that every verb expresses an action terminating upon an object, and Sherman's, that every verb *asserts* something, bring forcibly to my mind a favorite expression, that I have repeatedly heard from an old

crazy man, '*infinitely ridiculous.*' Horne Tooke's dish of "particles," so finely served up by W——, is scarcely more savory. In relation to such provision, I must be an incurable dyspeptic.

This morning I wrote the following definition: "A verb is a word that asserts, inquires, commands, entreats, supposes, or conjoins; and is generally varied to indicate number, person, mode, and time." I meant it to exclude the infinitive mode, which I would either consider a participle, or a distinct part of speech. I am by no means satisfied, however, with my own definition; though I think it much better than has yet been printed. Will you attempt to mend it, or make another?

*Wethersfield, March 16, 1828.*

I send you a copy of my Poetic Reader, which, I think, contains almost all that is excellent in the Traveller, Deserted Village, Task, Seasons, and perhaps five times as much more of other productions, equally excellent. If there is an indifferent piece in the whole, I should be glad to have it mentioned. I hope you will find it consistent to use it in your instructions.

The best grammar for you and me, is undoubtedly Murray's; for most others, probably Ingersoll's. The theories of Webster, (Horne Tooke,) Cardell, and Sherman, I consider *wild, wilder, wildest*. I have examined them closely.

The object of my brother's work, above mentioned, will be shown by the title page: "The Poetic Reader, containing selections from the most approved authors, designed for Exercises in Reading, Singing, Parsing, Hermeneutics, Rhetoric, and Punctuation; to which are prefixed Directions for Reading." The introduction and directions for reading, were not finished, and the whole work finally published, till 1832. It contains about one hundred pages, with double columns, and was the result of great labor and much reflection. It was designed particularly for such schools as the one he was teaching, but will be found useful for more private study and practice in the art of reading.

In the course of this year, (probably in the early part of it,) he published his "Letter to a Class of Young La-

dies, upon the study of the History of the United States." The occasion of this publication, will be seen from the following request by his pupils, the previous autumn. I insert the request entire, partly for the purpose of showing the spirit of patriotism which pervaded his scholars, and which it was no small part of his object to infuse into every heart.

"*Beloved and Respected Sir*;—The young ladies of the Senior Class, feeling that in a few days, they shall be deprived of your instructions, and desirous of pursuing still farther the course commenced in your seminary, respectfully request your advice relative to a choice of such books, as are most calculated to facilitate their design.

"Realizing, in some degree, the blessings they enjoy as citizens of this highly favored land, and deeply interested in the relation of events which, by the blessing of God, procured its independence, they make their request with particular reference to the history of their own country.

"In the choice of books which claim their first attention, are most conducive to their improvement, and would constitute a profitable selection for a young lady's library, they feel that your advice is highly desirable and will be of lasting advantage to them when they have finished their pupilage.

"They beg leave, at this time, to express their grateful acknowledgments to you for the kind instructions they have received while members of your seminary.

"Be pleased, Sir, to accept their best wishes for the prosperity of your institution, and for your happiness here and hereafter. Respectfully and affectionately yours,  
M—B— in behalf of the class."

*Wethersfield, Oct. 26, 1827.*

In answer to this request, he "devoted three months of vigorous application." The work, though consisting of only 36 pages, embodies much historical information, in connection with criticisms and directions, in respect to most if not all of the historical works on our country, which are of importance to a young person either to possess or to read. He has also contrived to throw an interest into these pages, which will ensure the perusal by all who begin to read them. Few men would have had the

patience to bestow a whole winter's work on so small a number of pages. Half the time would doubtless have produced twice the number.

Among my brother's papers, I find the sketch of an address which he was now requested to deliver on the fourth of July in this year. Our puritan ancestors, was the theme;—and truly it was the right one for him. On this theme, his soul was always on fire. It was with a quenchless, and enlightened, and religious patriotism, that he was continually inculcating, in public, in his school, and in private, the study of the history of those most wonderful men;—men whom we should gratefully revere, under God, as having done more for the salvation of civil and religious liberty, and for the ultimate salvation of the world, than any other uninspired men that have ever lived.

TO MISS GRANT.

*Wethersfield, July 10, 1823.*

My health has on the whole been better the preceding year than for several before; and I have been enabled to pursue my business with more pleasure, and I hope with some improvements. Our pupils the past quarter have been about 90.

We have a daughter, now, in the fifth day of her age, small, plump, and promising. Her mother wonders how it has come to pass, that she should be so "pretty." But possibly the maternal crystalline humor may have a greater power to magnify beauty than any thing else. O that she may be adorned with a beauty, infinitely surpassing personal comeliness.

"Beauty and youth; in vain to these we trust;  
For youth and beauty shall be laid in dust."

Perhaps my brother little thought, when quoting the above couplet, that its presage was so sadly applicable; for this lovely "beauty" was indeed soon "laid in dust."

The following extracts will again bring up the subject of masonry.

*Wethersfield, July 23, 1823.*

MY DEAR BROTHER R.—Within a few days, I have been occupied in writing a letter to the members of the Consociation of Genesee, N. Y. They have denounced

me as a mason. I have felt constrained in duty to attempt my defence, and to deal with them as offending brethren for condemning me without a trial and without a crime.

My brother does not here mean, that the consociation had pointed their "resolves" at him as an individual. A few paragraphs from the first part of his letter, will place the matter in its true light.

"REVEREND AND BELOVED,—Possibly I have had the honor of a personal acquaintance with some one of your number. If so, that brother must be deeply grieved, to learn, that I am a mason. Such brother will not wonder, and surely none of you will wonder, that I should be much grieved and distressed by your resolves, which lately appeared in the Boston Recorder; especially the first. It is in the following words:

"Resolved, That the Consociation will neither license, ordain, or instal, those who sustain any connection with the institution of masonry, or who will not disapprove and renounce it; nor will we give letters of recommendation in favor of such persons to preach in any of the churches of our connection."

"Dear Brethren, by this resolve, I consider myself as excluded from your pulpits, and cut off from your ministerial fellowship; and I should rejoice to learn, that I might be admitted to participate at the holy table under your ministration. I would willingly make a great effort, to mingle in your feasts of charity. I should hope, that such a measure might conduce to heal the incipient breach, which now threatens to be more wide and dreadful, than any that has yet desolated the fields of our Zion. Could I be admitted to the privilege, without first renouncing the masonic fraternity?"

"Dear Brethren, it struck me like thunder from an unclouded sky. Excommunication for my secret sins, without a moment's warning, would have been scarcely more surprising."

This letter of twenty printed pages, he did not *publish*. "A few copies," as he remarks in a note, "are printed, to save the labor of transcription. It is by no means publish-



ed, and is merely a private letter. For special reasons, it is *confided* to a few individuals to whom it is not addressed." It was, however, soon after published by some of the masons into whose hands it came; and probably it was his expectation when writing it, that it would be published at some time.

The following letter will show more fully his views and feelings in undertaking this thankless office.

TO DR. EMMONS.

*Wethersfield, Ct. Aug. 2, 1828.*

MOST HONORED FRIEND AND FATHER,—Scarcely any house or study is so familiar or so dear to my heart, as yours. They are intimately associated with my most valued improvements—with my happiest hours. I fear I shall no more enjoy with you, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," except in memory, which still loves to linger there. But though I cannot visit you, I must still look to you for advice and counsel, with the same filial confidence as thirty years ago.

By the printed letter, which I confide to your faithful care, you will perceive, that I have felt myself called upon to defend my character against the attack of a number of my beloved and much respected brethren, and solemnly to deal with them for their unrighteous denunciation. You will, perhaps, be astonished, that such a poor, timid spirit, should dare to do this. But I felt, that necessity was laid upon me; and I did not dare to hold my peace. Perhaps you will think I have misjudged in writing, or in writing thus. If so, please to inform me. This is one of the points upon which I wish to consult you. If your reproof should smite me, I trust it will be received as a kindness, and may prove an excellent oil. What is there in my letter, that appears exceptionable?—especially what false assumptions; what unfounded conclusions? Will they relent? Will they retract? What if they should not? Can I consistently drop the subject? Should I not thus suffer sin upon my brethren, and injury upon myself? Must I again write to them, as with the blood of my wounded heart? If I should write again without success, what then must I do? Could I then drop it? Or must I tell it to their churches, or to their presbytery, or synod? Or shall I publish it to the world? O for

wisdom to direct! O for grace from above! O for the advice of an affectionate father! It is a favor that I have asked of but one other; and that is Dr. Miller of Princeton, on account of his standing in the presbyterian church and his connection with masonry. Love to your family.

Most respectfully and gratefully yours,

JOSEPH EMERSON.

*Wethersfield, Aug. 10, 1823.*

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER R.—I am comforted to find that you can tolerate my letter on masonry, and more than comforted that you can “think that it will, on the whole, do good.” You do not seem to have fully appreciated my reasons and motives for writing this letter. I was about to state them, but this must be deferred till we meet.

Accordingly, when we met, he did more fully explain to me the reasons for writing this “Letter to the Members of the Genesee Consociation.” He wished to vindicate his character from the charge of moral guilt, and unfitness for the ministry, which that consociation, in their published resolves, had implied against all “who sustain any connexion with masonry.” He wished especially to leave on record such a vindication of his motives and conduct, that his posterity would not be ashamed to own him. He wished also to mitigate the rising suspicions against other brethren in the ministry and in the churches, who, like himself, had taken only three degrees in masonry, and who were not prepared publicly to confess or to recant. He felt that there was a spirit of violence and unchristian denunciation, which he was called upon to rebuke. This particular, he would doubtless have laid less deeply to heart, could he then have believed in the great depreciation in the import of the English epithets of vituperation, in certain regions of hot controversy. He was reminded of this, at the time; but to little purpose. Honest and simple-hearted man as he was, he still took the coin at par;—and it had well-nigh ruined him; for no subject probably ever so much distressed him, or so deeply preyed upon his health. The reply of the consociation finally showed him, as had been predicted, that they meant, after all, no terrible anathema against such

men as he, and that they should still be glad to welcome him to their communion and their pulpits. But not having been in the region of special agitation on this and some other subjects, he was not before prepared to make the requisite allowance for such excitement.

But I proceed to a further object of this Letter, which is in a measure obvious on its pages. He wished to smooth the passage of masonry to both an *honorable and a speedy grave*. This he expressly declared to me; and deeply regretted that any should understand the general style of apology in which his Letter was written, as implying that he would now plead for the continuance of the institution. And in the Letter itself, he says to the consociation, among other things, that perhaps his agreement with them on the subject of masonry, might be nearly as great as on that of religion, where, as he had already stated, he supposed their views to be similar to his. Probably few men more deeply regretted its continuance, or felt more confident that it would soon exist only in history. Hence he wished the last page of that history, to be such as to exculpate the innocent from moral guilt.

As a specimen of talent and of touching eloquence, this little pamphlet is perhaps equal to any thing he ever printed. Would, that the effort and feeling, and the permanent sacrifice of health that it cost him, had been reserved for some of his greater objects of pursuit!

Still the work was fitted to do good, in checking the spirit of indiscriminate anathema among christian brethren, at a time of thrilling excitement in some parts of our country, and on what had become a practical and fearful subject for many churches. And, I may add, that it is *even possible*, after all, that at the judgment day, he will be found to have accomplished more good, by this wasting and devout effort, than he could have done in any other way;—and thus, in this unexpected manner, God may be found to have essentially answered his prayers and his ardent hopes of usefulness in first becoming a mason. This is the most pleasing view we can take of the whole transaction; and here I desire to leave it, contenting myself with a statement of the facts, without wishing to enter the lists of controversy on either side.

We now turn to a different topic.

TO MR. AND MRS. HASSELTINE.

*Wethersfield, Sept. 4, 1828.*

BELOVED PARENTS,—At the sight of my letter, your heart may be ready to ask, “Is it well with the child?” I trust, “it is well.” She is indeed taken from us; but I hope, she is taken away from the evil to come—that our gracious Savior has taken her to himself. This morning at half after seven, her little spirit was emancipated. For several weeks, she had been sick and pining. Yesterday we were encouraged to hope, that she was better, and fondly anticipated her recovery. This morning, I was called, between four and five, to witness the solemn scene of her departure. Dear little one, how gently, and how sweetly did she seem to “languish into life.” Several times, indeed, she had considerable struggles with the last enemy. But at length, she fell asleep so gently, as to leave it doubtful for some time, whether she was sleeping or waking. Sweet babe! She has finished her course, when it was scarcely begun. We shall go to her; but she will not return to us. To-morrow we expect to commit her to her little silent bed. May grace prepare us to follow. The health of Mrs. Emerson, considering all her care and toil and anxiety and watching, is quite as good as we could reasonably expect; and perhaps better. She is, however, very feeble. My lameness has considerably increased. In other respects, I am nearly as well as usual. It is not a little trying for us both to be so much indisposed. But we desire to rejoice, that though we are weak, our Immanuel is strong, and that his strength is made perfect in weakness. O for faith to glory in infirmities—that the strength of Christ may rest upon us—that when we are weak, then we may be strong.

It is not to be inferred from the above, that my brother would be “wise above what is written,” in respect to the future state of infants. In the case of those at least whose parents humbly devote them to God in prayer, he could say, as he does here, “I *trust* it is well.”

It was the custom of my brother, frequently if not universally, to open and to close each term in his seminary, with an appropriate address, in which some important

topic was discussed with care and interest. Nothing but want of room, prevents the insertion of several of these addresses in the present work. It is possible that they may yet appear in print, in some shape. One of them may be seen in two of the numbers of the Connecticut Observer, for Sept. 1828.

TO MISS GRANT, NOW AT IPSWICH.

*Wethersfield, Jan. 23, 1829.*

I rejoice in your better health, and brighter prospect of usefulness; and desire to be submissive, though my own prospect is different. My health is feeble and my diseases appear to be advancing without the least prospect of a remedy. I hope I have not lived altogether in vain to others, however it may prove with regard to myself. My prospect into eternity is dark; alas! much darker than it should be. The fault is all my own. I am making all possible haste, though proceeding very slowly, with my historical questions. What I do I must try to do well, however little it may be, as I shall not be permitted to come back from the other world to improve it.

Our winter school is more numerous and respectable than ever before, consisting of forty-five. Though Mrs. E.'s labors are so very great, she chooses to excuse me from the business of literary instruction, that I may be wholly devoted to the *questions*. The subject of our history seems more and more vast, amazing, and glorious.

TO HIS DAUGHTER, THEN AT BOONVILLE, N. Y.

*Wethersfield, May 18, 1829.*

The Genesec Antimasons have sent me a reply of forty three pages, 8 vo., which you may have seen. They say, I have misapprehended their meaning, that they are willing to invite me into their pulpits, etc. This is very well, very kind, very comforting. This is, perhaps, one reason that I feel better. My disciplinary labor with them is at an end. Their reply is, in general, sufficiently severe, and perhaps a little more so. Whether I shall add a rejoinder, I know not. In itself, as a stimulating exercise, just hard enough, and just easy enough, it would be de-



lightful ; but whether I am called to devote the time in this way, is another question.

*Wethersfield, Sept. 9, 1829.*

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—Let me entreat you to beware of enthusiasm, some seeds of which, it may be, that you inherit from both your parents. Is it not possible, that the spiritual deadness in your region, so deplorable and so deplored, is but the recoil of the enormous actions of Mr. —, and his coadjutors? Do ask your excellent minister what he would say to such a query.

*Sept. 26.*—You are ‘sorry I do not like Mr. — any better.’ I hope, my daughter, it is my heart’s desire and prayer to God, that I may approve the things that are excellent.—I think it may be lawful for a woman to pray wherever it may be lawful for her to speak ; but often inexpedient, improper, and criminal.—I am afraid, very much afraid, of —ism. Not that I am opposed to zeal, and faithful dealing, and great plainness of speech. Alas, for the coldness and deadness of almost every body. But I fear that Mr. —’s zeal, at least much of it, is not according to knowledge, and worse than coldness. I was credibly informed, by an ear-witness, that Mr. — addressed an individual, in the midst of a sermon, in the following words: “You will be in hell in two hours. You are there now.” It is but a miserable apology to say, This is his way, and we must overlook it. Such a way is certainly the way of folly, or the way of madness. Such a way, I certainly could not tolerate in my minister.

The Misses B., two of our pupils from Scotland, united with our church last Sabbath. I trust these amiable strangers were sent hither to repent and give glory to God.

*Wethersfield, Oct. 20, 1829.*

MY DEAR SON L.,—If you have sufficiency of cash, you may purchase the Christian Father’s Present, and receive it as a present from me. I shall expect you to read it with prayerful attention, and freely express your opinion of the merits and demerits of its various parts, by writing a review of each chapter, as you proceed, for my inspection. For various reasons, the writing of reviews is one of the most profitable exercises in which you can engage. This exercise gives you very great latitude. Besides crit-

icisms upon the author, you may add remarks, just according as your ideas may flow. It may be well to make a book of two or three sheets for your manuscript, which, I hope, you will complete in the course of the winter. The review of each chapter, I wish you to write in the form of a letter to me. You may be more or less copious upon each, just as you feel, from twenty lines to two hundred. I hope you will find the exercise no less pleasant than profitable.

I wish you to pray particularly for your parents, and brothers, and sisters, once a week at least, Sabbath evening; and we will endeavor to remember you.

At this period, my brother visited his friends in Massachusetts, and spent some time in giving popular lectures on history, with the aid of a large historical chart, of his own construction, and on a plan wholly original. This chart was the result of much thought and labor; and though he had long been forming it, he still found it incomplete, and was striving to perfect it. The following extracts will sufficiently indicate his employment and success while absent.

*Beverly, Oct. 29, 1829.*

MY DEAREST COMPANION,—The paper which I send will show you what I am doing. I have just returned from my fourth lecture. It was delightful to meet more than one hundred patrons in the Town Hall, and to see them appear so very attentive, to the end of the lecture. To be able to do a little business, and, as I trust, a little good, and, at the same time, to find my health gradually improving, seems like life from the dead.

*Charlestown, (Ms.) Nov. 5, 1829.*

MY DEAREST COMPANION,—My solicitude respecting my lectures, is much greater than I could wish, and I fear may prove seriously injurious. On the one hand, my project appears continually rising in importance. I feel as though I had found the lever of Archimedes, by which, with the health common to man, I could move and elevate the world. And I receive as much encouragement, as I dared to expect. But the obstacles appear greater and greater, and sometimes quite insurmountable. And yet I

am very far from being sad. I have too much of the "noble infirmity," to despond.

*Charlestown, Dec. 1, 1829.*

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—The Recorder has doubtless told you my present business. It would not, perhaps, be altogether incorrect to say, that my lectures are "in the full tide of successful experiment." But though it is full tide, it is neither a golden tide, nor a spring tide; and how soon it may be neap tide, and ebb tide, and no tide, I do not trouble myself with conjecturing. "Sufficient unto the day."

I cannot but hope that my health is a little improved. The distance of a mile is now a comfortable and invigorating walk for me; and I attend my lectures in the evening without much apparent injury. This, however, would undoubtedly be injurious, if it were not for the protection of a wadded wrapper that I have lately purchased. This is my body-guard, my life-guard. Enclosed in this, I can rush along through the stiff breeze, and scarcely feel the cold.

*Charlestown, Dec. 19, 1829.*

MY DEAR WIFE,—My heart is full of gladness, mixed, as I trust, with some degree of gratitude. My lectures here are brought to a close—a very pleasant close, and now I feel a confidence in the vast utility of my plan, and an encouragement to proceed, that I did not dare to anticipate. Almost the only tinge of melancholy, with which my mind is sometimes discolored, is occasioned by the fear, that my dearest friend is unhappy, borne down with toil, and overwhelmed with care. But I hope soon to be with you.

It became convenient for me to be with my brother during a part of this period at Charlestown, and I attended a number of his lectures. Most of his hearers were in early life, and some of them quite young. I was astonished and delighted to witness the interest with which he invested his judicious selection of facts. Every eye was fixed and every heart awake. The youngest could understand, and the most mature were instructed, at least by his remarks if not in the historic facts. He made frequent and admirable use of his charts, and of a

number of large maps, which were all suspended in full view. Probably but few others could succeed so well as himself with this apparatus of his own devising.

It may not be improper to state that while here, my brother preached by far the ablest sermon I ever heard from his lips. It was on *popery* as predicted by Daniel and John, and since developed at Rome and throughout the papal world. The subject was one he had long and profoundly studied, and deeply felt. And now, as he walked the streets of this memorable town, and gazed with veneration on the "awful mount," where our fathers first bled for sacred freedom, and then cast his eye on the neighboring height and beheld the newly risen popish convent, with its seductive school of political and religious death, "his spirit was stirred within him." All his patriotism, all his piety, all his reverence for the past and his hopes and fears for the future, conspired to brace and fire his soul to an effort that would not have disgraced a puritan of other days. It was on Sabbath evening, Dec. 20, and just at the eve of the anniversary of the Pilgrims' landing at Plymouth. Notice had been given among different denominations, of his intention to comply with their general wish, and preach on the topic which was then exciting so much interest. The large house of Dr. Fay, was crowded. His notes being very brief, he spoke mostly extempore; and amid the lucid demonstrations of his argument, gave bold scope to the intensity of his feelings. The impression was strong and abiding, on friend, and foe, and sceptic in the sacred cause.—Though repeatedly urged to write and publish this long discourse, I regret to say, that he never found leisure and strength to do it. I have no where met with so clear and striking an exhibition and the perfect sameness of popery as delineated in prophecy and in history. The very sorceress of Rome was seen before us, riding on her "scarlet-colored beast, full of names of blasphemy."

I shall here venture to give the outline of this discourse, as found among his papers. It will show what kind of notes he was accustomed to use in his extempore sermons; and may also suggest important trains of thought, especially to those who were accustomed to his manner of filling out such sketches.

Requested to speak upon Mystical Babylon—humbly attempt—with fear and trembling.

Rev. 17 : 5. Mystery, Babylon the great. — : 1—5.

May be discouraged from looking at the subject, because it is *mysterious*—

Mark 4 : 11—Unto you it is given to know mysteries—

1 Cor. 15 : 51, Behold I show—Spiritual Babylon a mystery—may be known—Was known to John, 17 : 7.

But not without attention and study——

To unlock this mystery, God has provided two keys—more precious than gold—The first was presented to Nebuchadnezzar—and explained by Daniel—

The other to Daniel and explained to him by one of the celestials—7 : 16.

If we can gain possession of these keys and learn to use them, certain I am, that we can unlock the dark mysteries of the spiritual Babylon—we can drive back the dreadful bolt—we can open the tremendous iron door—we can look in and behold—darkness visible—more dark and dreadful than Milton's Pandemonium. And then he who dares (and surely every soldier of the cross will dare)—may take the lamp of God and enter. He instantly finds himself in the chambers of imagery. As he proceeds from chamber to chamber, he is struck with greater and greater abominations, till he is ready to sink, overwhelmed with amazement—till he feels, in some measure, as John felt in viewing the mother of harlots. When I saw her, says he, I wondered with great admiration.

But, my friends, it is not my object to address you in mere assertion upon this awful subject.

Let us then go to the holy prophet, and take the keys from his heaven-directed hand. If I do not mistake, they will be found more powerful, than the keys of the kingdom, as wielded by the pretended successors of the holy apostle Peter. Dan. 2 : 31—45.

[Read through and then briefly comment.]

The first key prepares the way for the second.

Dan. 7 : 1—27.

With these two keys, bright and glowing with the radiance of heaven, let us go to the Revelation, and see if we can unlock the mystery of Babylon the great.

Blessed is he that readeth. Rev. 17 : 1—7.

Now if we can ascertain who the beast was, we can



hardly fail in determining who the rider was. The mystery of the beast, the keys of Daniel will certainly unlock. At least, they will open the covering spread over the beast, and show us the monster, though they may not enable us to count every spot, or to take the dimensions of every claw. Let us then apply them to Rev. 13 : 1—7.

I remark then,

1. It must be the power that exercised the whole power of the Roman beast.—This must be Popery.

2. Mystical Babylon was the same as the second beast. Rev. 13 : 11—18—Popery.

3. Mystical Babylon sat upon seven mountains. Rev. 17 : 9. It is well known that Rome was built upon seven mounts, the Palatine, Capetoline, Aventine, etc.

4. Mystical Babylon was the most tremendous persecuting power that ever existed. Rev. 17 : 6, and 18 : 24.

Must be Popery —

50,000,000.—

Let it not be said that Popery has changed in this respect.

Nor let it be said that Protestants are in this respect like the Papists. They are not—They never were—If some of them have tinged the tip of their fingers—never drunk—Edward—Reformed—

#### REFLECTION.

We should separate ourselves from Popery as far as possible.—18 : 4—1—4.

Their sins have reached to heaven—

Most tremendous judgments are coming upon them. Rev. 18 : 4—24.

I do believe it is a mistake for us to enter their houses of worship, or in any way bid them God speed.—

Let us do nothing to encourage their institutions.—

They are certainly treasuring up wrath.—

Let us not even look toward a nunnery, except with emotions of horror.

A nunnery in Charlestown!—the most dreadful sight that these eyes have ever looked upon.

A nunnery in Charlestown!—It is the flag of Babylon on the very altar of the first great burnt offering in the cause of our freedom.

A nunnery in Charlestown!—Is it not enough to waken the ashes of the seraphic Shepherd from their slumbers?—to cause the stones to cry out; especially those that watch at the grave of Howard? Is it not enough to call Winthrop from heaven, with his flaming sword—I mean the sword of the Spirit—the only one that ever ought to be employed against nunneries.

My dear brethren and fellow-citizens, if any of you—

Let the Samsons of our liberty—they are many and they are mighty—they are many ten thousands—they are able to bid defiance to a world in arms, if they are not enchanted by the great sorceress of the nations.

Let our Samsons beware how they recline their drowsy heads in the lap of Delilah, the great mother of harlots. The keen razor will work most deceitfully. Before they dream of their danger, their seven locks are gone.

Our strength—our liberties—our republic—religion—God save us from such perdition.

TO MISS GRANT.

*Wethersfield, Dec. 25, 1829.*

My Questions, etc. to G.'s History of the United States, are soon to be stereotyped.

I expect soon to complete my Poetic Reader and Useful Penman. Have you any thing to suggest upon these?

My estimation of my Chart and my new method of studying and teaching history, is still rising. If you will bear with me a little in my folly, I will say, that I have probably never gained more useful information or mental improvement in an equal time, than during the last seven weeks. I am amazed with the greatness and the invigorating, exalting influence of historical studies and instructions, as aided by this simple apparatus. The number of lectures, however, to those who know little of history, should probably be from thirty to forty. I am still ardently, and I hope, devoutly engaged in searching for improvements upon what I am induced to consider my best literary project. I fear I shall never have the pleasure to lecture your pupils, whom I regard somewhat as my grand children.

I returned two days ago, in comfortable health. Found Mrs. E. with a school of nearly fifty, a winter's school

more numerous and more promising than we have had before.

*Wethersfield, April 15, 1830.*

MY DEAR BROTHER W.—After being absent a fortnight, on a visit to New Haven and New York, where I had special business, I hasten to answer your letter of the 26th ult. It was like good news from a far country; and yet it would have been far better, had it spoken of you as rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. And yet your *no-hope* may prove infinitely better, than the hope of the hypocrite. I rejoice, that you have not given up all care for religion. Far be it from me, to accuse you of insincerity. But is it not possible, that your fond heart may have deceived yourself, and induced you to overlook a skulking hope in some of the dark chambers of imagery? Could you but know for certainty—could you but realize, that you are now in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity, would you not instantly cry out in bitter anguish, O wretched man that I am! which way shall I fly infinite wrath and infinite despair? A false hope is perhaps the most dangerous of all feelings and exercises, that can possibly possess the mind of an impenitent. I consider it little short of ruin itself—little short of a spiritual death-warrant—a warrant for eternal execution. As a skilful soldier, then, be doubly guarded at this point of double danger. Perhaps most persons, who go to destruction after such opportunities and light and exercises as you have had, are ruined by a false hope. You are also in danger of taking refuge under your “moral inability;” which, strictly speaking, I consider no inability. I regret that the phrase was ever invented. I believe it has done ten times more harm than good.

*Wethersfield, June 12, 1830.*

MY DEAR DAUGHTER N.,—I am pleased that you express yourself with so much freedom upon the most momentous and interesting of all subjects. Reserve upon this topic is unquestionably among the abominations of N. E. christians. I would much rather you should have some chaff among your wheat, than that you should be a mere bunch of wood, hay, stubble,—a polished block of marble, a shining iceberg. Perhaps it may be best for us to leave the trial of Mr. ——’s character and works, to the judgment

of the great day, where his friends and his enemies, his accusers and defenders, his admirers and contemners, his flatterers and abusers, his worshippers and mockers, must all meet him; and no doubt, all will find him different from what they may now anticipate. When I was at — my eyes longed to see him; my ears itched to hear him; and I hope I felt a higher motive to attend upon his ministration; but when I was informed by credible witnesses that his manner was exceedingly irreverent, I feared I should be much more shocked than edified.—“*I will be sanctified in them that come nigh me,*” came with overwhelming energy to my conscience, and I did not dare attend. Possibly, however, my conscience might be misinformed; and if I have another opportunity, I may judge differently. The question has arisen in my mind, Were Christ and Paul and Baxter and Edwards and Whitefield opposed and disapproved by such excellent characters as oppose Mr. —? I do not wish you to answer the question; but I should like exceedingly to hear what he would say to it.

TO MISS G.

*Wethersfield, June 19, 1830.*

You know already, much better than I can tell you, how much I wish you to live. Yes, my sister, I am willing your transit to heaven should be delayed for fifty years longer. Then, I trust, you can go and announce to your “sister spirits,” and *perhaps* to your waiting brother, how you shall have seen and felt the latter-day-glory, (not the millennium, the latter-day-glory,) beginning, rising, advancing, rejoicing, like the sun in his strength, while the remaining children of darkness, discomfited and scattered, shall be overwhelmed with terror, and satan, perchance, in horrid conclave with his peers, shall be consulting how he shall rally his forces for the final onset. This latter-day-glory, which shall be so terrible to Sabbath-breakers, covenant-breakers, man-stealers, scoffers, etc., may you not only witness and enjoy, but do much to bring on and advance. In this view I can rejoice—I can doubly rejoice in your great and rising prosperity—rejoice exceedingly that you should increase, though I should decrease

and sink into oblivion, and hide in the grave, which seems to have been so long waiting for me. But I still live and totter along on the very brink of eternity.

But probably there is no enemy to grace more dangerous, no, not even satan himself, than popularity. As a means of usefulness it may be desirable; but on all other accounts, it is perhaps to be deprecated. May the Lord sustain you.

Primary truths, I consider such as are knowable by us, but incapable of proof. I should need to fill about two pages to justify this definition. Both of those you mention, appear imperfect. Do write me fifty questions upon metaphysics. I shall delight to *think* of them, at least.

I have lectured my pupils three or four hours upon *conversation*. It is hardly needful to tell you, that the subject seems continually rising in importance—wide as the world—vast as eternity—interesting as the millennium—momentous as heaven. O what reason had Paul to thank God that he could speak with tongues—that he could speak to all of Jesus and salvation.

At this period, my brother was “elected to the office of counsellor, in the Institute of Instruction,” at Boston; the meetings of which body he was careful to attend, when practicable, and ever ready to do all in his power to aid their laudable object, which indeed had long been a great object of his life.

While on a visit to this region, and with good reason fearing that his complicated maladies might soon end his days, his very kind friend, Dr. Whiting of Haverhill, investigated his case with much care, and invented a prescription which proved of much value in his difficult case. We shall find a subsequent reference to this remedy, under the name of *albi*, a name which my brother gave it in honor of the inventor. We shall soon find him again fleeing to the South.

Perhaps it ought, before this, to have been mentioned, that his complaints were connected with an inveterate dyspepsy; and perhaps most of them owing to this prolific malady.



*Wethersfield, Sept. 18, 1830.*

MY DEAR PARENTS AND SISTERS,—By the good hand of our God upon me, I arrived the day before yesterday, some days sooner than I had dared to hope. I have especially to acknowledge his care in protecting myself and those around me from material injury, when the stage was overturned. This catastrophe occurred in Stafford, three days ago. There was no considerable injury to any person. There were eight passengers.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

1

HIS THIRD VISIT AT THE SOUTH, 1830—1831.

*State of his health—Payson—Arrival in Charleston—His situation there—Retrospection on his first marriage, etc.—On college studies—Hebrew—Hermeneutics—Very feeble—Sends for his son—Better—Lectures on history—Returns—Letter from Miss R. Eaton.*

We are now to accompany my brother on another southern tour for his health.

*New York, Oct. 18, 1830.*

MY DEAREST COMPANION,—In great mercy, my life has been preserved, and, as I hope, my health a little improved. Journeying in the stage was manifestly beneficial, and by steam-boat, not apparently injurious. I should feel much encouraged with regard to my health, if it were not, that I am taking so much medicine—nine doses a day. Is not this enough to make a well man sick? And yet it does seem to have made a sick man better. I say *seem*; what the reality is, may be better known a year hence.

*New York, Oct. 18, 1830.*

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—My heart has been aching for you for weeks. I have known full well the bitterness of lingering out tedious days in long succession, in painful and continually disappointed hope of letters from far distant friends. You will find it but a melancholy consolation to know, that we have indeed been sick or indisposed. My health seems to have been declining since April. I did less than usual during the first term, and have not heard a single recitation, nor delivered a single lecture, during the second. Within a few weeks I have been taking abundance of medicine. My daily allowance pre-

scribed by Dr. W. is three doses of columbo, three of soda, two of a composition of myrrh, sal æratus, aloes, and cinnamon, and one of gum *goache*, as it is vulgarly called. This course seems to have had a favorable effect thus far. The myrrh, etc., has enabled me to eat beef and oysters pretty copiously, with very little injury; and the *go-ache* seems to have had a wonderful effect in causing my *aches* to *go* from me. I am, therefore, disposed to use the vulgar name. The scientific name is *gum guaiacum*. It is the gum of *lignum vitæ*.—Dear daughter, pray for your dying parent, who has recently had much more intimate and realizing intercourse with eternity, than ever before. Have you read Payson's Memoir? What a man! What a christian! What a minister! This book, I trust, has done me good, if any thing ever did. O that myriads of copies were circulated through our land. If you do not own it already, let me beg of you to procure it as soon as may be, and read it, and lend it, as much as possible. Do tell me somewhat particularly how you like it. You know, I never taught you to fear cherishing and giving an opinion contrary to your father's. What parts do you like best? What parts do you dislike? Though not called to do the work of Payson, you do need his ardor, his humility, his self-crucifixion, his devotedness to God. I have some doubt, whether our country has witnessed his equal since the blessed Edwards ascended to glory. His volume of sermons is probably the best in our language. O for a thousand Paysons! And yet ten thousand Paysons could never convert nor edify a single soul, without the Almighty Spirit. And yet ten thousand Paysons would certainly so labor and pray, that the Spirit would take possession of every heart on earth in a very few years. My dear sister-child, pray, plead, wrestle, agonize that your brothers may be such, and more. If I had ten sons, I should rejoice exceedingly to have them all good ministers. But a wicked minister is the curse of all curses.

I am now fleeing for life and health—attempting to make my escape from the rigors of a N. E. winter—to take refuge in that dear hospitable city, Charleston, S. C. I expect to sail from this city (N. Y.) in three or four days. Notwithstanding my neglect, which I cannot wholly justify, may I not hope that you will write immediately, that your letter may meet me at Charleston. If your eyes

are unequal to the task, employ the hand of a friend. I will gladly give twenty-five cents for ten lines with your signature at the bottom.

*New York, Oct. 22, 1830.*

MY DEAR SON L.—What reason have you to be thankful for bodily strength. My son, take heed, that you never despise, nor seem to despise, “perfections, that are placed in bones and nerves.” It is true, these are not heaven, nor spiritual life, nor intellectual riches; but they may have an important connection with all these. I am now convinced, that moderate exercise is much better than entire rest immediately after eating—that I should exercise most vigorously about two hours after a meal. But a good rule for me, may be a bad one for you. Try, and judge for yourself, and learn to vary, as circumstances may vary. But I hardly need to tell you, that it is ten thousand times better—*infinitely better*, to be a babe in Christ, with all my infirmities of body and ten times more, than to be a giant in iniquity, with the strength of Samson. Let me entreat you to pray daily for your father’s health, especially for the health of his soul.

It is very doubtful whether we shall ever have another opportunity to unite in conversing and praying together in the present world. Be it our daily prayer, our unceasing effort, that we may enjoy a sweeter communion, a nobler worship above. You cannot easily imagine, how much I am gratified, that you are so much interested and pleased with Payson’s Memoir. Do tell me if you find any thing exceptionable in this excellent book, or the wonderful man of whom it treats. I am far enough from wishing you to be a carping, captious critic; but I do wish that you may be enabled easily, clearly and decidedly to distinguish between the precious and the vile—to take the good and cast the bad away. If there is any thing bad in connection with what is most excellent, we are in the greatest danger of receiving it. Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. Payson’s Sermons, too, are a treasure; perhaps the best volume of sermons in print. I wish if convenient that you may read one of them every week, most devoutly and attentively, at least till you have read them twice through. Such reading will increase your intellectual riches; it will be health to your rhetoric, health to your logic, and I trust health to your spirit.

*Charleston, Nov. 3, 1830.*

BELOVED PARENTS AND SISTERS,—In great mercy, I have been brought once more, to this hospitable and health-restoring city. Wonderful indeed have been the favors, which a kind Providence has shown me, since I left Bradford, especially those relating to my journeyings by land and sea. I find myself here apparently in much better health, and much more favorably situated, than I had dared to expect. My sister R. Eaton, engaged here in a school, having hired a house, etc., with abundance of room for me and my books, was kind enough, about four weeks ago, to invite me to spend the winter with her. I am better accommodated than I could expect to be at any boarding house. Near the centre of a square, I am more retired than could well be supposed, in the midst of such a city. Dr. M'D., who with his wife lately made me a visit of three or four days at W., is my nearest neighbor. You can hardly imagine how much I rejoice in being so near him. His study and mine, which are both separate buildings, are within two feet of each other. I am peculiarly favored with the comforts of life that seem most conducive to my restoration and strength. For these, and many other favors, both temporal and spiritual, I desire to render most humble and hearty thanks. But still my joy is not full; nor my blessings without great trials. I am far away from my beloved family, doubting in some degree whether I shall ever see one of them again on this side the grave. And my dear, dear Rebecca! my heart aches for her from day to day. Subjected to temporary widowhood, which may prove permanent, what cares, what toils, what distressing burdens, are falling to her lot! May she find the grace of Christ sufficient for her.

I arrived here four days ago, after a short passage from New York, whither I had come by stage and steam boat. So far from being sea-sick, I was able to take my full allowance of beef, oysters, etc., every day, and to read more during those six days than the twenty preceding. I believe my sea-sickness was prevented by the medicine which Dr. W. prescribed; at least that this was part of the cause. The passage was uncommonly smooth. I believe not so much as a tumbler or a plate started from its place by the motion of the vessel. I should like to have this medicine tried by others who go to sea. I cannot but think, that



in many cases it might prevent or mitigate the horrors of sea-sickness.

*Charleston, S. C., Dec. 1, 1830.*

MY HONORED FATHER, [Mr. Eaton,]—You know that my health has always been rather feeble, and that for several years I have been more especially beset with infirmities. It was my solemn expectation, that long, long ago, I should have been called to the world of retribution. And strange indeed does my continuance appear. Through how many dangers, and difficulties, and trials, has my feeble life been preserved. For nearly a year and a half, my diseases, three or four in number, seem to have been more alarming; and more than once have I viewed myself on the very brink of the grave. Last summer, having ridden two hundred miles for my health, under circumstances peculiarly favorable, I found myself much worse, and to appearance, rapidly sinking. It was indeed most deeply discouraging, that the best remedy I had ever used, should seem only to aggravate my complaints. I was then at Bradford, where my friends persuaded me to put myself under the care of Dr. W. There I staid more than a fortnight, and by his means, my diseases seemed to be in some measure checked. Returning to Wethersfield, I concluded, that the danger of continuing at home, would probably be greater than that of migration. Soon after forming this conclusion, I received a most kind and generous invitation from Rebecca, to come and take up my winter quarters with her, in this dear city of refuge. This invitation was as comforting as it was unexpected. It comforted me all the way on my passage, and here I have been taking comfort ever since. For my study, (for I feel as though I could hardly live without studying some,) I have a spacious and delightful chamber. Here I am surrounded by about three hundred of my books, which make it seem almost like my own house. Here your daughter seems gratified to do every thing in her power for my convenience and health.

And now I feel that I have greater reason than ever to bless God, that he ever sent me to Framingham, and united me to your family by an alliance, to me so precious and endearing. Nor was I disappointed in what I had anticipated as the choicest boon of heaven. Surely a

sweeter, lovelier spirit I have never known, nor do I ever expect to know, on this side Paradise. To be thus intimately and tenderly allied to such a heavenly and heaven-born soul, to feel that she was mine in the highest sense that creatures can possess any thing on earth, to enjoy her ardent love, her perfect confidence, her seraphic smile, was an honor, a pleasure far above my desert. Most heartily did I bless God for her—and bless him still. I enjoyed her in life, I enjoyed her in death, I have enjoyed her since, and hope to enjoy her, and to enjoy her more and more to all eternity. She seems to have brought heaven nearer to me, and I do hope she has been the means, in some degree, of raising me toward heaven. From time to time, she seems beckoning and calling from her celestial mansion, "Come up hither." None but the Omniscient knows, how much, how fondly, or how delightfully, I have thought of her, since she took her upward flight. Comparatively very few of my thoughts of her have been other than delightful. It is astonishing, indeed, that any mortal should derive so much pleasure, and comparatively so little pain, from any created object. Immortal sister of my soul! I will not bid thee farewell; no, my lovely celestial, I never will dismiss thee from my heart. My meditations of her would not probably have been so sweet, but doubtless would have been often tinged with melancholy, if I had remained single—or if my succeeding connections had not been happy. And even now, if I should be again left in widowed solitude, I might sometimes be found mourning and grieving for my Nancy and Eleanor, as well as for my Rebecca. This subject presents a topic of metaphysics, with which some, who make most severe and cruel remarks, are not perfectly acquainted. Surely it is not sound logic to argue my disaffection with the living, from the high and unmingled satisfaction which I find in meditating upon the dead. The very reverse should be the inference. How many secrets will the day of judgment declare—secrets that men might have known, had they faithfully improved the means.

*Dec. 2.*—What a privilege, that we may love one another! What a place of rapture must heaven be!—an everlasting, ever-increasing banquet of love. O my God, this is enough. This is all that I can ask, all that I can wish, all that I can conceive—and infinitely more.

I have once written, and must now attempt to write again, and publish as soon as possible, a little work upon mental improvement. It is a work upon which my heart has been greatly set. It is entitled "Questions and Supplement to Watts on the Improvement of the Mind." I have sometimes felt, that if I can but live to accomplish this work, I can adopt the words of good old Simeon: "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." And yet I desire to be ready and willing to depart whether this work is accomplished or not; and sometimes hope I am in some measure prepared. Within a few months I have had great and distressing terrors in view of death. O it is a great and amazing change, to exchange worlds; to appear before infinite Majesty and infinite Purity, in whose sight the very heavens are not clean. O blessed Jesus, thou, thou alone art my Mediator and my Intercessor; in thee alone have I righteousness and strength. Almighty Shepherd, I will fear no evil; though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, thy rod and thy staff they shall comfort me.

I have read Susan's generous letter to E. and R. with much satisfaction. I rejoice in the great things, that the Lord appears to be doing for Framingham—that the Lord has given you the man of your choice, a man, as I trust, after his own heart, whom he appears to have formed and trained on purpose for that dear place, where my heart so delights to visit, and to linger from day to day—a man, in whose welfare and success, I feel so deeply interested. May the Lord give him grace to be faithful. I do hope and trust that a large remnant will be saved in F. Give my most affectionate regards to father K. and brother T.

And now, my venerable father, we are going the way of all the earth. How many pleasant and endearing hours have I spent in your house, at your table, in your society. These must live in retrospection, as long as memory, but we can hardly expect they will be actually renewed on earth. Shall they not be a prelude to brighter, holier hours above, in our Father's house, at our Father's table—in his presence, where is fulness of joy, at his right hand, where are pleasures forevermore.

Most affectionately and gratefully yours,

JOSEPH EMERSON.

It has long been known to many of my brother's friends that he was opposed to the extensive study of the heathen classics, as a branch of public education, though he would have a few scholars well versed in them, for particular purposes. He was also opposed to devoting much time to Latin, however good the authors. [See his letter to Dr. Humphrey, Jan. 24, 1827.] The same was also true as to the higher branches of mathematics, at least in some degree. He supposed mental *discipline* not the main thing to be sought in education; and if it were, that it may be better attained by other studies. But while such were his views of the inutility of heathen literature, he was yet one of the most ardent advocates for the study of the scriptures in their original languages. Here, in his view, the *subject matter* makes the wide distinction. In scripture, the thoughts and shades of thought, gained from the originals, are worth all the toil of acquisition; while many of those from heathen works, were, in his view, much worse than lumber to most minds. The following letter to his son at Amherst, will show his great zeal for sacred learning.

*Charleston, S. C. Dec. 30, 1830.*

When Cicero was asked, which of Demosthenes orations was the best, "The longest," said he. Your longest letter to me, I think the best.

I am much pleased with the feelings and logic, with which you discuss the question of your studying Hebrew. The positions, which you have assumed, do by no means accord with my views. If I understand you, you assume the three following positions, that it is doubtful, whether you should calculate upon entering the Theological Seminary next fall—whether ever—and whether you should "look forward to the ministry." Now, I have not the shadow of a doubt upon either of these three points. I have not time nor strength to argue the subject in detail. O that I could give you a talk of two hours. I can now only suggest a few hints for your most serious, intense, and devout consideration. To no human being, perhaps, are your talents better known, than to your father. I have, also, some acquaintance with the pastoral office. And I do believe, that you may be useful, in this high and holy calling. It will, indeed, cost you great sacrifices, vast efforts. But these, I trust, you are prepared most freely



and cheerfully to make, if you can be fully convinced, that this is the course of duty. But even if it were certain, that you would never become a pastor, I should wish by all means, that you should preach—that you should become, to the utmost of your powers and opportunities, an able, zealous, and efficient minister of the New Testament. It will tend greatly to increase your usefulness in whatever business you may laudably engage. But even if you do not preach, I should wish you, certainly, to go through—most faithfully and thoroughly through—the whole course at ——. You may there have opportunities for mental improvement, far superior to what you have yet had, or can expect to have elsewhere. Would you have such a weight of knowledge, improvement, and character, as to enable you to do good by wholesale, by all means go to ———, and there improve the best literary, religious, and social privileges, that the whole world can furnish. And, I think it very desirable, that you should go, as soon as possible. Fear not. God will provide the means. The delay of a year may prove an incalculable loss. If then you are to go, you must know something of Hebrew, before entrance. If you are to go next autumn, you must soon know something of Hebrew. Alas! my son, if I knew you would not become an ——— student, it might embitter the pangs of my dying moments. Why, then, should you not improve the opportunity to learn Hebrew, that offers at college? Why not begin immediately, and learn as much as possible before you enter at ———? I wish you to be not merely a respectable Hebrew scholar, compared with your classmates; but I wish you to be great in Hebrew, ten times greater, than is absolutely necessary to pass uncensured by your teachers. O that you could read the Hebrew scriptures through and through, and become a deep and thorough critic in that sacred language, before you commence preaching. I fear you will have but little time to study it afterwards. Be assured, my son, as I draw nearer and nearer to the grave, and I hope nearer and nearer to heaven, the scriptures appear to me more and more comforting, and precious, and it does appear, more and more desirable to know the exact meaning of the words of inspiration, that we neither add any thing to what God has revealed, nor take from it. Hence it ap-



pears more and more desirable, that those, who publicly teach the holy oracles, should be mighty in Hebrew, and mightier still in *sacred* Greek.

And what must you give up in order to study Hebrew at college? Fluxions. And what to you, would be the use of knowing fluxions? Nothing—absolutely nothing—less than nothing, a downright incumbrance, without even occasional utility. And what is the advantage of *learning* fluxions? Very little, if any thing. Very nice mathematical acumen, I think rather an injury, than a benefit, in reasoning upon other subjects. Newton and Barrow could reason well upon other subjects; not, I suppose, by means of their vast mathematics, but in spite of them; by the rare and wonderful powers of their angelic minds. A little of mathematics, like a little salt, may be very useful, as it respects mental improvement in general. I suspect your mind is already sufficiently seasoned with that species of condiment, to last you as long as you live. If you could honorably avoid it, I should never wish you to spend another day in mathematical studies. But after studying Hebrew a very few weeks, you may find it exceedingly conducive to improve your faculties, as well as to increase your richest intellectual stores. O how delightful, how highly and variously beneficial, may you find it to dig and dig divine treasures from the infinite mine of the bible!

But, my beloved son, do not misunderstand me. I am not positively enjoining this measure upon you, as a father, but most earnestly recommending it to you, as a friend to your improvement, usefulness, and salvation. If you were to yield a servile, or simply dutiful compliance, it would not be what I wish. I wish to have your heart engaged, your energies roused to the highest pitch. I wish you to gird on your literary armor, and march against the difficulties of the Hebrew, with the ardor and resolution of Alexander, marching against the Persians. Be assured you will immediately pass the Granicus, that will seem but a little rill that you can almost step over; soon you will gain the victory of Issus; and ere long you will be prepared to make mighty inroads upon old Mystery, Babylon herself. O, if my soul were in your soul's stead, united with a body, youthful, healthy, and vigorous, as yours, how would I seize upon the Hebrew, resolving by

divine assistance, that in three years, I would make it seem almost like our own vernacular.

Charleston, Jan. 17, 1831.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER N.—For about six weeks after my arrival, the weather was very warm; but the atmosphere was so unhealthy, that I was almost wholly confined to my chamber; and did by no means recover that degree of vigor that otherwise I might. I was fondly anticipating a little frosty weather, to purify the air, and open the door of my prison. But when the cold did come, it came like a strong man armed, whose dreadful stroke seemed almost death to me. It has since been either very cold or very wet, almost the whole time, and I have been more closely confined than before. Sometimes, indeed, “the important die of life and death spun doubtful.” Nor do I feel, that it has yet “turned up life,” though the tendency to life seems a little increased. I hope, I am generally enabled to adopt the language of David, 2 Sam. 15: 26. I find great comfort in the scriptures, especially the psalms. It does seem sometimes, as though I was reading a new edition of that book, greatly improved by the AUTHOR. O what a treasure! what a glory! what glories and glories are there displayed! Isaiah too appears equally improved. O how much does many a christian lose by not understanding, or not duly considering these wonderful, *wonderful* portions of the divine word!

The increased relish for the scriptures, that I have recently felt, I do not impute wholly, (perhaps I ought not to impute it even partly,) to improvement of my spiritual state; but rather to my course of pursuits for two or three years, particularly in attending to hermeneutics, reading the memoir and sermons of Payson, the orations of Grimke, etc. And now, my daughter, is it not exceedingly desirable, that the course of education should be such as to give the pupil a relish for the intellectual and spiritual food that inspiration has provided? Must we not write *Tekel* upon most of our literary institutions, when weighed in this balance? That system of education which leads the ardent youth to love and admire such characters as Venus, and Æneas, I cannot but view with increasing horror, detestation, and grief. And here let me ask, may it not

be better, much better, for yourself and your pupils, for you to teach them the Night-Thoughts and the Course of Time than geometry? Even for intellectual improvement, I consider hermeneutics better than geometry; and for knowledge, ten times better; and for heaven, a thousand times better. Will not your pupils and their friends consent?

I have been reading Mr. Halstead's book upon dyspepsy. I have practised his remedy a little; but have not yet had time to form much opinion with regard to its efficacy. I scarcely dare to indulge a hope, that this disease of diseases will, in my case, ever be materially mitigated. It is true, indeed, I am now able to take an ounce or two of meat every day, without injury. But it is in consequence of taking medicine, which, I fear is hastening me to the grave. Our spiritual bodies will not be dyspeptic.—Alfred entered Y. Col. last commencement. I have sent for him to see me die, or help me to return—I hope the latter. I am much pleased to learn, that he is willing to come. I expect him in a few days.

About the first of February, he was much comforted by the arrival of his son; who continued with him till May. In March, he had so far recovered as to be able to commence a course of lectures on history.

*Charleston, June 15, 1831.*

MY BELOVED DAUGHTER N.—I have been so much occupied in preparing and delivering my historical lectures, that I have scarcely written a line to any one for months. To be able to return again to the business of instruction—business so delightful and profitable, seems like life from the dead. My little circle of attendants have been much interested, and I hope profited. Notwithstanding my age and infirmities, I have lately made considerable advance in the knowledge of history, and I trust, some in the precious, *precious* art of talking. While you live, my daughter, be continually pressing onward and pressing upward in knowledge, understanding and well-doing. I am more and more encouraged to hope, that my method of historical instruction, will prove an important and permanent blessing to the world. Tomorrow, I expect to deliver the closing lecture, making the whole number thirty-three. The system freely admits

the number of lectures to vary indefinitely. In about ten or fifteen days, I expect to arrive at New York. The last three months have been among the happiest of my life.

As proposed above, he soon sailed for New-York, and enjoyed 'the most agreeable passage he ever had.' In a few days more, he reached his home in safety.

The following, from Miss R. Eaton, now of Philadelphia, will cast further light on his character and efforts, during the second and third periods of his residence in Charleston.

*Philadelphia, Dec. 1833.*

DEAR SIR,—Most gladly would I furnish any documents in my power, which might in any degree aid in preparing the memoir of one, whose memory is so dear, whose life was so useful.

In regard to what Mr. Emerson did in Charleston, I fear I shall not be able to furnish any thing that will be of use. The first winter he spent in C., was previous to my having any acquaintance at the South. Of course I knew but little about what he did at that time. The second time, I went with him, and continued in Charleston during his stay there. For a few weeks after his arrival, he seemed depressed in spirits, very feeble, and able to do but little. He soon, however, began to be useful in the family where he boarded, making efforts for their improvement, and directing their attention to the study of the bible. They appeared to regard him as a father and a friend; one, in whose counsels they might confide with safety.

During the same winter, he delivered a course of lectures on astronomy. The class were exceedingly interested with the instructions they received, and the manner in which they were communicated. The facts were plainly detailed, the illustrations clear, and the flights of imagination, chaste and natural. He was so well understood, that correct and clear conceptions were formed in the minds of those who were comparatively children. The mind was not confined to some faint emblem of the objects described; but carried beyond the confines of earth, and introduced to the celestial regions. With him to lead the imagination, we could with seeming ease, fly beyond the solar sys-



tem, and behold the unstained beauty and glory of other suns and other worlds. We forgot our teacher. We forgot our earth. We forgot ourselves. We were lost in contemplating the harmony, the variety, the beauty, the grandeur of celestial objects. Nor would he allow us to stop here; but carried the mind onward and onward, and led us, with ever-growing delight, to contemplate the Author of this amazing grandeur.

During the same winter, he instructed two classes of ladies. One of them consisted of more than thirty members. Many were among the most pious, intelligent, and respectable ladies in Charleston. As usual, he succeeded in gaining the highest confidence, respect, and affections of his pupils. Watts on the Mind was the book studied; though the instructions were by no means confined to that work. This class I had not the privilege of attending. But so far as I was able to judge, I think his instructions had an important bearing on the hearts and lives of his pupils. He succeeded in giving an impulse to the mind, and shewing the connection between intellectual and moral culture.

When he last visited Charleston, you may be aware that I had the privilege of receiving him into my own hired house. And, indeed, it was a privilege, for which, I trust I shall ever have cause to be thankful. The extreme nervous debility, with which he was afflicted for a number of weeks, was the cause of some mental excitement, and much bodily suffering. Yet his path seemed eminently that of the just, and his light to shine more and more. Indeed, the moral atmosphere around, seemed illuminated with his instructive and heavenly conversation. His humility, his tenderness of conscience, his gratitude, his sincerity, his untiring efforts to impart instruction, could hardly escape the observation of the most thoughtless. Heaven seemed the grand centre, around which his thoughts clustered from day to day. It was not this, but the coming world, that he regarded as his home. To that he seemed to look forward with living faith. While Mr. Evarts\* was on his dying bed, he remarked to him, that

\* It will be recollected that Mr. Evarts died at Charleston, at this period, on his way home from the West Indies. My brother had long been familiar with him.



those, whom he considered near heaven, were peculiarly dear to him.

He had many friends in Charleston. They respected him, loved him, and delighted to hang on his lips to receive instruction. Among these, he exerted an extensive and happy influence; an influence calculated to elevate the mind, to improve the heart, to enlist their intellectual powers in the service of Christ. When I mentioned his death to Dr. M., he seemed affected with the event. But apparently suppressing the rising emotion of tenderness, he said, "I never was in Mr. Emerson's society one minute without being benefitted." Considering the character of Dr. M., and that for eight months they were so situated as to see each other almost every day, I think the remark must be regarded as a very high encomium.

A course of historical lectures finished his labors in Charleston. Owing to some religious excitement at that time, they were not so well attended as might have been expected. Yet a very considerable number did attend, whose expectations were, I believe, more than realized. They felt that the lectures were richly fraught with instruction. His manner was peculiarly acceptable. He threw his whole soul into the subject. A delightful glow of imagination thrilled through the course. The facts were interesting and obviously important. He had much interesting detail, much of the marrow of history. The whole course was calculated to evince the importance of historical knowledge, and it was truly delightful to follow him "down the tide of time."

Thus I have endeavored to state a few particulars relative to our dear brother while in Charleston. This I have rather done, because I love to dwell on departed worth, than because I think it will be of use. But such as it is, in compliance with your request, I send it.

Very respectfully yours,

REBECCA EATON.

## CHAPTER XIX.

FROM HIS RETURN TO WETHERSFIELD, TO HIS LAST  
SICKNESS. 1831—1833.

*Visits Ms.—Lectures on the English poets—On Pollok—On reading—Depression succeeded by enjoyment—Returns to Wethersfield—Infant baptism—Pulpit eloquence—Questions on Watts—On Goodrich's History of U. S.—Views of man's power, dependence, etc.—Philosophy of religion—Visits Boston—Excursions from Boston—Council at Providence—Address at Beverly, July 4th—Returns to Wethersfield—Increasing maladies—Office of deacon—On teaching children to sing—Daily concert—Immediate repentance.*

*Wethersfield, July 3, 1831.*

MY DEAR SON L.—You will rejoice to learn that your feeble father has once more returned to our beloved home. I arrived five days ago, ten days after I left Charleston, having staid three days in New York. Never before did I have such a joyous meeting with my family. To find myself again safely returned after so long an absence—to find my dear connections in health and prosperity—to find considerable religious attention in the parish and in the Seminary—to find E. giving some evidence of having passed from death unto life—all this was more than I had presumed to hope. It was almost overwhelming. My rapture seemed a pleasing dream. O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

I hope my health has on the whole improved a little, though, I fear, but little. Rejoice, O young man in thy strength, and be thankful to God, for any strength to serve him. Languor, languor, languor—almost continually sinks my spirits. How blessed is the heavenly state—a state of unceasing and ever-rising vigor, where we shall need no rest.

In October, after visiting his physician Dr. Whiting, and other friends, in Ms., we find my brother among his former people at Beverly.

## TO HIS WIFE.

*Beverly, Oct. 20, 1831.*

After much doubt and deliberation, I came to this dwelling-place of our numerous friends, several days ago. I have already staid longer than I intended. I cannot but hope, that my visit here has conduced, and is conducing, both to my health and usefulness. I have often met my friends in clusters, at the places of my lodging. I have spent almost every evening here with these dear little companies in conversation and prayer, in which they take so large a part as not to render it fatiguing to me. I have preached once in the meeting-house. I am more pleased with Mr. and Mrs. O. than ever; in whose bright and brightening prospects, I exceedingly rejoice. I. T. two days ago, carried me to Ipswich, where I witnessed the closing scene of Miss Grant's school. I said a few words to them. After I came out, I met with Mr. T. of New York, one of the greatest charity-merchants in the world. "I am glad," said he, with all the apparent cordiality of an old friend, "I am glad to hear you talk to your *grand children*;" though I had only addressed them as the pupils of my pupils. He has several children, and appears to have adopted our views of education, and perhaps has gone beyond us, as it respects religion, industry, etc. He gave me an earnest invitation to spend a week with him, adding very pleasantly, "I think, you will talk enough to pay for your board."

*Beverly, Nov. 4, 1831.*

Often my heart returns to my dear habitation and dearer family. But I am bound here, at least for a few days longer.

The experiment of reading Pollok's *Course of Time* to a select company, appears to succeed beyond my hopes. Such deep, earnest, solemn attention to reading and exposition, for an hour and three quarters, without intermission, is more than I had reason to expect, even from our dear Beverly friends. I have now finished six books of this admirable, wonderful poem, a book at each lecture.

It may not be easy for such as never attended my brother's school, nor heard him lecture, to imagine with what delightful enthusiasm he would enter on the execution of an original scheme, like the one just mentioned, the expository reading of a favorite poet to such a company. The course was heard with a corresponding delight by his auditors. And well might the joy be mutual and peculiar; for he was at home in his subject, and at home amid all the best associations of the heart, while they, a choice portion of his former flock, were eagerly listening to the voice that had taught their childhood and prompted their growing years.

This course of expository reading, was prefaced by an introductory lecture on "The Course of Time," in which he briefly gave his views of the nature of poetry, together with a comparison of his favorite English poets. The lecture was partly extempore. I annex a part of the notes he used. In most cases, the reader will readily see where he spoke extempore.

#### INTRODUCTORY LECTURES ON THE COURSE OF TIME.

We come hither, most dear and respected Friends, to speak and hear and meditate upon time. Upon this subject, much has been written, and more has been said. Could all be now printed, and brought to this place, I do not believe, that this spacious edifice would contain half the books that would be thus accumulated. But still the subject is not exhausted.

We have it in prospect to devote a social hour, from day to day, in taking a more intense and solemn and philosophic view of the ways of time, and of the importance of time, than has been our custom. To aid us in this, one now offers his assistance, who has been our fellow traveller in the same way—one, who has travelled fast and travelled far, though we cannot say, has travelled long. He began his career after some of us. Nay, some of the sons and daughters of some of us, commenced before him. But he pressed forward. He mounted, as on eagles' wings. He has soared above the stars. Pollok, though dead, yet speaks. In thoughts that glow, in words that burn, in sentences of love, in lines of fire, he calls us to the skies. Let us gladly and devoutly hail the heaven-lighted lamp,

that he has left to lighten and to cheer our path. Shall we not hail it as a pillar of fire, that God has erected by this wondrous bard, to lead us upward to the heavenly Canaan? Though to Egyptians, and perhaps, to some Israelites indeed, it may appear but as a cloudy pillar, as darkness visible, may we not regard it as the morning star?

The Course of Time is a *poem*; and to be able to estimate and improve it, as such, we must have some acquaintance with the nature of poetry. And if we would judge whether it deserves to be ranked among the great poems that have long instructed and delighted the most refined and excellent portion of the English world, we must compare it with others which it most resembles. I think the poems in our language with which the Course of Time may be most fitly compared, are the Paradise Lost, Night Thoughts, the Seasons, and the Task. To prepare our minds for the Course of Time, then, it may be useful in the first place, to consider the nature of poetry, and then pay some attention to these great poems.

Here my brother goes into an extended discussion of the nature of poetry, and of various definitions that have been given of it. But we have only room for his main positions, which are as follows.

To determine what poetry is, he remarks, is only to determine what is generally understood by the word. The word has two meanings; one of them, however, includes the other. *First*, a metrical composition of words, which is the most common meaning. *Secondly*; poetry, in the *highest* sense, is a *metrical composition of words particularly suited to affect the emotions*.

To this definition it may be objected, that it will make poetry relative.

But does this overthrow the definition? Because a thing is relative, is it therefore nothing?—What is medicine?—food?

To illustrate my meaning I will state a fact, with which I was acquainted. A little boy was in a garden, with his mother, examining flowers—a practice which, I think, may sometimes be better than to be continually poring and dozing over books. “O Ma!” said the little botanist,



what a beautiful flower is here! and how sweet it smells." [Extemporizes.]

And now to apply the comparison. We will take the Course of Time, for example. Though many may consider it as a most unsavory and soporific flower, it is sweet to me.—And though all the world should so consider it, still I must say, "it is sweet to me."—Perhaps to no two persons exactly alike.—Is there then no standard? I think there is a general standard, though it cannot be precisely ascertained.—Some compositions universally acknowledged.—Milton's speech of Moloch—Young's address to the inhabitants of another world—Thomson's Lavinia—Cowper's Pulpit—Pope's Messiah and Dying Christian—Goldsmith's Village Preacher and Schoolmaster—Campbell's Hohenlinden—Marsden's Time—Watts' School of Morality—Byron's Darkness—Tappan's Missionaries' Farewell—and hundreds more.

Let us now attend to some of the characteristics and specimens of the four great poems above mentioned.—In length they do not differ very greatly from the Course of time.

*John Milton* was born in London, 1608. Distinguished for his beauty, learning, and republicanism.—Published *Paradise Lost* in 1667, when he was fifty-nine years old. Like Homer and Virgil, he begins in the middle.—Having begun at the centre, and swept his circumference round and round, he leaves off where he began.

*Paradise Lost* seems to be chiefly distinguished on three accounts, learning, originality, sublimity.—And probably of all poems now in existence, this is the most learned, the most original, and the most sublime.—Indeed, his descriptions of heaven and hell, of their inhabitants, of the amazing scenes supposed to have been there transacted, and especially the speeches ascribed to the celestials and the infernals, probably surpass every other human production in point of invention, and in point of sublimity. It was these descriptions, that, in my childhood, awakened feelings, and energies, and raptures, unknown before.—Here the poet seems a volcano, pouring forth floods of fire, shaking nature to her centre, shaking earth and heaven—all but the throne of God. It must indeed be confessed, that sometimes he seems extinguished; his thunderings

are hushed ; and we see nothing but the dark lava, the cinders, and the ashes. But he is still a great mountain.

But sublimity and originality, though the chief glories of this amazing poem, are not the whole. He dips his pencil in heavenly fountains, and gives us pictures scarcely less beautiful than others are grand. He can paint the dew-drop, and show us the humble violet in all its brilliancy, in all its humble loveliness, as well as the battle-field of heaven, convulsed with warring angels, blazing and smoking with the artillery of satan, and tempestuous with flying mountains.—Very unequal.—Nor less than arch-angel ruined, and his glory obscured.—In some respects dangerous.

YOUNG.—To this great and venerable bard, I can say, Hail thou dear companion of my early youth, most faithful counsellor of my advancing days—precious, invaluable friend, for more than twenty—more than thirty summers ripening by my side—balm of my sorrows, pillow of my weary, throbbing head—sweetener of my sweetest joys. Some have considered him too dark, too dismal, too gloomy. Dark and dismal, indeed, are many of his pictures ; but I think not more so than their originals. If so, we should not blame the painter but the subjects. But even granting that the darkness of his grief has added some shades of horror to his portraits, his redeeming pictures are most glorious. What other pencil has given us such paintings of the cross? of the beauties of Immanuel and the glories of salvation?

To me, the *Night Thoughts* is a poem, on the whole, most animating and delightful—amazingly energetic—full of the richest instruction—improving to the mind—much of it worthy of being committed to memory—some faults—some passages unfit to be read—obscure—extravagant—tinged occasionally with flattery.

THOMSON.—*Thomson* may be regarded as the great painter of nature's scenery and nature's joys. From his exquisite delineations, day unto day uttereth knowledge. Touched by his more than magic pencil, every thing around us lives, and breathes, and speaks—speaks forth its Creator's praise ; the little hills rejoice on every side ; the trees of the field clap their hands, and all creation joins in one general song.

Like all others, Thomson had his faults. Many, very many of his lines, have little merit; and a very considerable number are dry, cold, dull, not to say dark.—Perhaps not one ray of gospel light, reflected from his pages.

COWPER.—We are so in love with Cowper, we sympathise with him so deeply, that we can hardly have a heart to criticise.—Of all the poets, he and Watts seem to be the loveliest of the lovely. Of him, I will say as he says of his dear Old England, Cowper, with all thy faults, I love thee still. Faults he has, alas, too many faults, too great; faults that I would gladly hide, but dare not. The title of his great poem seems most unhappy—Task—and the subject, if possible, more unhappy still—Sofa.—Much of the task seems to me little better than trash—and yet much of it is most noble.

After this course, my brother gave two or three public lectures on reading.

*Beverly, Nov. 9, 1831.*

MY DEAREST COMPANION,—My reading lectures, I expect to finish to-morrow; and then to be engaged four evenings in a week, with my class of readers, from thirteen years old to fifty. My business is of the most pleasant kind, and seems to be just enough for the promotion of my health.

*Boston, Dec. 5, 1831.*

MY BELOVED DAUGHTER N.—“I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of his wrath. He hath led me and brought me into darkness.” Shall I add, “and not into light”? No, I cannot. Blessed be his name, I trust he has brought me into marvellous light—and made the night to be light about me. He has loosed the very bands of death, and kept me from that hell of which I had just felt myself so deeply deserving. He has brought me back from my city of refuge, to rejoice with my family, and especially to rejoice in the second birth of a most precious child. He has enabled me to make a visit to our dear, dear friends at Beverly, a visit far more interesting and delightful than I had dared to ask, or think, or hope. O with what eyes, with what smiles, with what hands with what hearts, with what

words, did they meet the feeble remnant of him they once honored as their minister so much above his deservings! At more than thirty meetings, I was permitted to be present with more or less of them, publicly, and from house to house, to unite in their devotions, and I hope, to say something to increase their knowledge, to confirm their faith, to stir them up to duty, to help them forward in the narrow way. It did seem as though the Lord strengthened me for the blessed work, and every day anointed my soul with the oil of gladness. I know that I am in danger of being puffed up by such special, unexpected, surprising mercies. May I be disposed to give Him all the glory.

I scarcely had a sharper pang at Beverly, than those occasioned by the report of your indisposition, especially, that of your eyes. But even under this trial, I hope, I had something more than patience—that I could rejoice in believing that God was preparing you fast for heaven, by the things you were suffering. My dear child, and dearer sister, do you not dare to indulge a hope, that it is really so? And yet, my heart's desire and prayer to God for you, is, not only that he will save you at last, but that he will spare you a little, that you may recover strength before you go hence—that you may live, and do something—do much to bring on that day of which you have heard so much, and so much delighted to hear.

In the mean time, let me entreat you to do all in your power to preserve and improve your precious health, and to save the more precious souls of your sister and younger brothers. O that these dear boys, as well as their elder brothers, may be ministers of the gospel, burning and shining lights to warm and enlighten the frozen darkness of this wretched world. O it is Christ's world. He has made, preserved, and redeemed it; and soon, very soon, it must be rescued and emancipated from its tyrannic usurper, and restored to its rightful possessor. Ps. 2.

From some expressions in the above letter, and from others of previous date, the reader may have been led to a part of the truth respecting the distressing apprehensions which my brother had occasionally felt, within a few years, respecting his preparation for death. This was more particularly the fact, I believe, just before his

last visit to the south ; and was regarded by his friends as chiefly the effect of disease, in connexion with an almost overwhelming view of the solemnities of an eternity just at hand. It was not gloom exactly. He had too much resignation for this. Nor was it for himself alone, that he feared. Solemn, indeed were his exhortations to some of his christian friends, also to make their calling and election sure. After that season, (for I am not sure that there was more than one that was peculiarly marked,) he enjoyed, as is usual with those who become deeply humble, a great increase of light and comfort.—Great believer as he was in the efficacy of prayer, and always sensible of his liability to deception, he frequently requested his confidential friends to pray for him as an impenitent sinner, if they saw reason to suspect him such ; and most earnestly did he beseech God to search him, as might easily be shown by many extracts.

I subjoin some extracts to his old friend, Mr. H. Homes of Boston, who was then at Charleston for his health. They will show his estimate of infant baptism, as well as his christian regards to those who reject the rite.

*Wethersfield, Dec. 16, 1831.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have recently returned from an interesting visit at your most hospitable dwelling. My spirits, my soul and body, have been exceedingly refreshed by my friends in Mass. But the greatest endearment is, that I may have been instrumental of affording them some instruction and consolation. It was a precious privilege to attempt to lead the devotions of your family in praying for their dearest absent friend. I was much gratified to see the manifest submission, tranquillity and cheerfulness of Mrs. H. separated so far from the husband of her youth and the father of her children. If it were practicable, it would be my delight, to endeavor to comfort her in her solitude, and aid her in training those little immortals for immortal glory. — spent two or three days with us. I am pleased with his appearance. God grant, that you may live to see him an able, faithful, zealous, successful minister of the gospel. For such a consummation, may you have grace to make your most ardent supplication, from day to day. He seems to have received an unhappy bias toward the baptist sentiments.



I am willing you should pray, that he may be kept from these errors. But I am far from considering these as the greatest of errors, though infant baptism has recently appeared to me more precious, endearing, and glorious, than ever. Argument, on our side of the question, to me appears scarcely short of absolute demonstration. Even christians are often under most astonishing infatuation! Prayer and affectionate treatment appear to be the best remedies. After all, (much as I prize infant baptism, much as I rejoice in the privilege of having devoted my babes to the Holy Three, in this ordinance divine; firmly as I believe, that it has been among the means that God has apparently blessed to bring four of my children to submit to himself,) what if — should be a baptist minister? I should much rather see him a good baptist minister, than to see him a good—any thing else, though a pedobaptist.

May the Lord hear the prayers of your friends for you, and bless you, and preserve you, and restore you to your city, to your family, and to more than your former usefulness.

Give my most affectionate regards to all my dear Charleston friends, who may happen to mention my name.

*Wethersfield, Dec. 22, 1831.*

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER R.—How horribly cold, stupid, and dead are most of our sermons, prayers, and addresses! If I were tempted to infidelity, surely our common pulpit performances would be enough to confirm me. Can it be that these dull preachers, might I say so to myself, have any regard for the salvation of others, or of themselves?—that they have any fixed belief of what they preach? Can their doctrine be true? Alas! for Mr. —, I heard him at —. His sermon was excellent; but his speaking was grievously distressing to christians. Alas, my brother, what can be done? Is not good speaking one half of the excellence of a good minister? Should not the theological student devote more than one hundredth part of his preparatory labors to acquiring this most noble and most difficult art? Should he not devote at least one tenth? an hour every day? I esteem the Hebrew language as much perhaps as you wish. But what a trifle is a knowledge of Hebrew, compared with pulpit eloquence!

In the course of the year we have just been reviewing, was completed and published the work which he so much wished to be able to finish before his death, viz. his "Questions and Supplement to Watts on the Improvement of the Mind." This is, indeed, a small work in size, consisting of sixty-eight pages, and is designed primarily to aid teachers and students of that standard treatise of Watts on mental improvement. It will, however, be found an agreeable and instructive companion at the side of any one who wishes to peruse a work which every scholar who designs to make continual improvement, through life, ought more frequently to read than any other human production. As Watts had been long studied in his school, and my brother had also studied it much before, he had enjoyed the best of advantages for constructing these questions and supplement.

At this period he also published his third stereotype edition of Questions on Goodrich's History of the United States, consisting of 204 pages, and containing much additional matter to the History itself.

We continue our sketches by some quotations from a letter to Mr. J. Trask, Jr.

*Wethersfield, Feb. 1, 1832.*

I had anticipated much from my late visit at Beverly. Having long feared that I had preached to you for the last time, and sung my last song on earth with you, it was my heart's desire and prayer to God, that I might once more be allowed to proclaim the everlasting gospel in that dear house, to that most beloved people; and if possible, keep the sacramental feast with those precious disciples, that I had so often welcomed and hailed at that holy table. But how much more than all this, did the Lord do for me!

Nor did separation extinguish the joys of my visit. On the contrary, the retrospect has been, at times, scarcely less delightful than the happy scenes themselves. For I have not regarded them as joys departed, never to return. Nor has the advantage of my visit since its close, consisted merely in mental comfort. By means of improved and improving health, and as I trust in answer to your kind intercessions, I have been enabled to go forward in my studies much beyond my hopes—beyond what I had done before, in an equal time, for many years.

Most gladly and fully can my heart reciprocate all your expressions of affection, and especially of *gratitude*. Surely, my beloved brother and sister, the balance of obligation is on my side. May the Lord reward you a thousand fold for your continual and abundant kindness. How much did it conduce to refresh and invigorate both soul and body. What efforts did you and others make to gratify my wishes and anticipate my wants.

It is grievous that there should be declension with professors of religion, especially to me it is grievous, that my dear Beverly friends should decline. Let me beg of you all to look again, and look continually unto Jesus. Renewedly enlist under his banners. Most devoutly study, and implicitly obey his order; and be assured, that almighty Captain, that all conquering King, will lead you on to VICTORY and GLORY.

*Feb. 4.*—Mr. R.'s reply to Mr. F., I have not seen; but can give you my views upon what I suppose to be the subject, in a few words. God requires us to love him with all the heart, etc. While our strength continues, the obligation continues. If our strength ceases, the obligation ceases. If we have lost our strength, we may have been criminal in losing it; but not in neglecting to use what we have not. If another has lost it for us, without our knowledge or consent, the blame is his, not ours. If sinners have no power to love God, then they should not be condemned for not loving God; and the dreadful sentence of the Savior, in John 3: 19, must be regarded as a nullity. Now, if a sinner has strength to love God, and with that strength does love God, he will instantly go to Christ, when Christ is presented. Can sinners, then, come to Christ, without the special aid of the Spirit? No doubt they can. Did a sinner ever do this? Never; nor ever will. Why do they not? Why will they not? This is a question for them to answer at the bar of conscience and at the bar of God. I have no apology to offer for them. They will be found without excuse at last. It is desperate wickedness. It is the madness of the heart; incurable insanity of will; the great mystery of iniquity. If the sinner can find a more dreadful mystery than this, let him cry out, *mystery* forever. I acknowledge it baffles my metaphysics. I cannot account for it as a fact. It oppo-

ses the metaphysics of Edwards, and therefore the good Edwardeans will be backward to receive it.

I have thought it proper to retain the above extract on metaphysical divinity, as I wish, so far as convenient, to give a view of his religious opinions. But in order that this view may be just, in the present particular, and properly guarded against misinterpretation, I think it needful to add a remark or two on what I very frequently heard him maintain, and that with much zeal. While such were his views of man's *natural ability*, and of his *moral inability*, still, he did not for a moment suppose, that a sinner could repent *by a mere volition to repent*. His metaphysics, like all his philosophy, he endeavored to frame wholly by the inductive process. Though very fond of lucid theory, yet he was still more fond of *true* theory; and could not think of discarding or warping a single fact. His two grand store-houses of facts, for moral induction, were the bible and experience. Now he held that no fact in morals is capable of more overwhelming proof from experience, than this, that sinners *try to repent on the spot*, and yet do *not* repent. This cardinal fact, from the testimony of sinners, and of those who *subsequently* repent, he would hold, let come what might, in respect to the connection of this fact with other facts of equal authority.

If all men were equally candid to admit and anxious to ascertain the *facts* and the revealed principles in the moral world, might we not hope there would soon dawn a brighter prospect of deliverance from some of the moral tempests that have now raged for more than a thousand years! Alas, how much does the world yet need another *Bacon*, to rectify the pursuit of *moral* science, and make it, if possible, as truly inductive as physical science has become since the days of that illustrious reformer. Until then, one portion of men, of a certain temperament, will continue to theorize wildly, while another portion, not less wild, though perhaps less self-confident, will continue to anathematize reasoning, in the gross, on the subject of religion,—the very subject, above all others, on which immortals ought truly to reason, on which inspired apostles “reasoned,” Christ reasoned, and on which God said, “come, and let us reason together.” *Never* is it *reasoning*,

but the *want* or the *empty pretence* of it, that a rational and religious being is to fear and condemn.

Not long after the above date, he wrote the following queries, occasioned by certain statements then recently published.

Are all doctrines facts? Are any? Is not a doctrine always a proposition? Is a fact ever a proposition? Are not many doctrines false? Can a fact be false? Does it not greatly tend to perplex, confuse, and darken the subject, to call facts doctrines?

Does not "the philosophy of doctrines" consist in investigating, not their direct scripture evidence, but the reason, propriety, fitness, concomitants, and consequences, which are supposed to belong to them?—or in the result of such investigation? Does not "the mode of stating and illustrating" doctrines, belong rather to style, than to "philosophy?"

Supposing "mode, etc." to mean something more than style, must not persons greatly differ in opinion, who greatly differ in their "mode of stating and illustrating doctrines, in their relations to each other, to the human mind, and to the whole character and government of God?" Was Arius a good trinitarian, when in words he adopted the orthodox creed, to the satisfaction of Constantine and thousands more?

Is it not probable, that, within a few years, the preaching of the gospel has been much more successful, because the great and fundamental doctrine of depravity has been more clearly understood, stated, and illustrated? And has not much light been cast upon this subject, by discussions that some would denominate *philosophical*?

Do not persons often agree much more or much less, in words than in sentiments?—especially in their simple statements and general definitions? Can they perceive how far they agree, without copious explanations? Can these explanations be given without *philosophizing*?

Do not some of the orthodox exhibit such views of depravity, and state them in such a *manner*, as are in the utmost danger of leading sinners to think their sins a mere trifle; to make a mock at sin; to neglect repentance, and ruin their souls forever?



Is it certain, is it probable, that any preacher ever produced the same moral effects by his preaching, that he would have produced, had his *philosophy* been different? Is the philosophy of doctrines so inert and vain, that, like the heathen idol, it can do neither good nor evil?

Is there that difference between doctrines, and the philosophy of doctrines which has been supposed? Can any person define this difference, or describe it, even to his own understanding?

Did any one ever preach the doctrines of the gospel "fully, completely, and entirely," without something—without much—of what some would consider philosophy?

Is it quite right to rebuke with sharpness, and attempt, in some measure, to silence such men as Luther, Calvin, Beza, Baxter, Owen, Flavel, Watts, Edwards, Dwight, Emmons, Burton, Payson, Woods, Taylor, Beecher, etc., for publishing their different views and various illustrations of the doctrines of the gospel, for the consideration of the world? Should all such men hold their peace, upon such subjects, would not the stones cry out? Should we not be in danger of retaining the whole sad inheritance of our errors, and sinking together into the Dead Sea of papal infallibility?

Do not many warn others to beware of philosophy, who have much more occasion to take heed to themselves, to their doctrines, and to their own philosophy?

In the recent discussions of doctrine among the orthodox of New-England, he took an intense interest; but agreed not exactly, perhaps, with any one of the writers,—certainly not as it respects all modes of expression. I have not space, even if it were here expedient, to descend to minute particulars. In general, I remark, that he held, in the strongest sense, to man's *natural* ability, and his accountability for the performance of all which God requires of him. He also held to what is commonly understood, in New-England, by *moral inability*, though he was not fond of the phrase, which he feared had cast more darkness than light on the subject. All that style of theorizing and of teaching, which, in his view, had a tendency to impair the sinner's sense of responsibility, or to discourage him from an immediate attempt to obey God, my brother regarded with pain; and longed for the period

when it may become obsolete. On the other hand, it was with sentiments of unmingled disapprobation, that he uniformly spoke of whatever wore the aspect of a tendency to weaken our belief in the direct, immediate, and almighty power of the Holy Ghost on the heart of every true convert. The importance of religious truth, and its adaptedness to its declared end in the work of sanctification, no man more firmly believed, or more zealously urged; while, at the same time, he believed that all the truth in the universe would fail, of itself, to convert a single soul. Nor did he believe that the Holy Spirit converts men "through the truth," *simply* by way of *moral suasion*, (as it is technically termed,) or by the mere presentation of motives.

Though he read most of the works on this controversy, and studied the ablest of them with deep interest, and was withal exceedingly fond of discussion; still he was not a *partisan*. He loved peace; and he saw much to approve, and some things to regret, on both sides. And right glad was he, on all occasions, by word or letter, to do what he could to aid and prompt those on either side, to look, with a more single eye, directly at the truth as revealed by God, and shown by experience. Neither was he an *alarmist*, though his eye was open to dangers. He cherished other views of the rock of truth, than such as would lead him to tremble for its safety, from this species of collision. While he regretted temporary evils, hitherto, through human infirmity, always attendant on such discussions, still, he had nothing but high hope for the ultimate result. "It is by slow degrees and by hard blows," said he once in argument on this point, "that the sparks of truth are to be elicited, in this dark world."

We may yet meet with some further indications of his views on these matters, at a subsequent date. We now turn to another topic, where all pious hearts will beat in unison. It is from a letter to Mr. J. Trask.

*Wethersfield, March 21, 1832.*

May your daughter prove all and more than all, that the fondness of a father's heart has ever presumed to anticipate. She desires to be useful. Blessed desire! if it flows out from a humble heart, and mingles and ascends with earnest praises and fervent supplications to Infinite Goodness. Usefulness! usefulness! In this one word,

every thing else, that is great and good, seems to be swallowed up. In its highest sense, it is happiness; it is bliss; it is life everlasting; it is an exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Nay, it is more; it is the good of the universe, and the eternal glory of God. What a sweet, precious lesson has our Savior taught us, "It is more blessed to give than to receive!" May such blessedness be yours and hers forever and forever. With what sublime and exulting emotions, do I sometimes, look upon those, who are just coming upon the stage of life. I am ready to say within myself, "Happy, thrice happy ye, if ye will but know the things that belong to your peace, and take the cup of blessedness that the Lord is presenting." What stupendous glories are the rising generation to pour forth upon the enraptured family of God through endless ages! Reflected glories indeed; but it will be the glory of those glories, that they are reflected from the radiance of infinite, everlasting Love. Let it be our hearts' desire and prayer to God, that our children may have a cordial and distinguished part in this reflection; and let us exert ourselves to the utmost, to prepare them.

In May, we find him again in Boston, for the purpose of superintending the publication of his edition of Watts on the Mind, etc. Never before, (he writes to his wife, May 29,) did study seem so desirable; and you may be assured I am pursuing it with a keen relish and much satisfaction. I walk three or four miles every day.

*Boston, June 8, 1832.*

MY DEAREST COMPANION,—I have just returned from a journey to Bradford and Andover; I staid but one night in each place, and hastened back to my delightful task. I called upon Dr. Whiting, and told him that his excellent medicine, that seemed to have been the means of such wonders in my favor, appeared to be failing me. He has prepared for me another medicine, which I have taken twice. How I am to be nourished, or what is before me in time, I know not; nor am I anxious. I hope heaven is before me in the world to come. Brother R. informed me, that sister Hall at Granville, was released from all earthly cares, and as we hope, received to a better world a few weeks ago.

June 13.

I received the last proof sheet of the Poetic Reader, (second edition,) two days ago.

Pressed, as I now am with business unspeakably momentous, you might be rather grieved than otherwise, if I were to expend time and strength in writing you long letters. Mr. Loring is going on with Watts, very much to my satisfaction. Crocker & Brewster appear very affectionate, and desire the Outline as soon as possible. But I must make haste slowly—slowly.

June 26.

My good old friend *Albi* has seemed to desert me. Its successor has proved rather injurious. It is doubtful, whether I shall derive any more benefit from eating meat, while the world stands. I have been much troubled with dyspepsy. I cannot but hope, that I may recover health a little, before I go hence, and be enabled to finish the work, upon which my heart is so fondly fixed.

I have attended the council at Providence, to which I was delegated. Our session was very pleasant, our deliberations most affectionate, and our result unanimous. The two brethren, excommunicated on account of not believing and practising infant baptism, we recommended to be received by any congregational church, that may be willing to receive them, upon credible evidence of piety, and a disposition not to make disturbance upon this subject. The four aggrieved brethren, with their wives, we advised to join some other church or churches, as soon as possible; but declined organizing them as a separate church.

E., dear precious daughter, she has exceedingly comforted my heart by her endearing letter. May the Lord be to her ten thousand times better than her poor, feeble, unworthy father can be.

Last Sabbath I preached twice (short, short) to our dear Beverly friends, with some freedom and comfort to myself, and I trust not the least injury to my health. I desire to be thankful, that I can preach. O that I could study. But I will endeavor to be patient.

For myself and family, I do not feel much alarm on account of the cholera. There is no doubt that reports are much exaggerated. Probably I shall be as safe here as any where. Yet if you desire it, I will hasten home. May the Lord preserve us and our country from the deso-

lating scourge. I am engaged to supply at Beverly one Sabbath more, as Mr. O. is absent.

God be merciful to you, and bless you, and cause his face to shine upon you, etc. Ps. 67.

Love to all the family and all the school; [i. e. the school his wife was teaching; for he had found himself now for some time too infirm to continue his *seminary*.]

I find among his manuscripts, an address for the fourth of July, dated Beverly, 1832. Only the introduction is fully written, the rest being brief notices of thoughts for extempore utterance. I subjoin a part of this introduction. It is strongly marked with his characteristic and truly christian patriotism;—a patriotism no less intense and steady than that of the purest Roman; but of a far different cast. He loved his country, not as the proud mistress of the world, or the monument of human grandeur, but as a monument of the divine glory and a means of light, freedom, and salvation to the whole world. If the occasion called for it, he would doubtless as readily have delivered his last address to his surviving countrymen, in the shape of an address on the subject of American liberty, civil and religious, as in the shape of a common sermon; and it would be much the same thing in effect—devout and full of christian hope and duty. Perhaps this, in fact, *was* his last discourse to his first beloved flock.—It was doubtless prepared in much haste, for such as might wish to keep the festival in an unostentatious and pious manner. His “intention was, to look at the declaration of our independence rather as a fact in philosophy—to contemplate its causes and its consequences.” He thus begins.

Is there a fact in the whole world of nature, that is pre-eminently dear to philosophy? That fact is the declaration of our independence. Is there a fact in the whole world of nature, that is pre-eminently dear to rhetoric? That fact is the declaration of our independence. Dearer still is this declaration, far dearer, to freedom, to religion, to the patriotic heart. Is there a day, the most precious of all the days in the year—the most precious of the whole 366, that fill our utmost calendar? It is to-day; it is the Fourth of July. Is the day of creation, the day of the



Savior's birth, the Savior's death, the Savior's resurrection, the Savior's ascension, more precious still? To the christian indeed it surely must be, if it could be ascertained. But which of these days is known? Some of them most certainly are not. If it is otherwise with some, these must be admitted as exceptions, and the glories of the Fourth of July are only secondary compared with theirs.

Do any of you, my friends, hail the day we celebrate as the anniversary of your birth? and are you ever tempted, like Job, to curse the day in which you were born? Should the temptation again assail, think for a moment of the glories of the day; and then you must be prepared to say to the intruding thought, Get thee hence, thou double blasphemy—and then to shout to God and your country, Blessings, blessings forever on this blessed day!

I have said that the declaration of our independence, is dear to philosophy. But how? It is the business of philosophy to investigate causes and to trace effects; to ponder the events of providence as thus related; thence to deduce the most important lessons of instruction to regulate our conduct; by which, as moral agents under the Father of our spirits, we may sometimes, for most important ends, conduce to set in motion, accelerate, retard, or stop the very wheels of nature; or when this cannot be done, we may hide ourselves from impending calamities, or reap a more abundant harvest of blessings. The study of philosophy, properly so called, is in the highest degree practical; and to the true philosopher, the more practical, the more delightful. Peculiarly is philosophy delighted in fixing the intensity of her single eye upon a single fact; in beholding it as resulting from ten thousand causes conspiring to the same result, or from countless chains of causes and effects, uniting in a single link; and then in pursuing downward the amazing fact, through long successions of results, continually spreading wider and wider, continually multiplying and increasing in number and importance, till overwhelmed and lost in the abyss of futurity. Such a fact most pre-eminently, is the declaration of our independence.

I have said also that our declaration is dear to rhetoric. Fine rhetoric does not consist in attempting to elevate and

aggrandize the base and the contemptible; in trying to dress up hay and stubble in the beauties of the lily, or the gorgeous robe of the rainbow. The more any person should attempt to please or to persuade by doing this, the more ridiculous he would render his composition and himself. You may dress up a monkey in the attire of a king; but he is a monkey still, and but the more ridiculous for his royal robes. True rhetoric combines thoughts that glow and words that burn. It gives us in words a noble, dignified, sublime, or beautiful picture of objects which in themselves or in their relations, are truly such. From worthy originals it paints to the very life. Rhetoric must have a worthy subject or it is rhetoric no more. But where are they to be found? Where found! Where are they not? Sons of genius, daughters of taste, where are they not? The infinite Creator has richly diffused them over the earth, and most profusely sprinkled them through the fields of immensity. But especially do we find these subjects in the world of thought. With a few grains of allowance for poetic extravagance, we may here adopt the language of Akenside.

Mind, mind alone, bear witness earth and heav'n  
The living fountains, in itself contains  
Of beauteous and sublime—etc.

*Boston, July 20, 1832.*

MY DEAR SON L.—My influenza seems to be entirely gone. What a crisis have I been passing! a crisis, that is not yet ended; a crisis, that you can hardly realize—enough to make the sternest doctor shake his head!

The “crisis” was doubtless the threatening symptoms which he had just experienced, in those days of cholera, in connection with the sudden failure of all his remedies, especially *albi*.

*July 20, 1832.*

MY DEAR BROTHER R.,—Be not concerned about me. My health is manifestly better; perhaps in consequence of following your advice in forcing myself to bed sooner than

usual. I am still disposed to make farther experiments. I shall rejoice to lose the argument, if I can gain the health.

My brother had always been too much in the sad habit, so incident to minds of an ardent and excitable temperament, of protracting his studies to a late hour at night. 'He found it his best time for study;' and seemed less prudent on this than on any other subject. In the course of this season, he passed many nights with us. It was an agreeable and healthful ride for him from Boston to this place, in the stage. He usually returned the next day; but always brought his manuscripts, and improved every hour in which he was able to study. He came and departed without ceremony, as an inmate of the family; but never without leaving a fresh impression on our minds of some good thing. As he had a chamber to himself, we were not aware, for some time, to how late an hour he sat up. He received our remonstrance on the danger to his health and life, with his usual kindness, and consented to try an earlier hour for rest.—Ah! that chamber; and the table on which he wrote; and the very spot where he hung his watch before him;—all are sanctified to me and mine, by associations with these his last, endearing visits!

"I had a brother once."—

Miss Grant, being in Boston, requested the favor of a few lines in her travelling note-book, fearing that she might see his face no more. He immediately wrote the following, which proved his last to her.

#### MEMORIAL.

In compliance with your request, I venture to suggest two or three hints in the form of advice, not so much with the feelings of a father and teacher, as of a brother and friend.

Feast your spirit continually with the clusters of Eshcol. By the most graphic views of celestial scenery, by meditation, by prayer, by anticipation, by heavenly acts, by the most intimate communion with all that is holy, be con-

stantly drawing down heaven into your own mind, till you are called to ascend up thither.

Ever seek the light of God's countenance, that you may shine upon others. Ps. 67.

Love yourself as your neighbor. Be as sincerely, constantly, and earnestly engaged in desiring and seeking your own health, improvement, usefulness, and salvation, as you should in promoting mine, were they equally entrusted to your care.

Fearlessly pursue celestial truth, wherever the word and Spirit lead. Be not frightened at the sound of *Philosophy! Metaphysics! Speculation! Human Reason! Logic! Theory! System! Disputation!* These can never harm you, so long as you keep clear of error and sin.

Yours most cordially,

J. EMERSON.

Wethersfield, Oct. 11, 1832.

MY DEAR BROTHER W.,—When I left home last May, it was with the full purpose and hope, that I should visit you before my return; and it has occasioned me no small disappointment, that I have not been able.

And now, my brother, let me inquire, with more than natural affection, Is your soul in health? Are you, with my dear sister, (whom I now regard as doubly my sister, though once but my neighbor,) are you together pressing onward and pressing upward in the strait, and narrow, and blessed way? Do you feel that there is nothing, except as connected with the world to come, that is worthy of an anxious thought? Do you have your children in good subjection, not provoking them to wrath, bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord? Are your hearts, your hands, your ears, your tongues, employed with constant vigor—in any good measure employed, for the conversion and salvation of a blood-bought world? Do let me know something of your experiences upon these momentous subjects.

The following is to his daughter N., then at Ipswich. It furnishes a specimen of his strong and increasing habit of regarding even the minutest things in their relation to a moral standard. Perhaps some who read this, may one day reflect more minutely on the principle here involved,

when feeling themselves as near as he now did to that tribunal where we must "give account for every idle word."

*Wethersfield, Jan. 3, 1833.*

The triple letter from Ipswich was thrice welcome. May its usefulness be in proportion to its generous length. But I would suggest two or three alterations in chirography. All superfluous strokes in writing, I consider the superfluity of naughtiness. These are, indeed, *little foxes*, but they may conduce to spoil or mar the vines, and injure the fruit. It is a great thing habitually to feel, that for all these things, these *little things*, we are accountable to God—that for these little things God may bring us to judgment. But surely the real christian must wish, habitually wish, to have respect to *all* God's commands—to be perfect, as his heavenly Father is perfect.

To profess yourself of a denomination, of which you are not in opinion, must be hypocritical and criminal. You may occasionally, and under very imperious circumstances, stately hear preachers of other denominations, but the principle, that we may leave a pious orthodox minister, for the sake of hearing better preaching, is probably incorrect. Beware, beware of itching ears.

Affectionately yours,

JOSEPH EMERSON.

*Wethersfield, Jan. 15, 1833.*

MY DEAR BROTHER W.,—I did not know, till Mr. Tenney informed me, a few days ago, that you had become an officer in the church. I could not but feel some regret at the intelligence. If you are really in Christ, as I indulge the hope that you are, still you are but a babe in him. A great part of the knowledge of the most useful christians, is experimental knowledge. How greatly has your sphere of usefulness been elevated, as in a moment! Upon this eminence, should your light be darkness, how horrible must be that darkness! Your spiritual stocks are suddenly increased four hundred per cent. May your spiritual business, and gains, and usefulness, be in a much greater ratio. But if you should now become bankrupt, how dreadful must be the effect! In such a breaking, how tremendous must be the crash! I say not these things to appal you; but as my beloved brother, I warn



you. We are all continually in danger of being lifted up with pride, especially, when we receive any distinction that raises us in any respect above our fellows. On account of your religious infancy, you must be in peculiar danger. O, take heed, most diligently, devoutly and constantly, that you do not fall into the condemnation of the devil. See 1 Tim. 3 : 6, 8—12. And I do hope, beloved brother, that the Holy Spirit will make these and other scriptures powerful, mightily efficacious, in your sanctification from day to day—that you may so use the office of a deacon, that you may do unspeakable good to your own soul, to your family, to all around you. I could, with deep interest, write a volume upon deaconship, had I sufficient time and health. But I must now forbear, hoping soon to converse with you more amply upon the momentous subject—a subject, claiming much more attention than it has received. I would here just remark, that I think deacons should be ordained, as ministers are, though, for want of examination, I have not long had any opinion upon the subject. Acts 6 : 6.

We are much pleased with the prospect of your visiting us this winter. O come, *come*, COME; let nothing hinder you, but absolute impossibility. I fear we shall never meet again in this world, except it be this winter. I have lately had an attack of the rheumatism, very much more severe than ever before. But I have reason to be thankful that I have reason left, and speech, and all my senses, and especially, if I am not deceived, at least occasionally the smile divine—that favor, which is life, and that loving-kindness, which is better than life. I take peculiar comfort in singing, and teaching our children and pupils to sing in a method, somewhat new, and with success far beyond my hopes. I long to tell you, and to show you my method, which I have been many years in devising and improving. We *must* teach all our children to sing—to sing the high praises of God. We know not—we little conjecture—*what wonders are yet to be produced in all the departments of education.* Let every parent and every teacher, and especially every church-officer, make the utmost efforts, to help forward the blessed work unto perfection.

Our dear brother and sister S., too, I am more desirous of seeing, than ever, though the sweet savor of their last

precious visit, is still remaining. O what a brother has he been to me! Nay, more than a brother; a father in the gospel. If I am not deceived, he has brought salvation to my soul. This spiritual relation appears to me more and more interesting and endearing. I fear, it is not generally felt and acknowledged as it should be—as it will be in heaven—as it will be with increasing rapture to all eternity. O how delightful to visit my Beverly children!

This letter has been almost the whole labor of three days; and rarely, for a month past, have I done so much in an equal time.

A part of this new method of teaching children to sing, consisted in leading them first to imitate the tones of conversation; and then, by a gradual transition, to imitate musical tones. The tones, indeed, are essentially the same; but in music, they are prolonged, and swelled, and softened.

TO THE WIFE OF HIS DECEASED BROTHER D. E.

*Wethersfield, Jun. 17, 1833.*

BELOVED AND RESPECTED SISTER,—I should rejoice if I had time and strength to write you as long a letter as I have just finished to brother W. But instead of this, I must request you to accept the will, and these very imperfect lines, less interesting of course, than if we could enter particularly into some great subject. Such a subject is the “Daily Concert, which has recently been commenced and continued to some extent; and which, I trust, is observed more and more from day to day. It is a plan which occurred to me some years ago; but scarcely any thing has been done about it, till within a year. I hope it will soon be taken up and greatly improved by some theological seminary or great ecclesiastical body. I have written to the professors of Princeton seminary upon the subject, who have returned me a most kind and encouraging answer. Will not some of our good praying friends at Holles, be interested in this great and important business; at least so far as to try the experiment of observing it for a time. My opinion is, if they will do this in earnest, they will pray twice as much for the conversion of the world—twice as much and twice as

well; and that the blessed effect will be four times as great. And what if the whole christian world should thus increase the amount and efficacy of their prayers for Zion's enlargement? O consummation most devoutly to be wished. And such consummation, and much more glorious, is near at hand. O my sister, let us thank God and take courage, and engage with more and more zeal and confidence, as we advance nearer and nearer to the end of our earthly labors. What more we do for Christ on this side heaven, we must do quickly. O what a work, what a blessed and glorious work is to be accomplished by the rising generation, and the next following. I send you a copy of a plan of the daily concert, of which you can make such use as you please. Yours truly,  
 JOSEPH EMERSON.

This plan for a daily concert, though devised by my brother, was matured and put in circulation by his daughter. It is here subjoined, with a few alterations. The most important of these, is the transposition of the subjects that had been assigned to Tuesday and Friday; which is made in compliance with the judicious suggestion of the present Secretary of the American Education Society. This arrangement will be seen to coincide with the monthly concert proposed by that society.

DAILY CONCERT OF PRAYER.

*"Pray without ceasing." "Thy Kingdom come."*

SABBATH,—Sabbath duties and privileges, as preaching, sabbath schools, family instruction, etc. etc.  
 2 *Thes.* 3: 1.

MONDAY,—Conversion of the world;—Foreign missions, the destruction of Antichrist, the downfall of idolatry, and all false religion, and the universal prevalence of peace, knowledge, freedom, and salvation. Bible, missionary, and tract societies, the cause of seamen, etc. *Ps.* 2: 8.

TUESDAY,—The ministers of the gospel, and all who are preparing to become such; and likewise societies for the education of pious young men for the ministry. 1 *Thes.* 5: 25. *Luke* 10: 2.

WEDNESDAY,—The rising generation,—colleges, seminaries and schools of every description; the children of the church, the children of the ungodly, and orphan children. *Isa. 44: 3.*

THURSDAY,—Professing christians,—that they may much more abound in all the fruits of the Spirit, presenting their bodies a living sacrifice, and offering gladly of their substance to the Lord, to the extent of his requirement,—that afflicted saints may be comforted, backsliders reclaimed, and hypocrites converted,—that Zion, being purified, may arise and shine. *Isa. 62: 1.*

FRIDAY,—Our country,—our rulers, our free institutions, our benevolent societies; forgiveness of national sins; deliverance from slavery, romanism, infidelity, Sabbath-breaking, intemperance, profanity, etc. *Dan. 9: 19. Ps. 67: 1, 2.*

SATURDAY,—The Jews. *Isa. 54: 8. Ezek. 36: 27.*  
Also our friends.

The attention of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, is earnestly solicited to the plan here presented. May it not be hoped, that every one into whose hands it may come, will at least give it a *heartly trial*? Will the Redeemer's kingdom ever come until his people, with *humble, fervent, and united* supplications, prostrate their souls before the eternal throne? Why lingers the work of salvation so long? Why do such numbers perish from among ourselves? and why do the heathen continue to go down to ruin, in countless multitudes? Alas! PRAYER IS WANTING;—*humble, believing, united, persevering* prayer. This is the means which secures efficacy to all other means—the mighty power to set every wheel in motion.

The Lord has promised, that his glory shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together. Beloved christian friends, do we desire to see this glory? Then let agonizing supplications ascend for the upbuilding of Zion. (*Ps. 102: 16.*) Let our whole souls be engaged in the work. Cherishing the deepest sense of our weakness and entire dependence, let us humbly plead with God, remembering and believing, that “he will regard the prayer of the

destitute, and not despise their prayer." Do we desire our own prosperity? It is written, "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem. They shall prosper that love thee."

With regard to the selection of subjects, the propriety of assigning the duties and privileges of the Sabbath to that day, will be obvious to all. How would the hands and the hearts of all spiritual teachers, thus be strengthened! The subject for Monday was selected on account of its coincidence with the monthly concert;—that for Saturday, because it is the Jewish Sabbath, the day when they still assemble to worship, to read the law and the prophets, and to bewail their desolations;—and that for Tuesday, because the American Education Society have established a monthly concert of prayer, to be observed by their beneficiaries this day, and some ecclesiastical and ministerial bodies have recommended this concert to the churches. There is no reason for the assignment of the three remaining subjects to their particular days. They should, however, hold a prominent place in our supplications. The present situation of "our country" loudly calls for humiliation and prayer. The "rising generation" is a subject interesting to parents, teachers, and indeed to almost every one in the community. "Christians" must awake to their duties and their responsibilities, or the world can never be evangelized; and that this may be effected, the "pastors," the "watchmen," must be endowed with power from on high.

The three subjects last mentioned, are rendered more interesting by their connection with our Savior's injunction, "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest." A great multitude of our youth must be excited to hear the voice of the Lord, saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" and the churches must be aroused to qualify and employ them. Prayer with corresponding effort will accomplish all this.

If this plan for uniting the supplications of the children of God, should be found inefficient upon trial, will not every christian endeavor to *devise a better*?

It should be observed, that this concert is designed either for secret or family devotion, or both, and is not restricted to any particular hour.

Those who will engage to observe this concert for one month, are requested to insert their names below. The



method will thus become familiar, and can then be pursued at pleasure.

I cannot but hope that much good will result from this new species of concert. It has much to recommend it; and I can think of no possible objection of any weight. It is fitted to promote other concerts already established, with which it coincides in the arrangement of time. It may also prevent the injurious multiplication of *monthly* concerts. I say *injurious*; for it is possible so to multiply such days as to produce a bad effect instead of a good one. The church of Rome, by filling the calendar with saints' days and other days for special prayer, destroyed all the solemnity of such appropriations, and much more than destroyed it. Considered merely by itself, it might be desirable to set apart a day to pray for *peace societies*; and this has already been contemplated by some. The same may be true of many other good objects. But will not the same ends be reached much more *safely*, and more certainly too, by adopting this daily concert, in which such objects may all have a place, and may be called to mind four times as often, and that without devoting any *extra* time. This is a grand advantage of the plan here proposed.

So exalted were my brother's views of the importance of this daily concert, and that christians of all denominations should be induced to unite in it, that he had formed a plan of *writing a book* on the subject, in which he would state the objects of the concert, and would treat extensively of each particular topic of prayer here proposed. Had his life been spared a year or two longer, and his health in a measure restored, he would doubtless have executed this plan; but he considered the subject too vast to be undertaken amid the infirmitities that had now been pressing upon him for many months.

Wethersfield, Jan. 13, 1833.

MY DEAR NEPHEW E. E.—Perhaps my dear young friend, I hardly need to assure you of my heart's desire and prayer to God for your salvation—that by doing much, very much, for the salvation of others, you may secure your own, to the highest degree. What a blessed religion is that of the gospel! It requires us to bless ourselves by

blessing others; and the more blessings we sincerely confer, or attempt to confer, upon others, the more we shall bless ourselves. What a glorious liberty is enjoyed by the children of God! Having burst the galling fetters of their selfishness, their emancipated spirits can roam at large, and send out their glowing affections beyond the stars.

My dear relative, if you have not done it already, I wish you immediately to commence the life of a christian; not indeed, to live at the poor dying rate, that many professors do; but to show yourself continually a consistent, ardent, faithful follower of our Lord Jesus Christ. Do you feel, that you must first gain evidence, that you are a christian, before you begin thus to live a christian life? But is this possible? Can you possibly gain evidence, that you are a christian, before you are really such?—before you begin to live the christian life, as well as exercise the christian temper? Begin, then, immediately to serve the Lord with all your powers, and persevere in the ways of well doing; and great shall be your reward in heaven; great the good which you shall do to others, and great the glory, which God shall receive. Can you do this? You certainly can. God forbid, that in the name of the Lord, I should advise and entreat you to do a work, that you have no power to perform. But can you do this of yourself? The answer must be according to the meaning of the phrase. In a certain sense, you cannot walk, nor stand, nor exist of yourself. But in the same sense, in which you can walk or stand, or desire, you can undoubtedly do what God requires. But is it an *easy* thing to love and serve God? Certainly it is not; especially for those who have long been sunk in sin, and polluted with corruption. To the young sinner, it is indeed, not so hard. But still I am confident, it is a great and difficult work for him; and in general, every day becoming more and more difficult, while he delays reformation. This is one among several reasons, why every sinner should immediately arise and put forth all his energies to break off sin, to turn unto God, and serve the Lord in newness of life. May we meet in heaven. I fear, we shall not meet again in this world. I shall be exceedingly interested to hear from you, especially if you should feel any special interest in the concerns of eternity. Your sincere friend,  
JOSEPH EMERSON.

## CHAPTER XX.

### HIS LAST SICKNESS AND DEATH.

*Request for the prayers of his former people—Sympathy in their loss—State of body and mind—Visited by relatives—His will—Views of the millennium and of the heavenly states—Commences a memoir of himself—On zeal in preaching; human power; sacred logic; Watts; etc.—Last conversations—Death.*

IN the title to this chapter, I employ the term, "last sickness," for want of a better. In one sense, the first sickness of his infancy, was also his last. He was never well after it. Nor was this final assault of his complicated and accumulating diseases, very sudden. The incipient attacks, as we have seen in the previous chapter, had already commenced. Still, the present is perhaps the most distinctly marked period for commencing this last chapter of his labors, joys, and sufferings. Though life was prolonged for some months, he was now prostrate on the bed of dissolution.

Still, he was far from relaxing his desire to be actively useful, or his sense of obligation to work till the going down of his sun. When strength and alleviation from pain, would permit, he sedulously occupied his time in dictating letters and other compositions. The following was addressed to Rev. David Oliphant, then pastor of his former church in Beverly. My brother had before requested the prayers of his pious friends in that place, in times of special sickness.

*Wethersfield, Feb. 4, 1833.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Being almost wholly confined to my bed, and much exercised with rheumatic pains and dyspeptic distress, my little daughter writes in my name. I do not despair of life; and feel it to be my duty as well as

my choice, to use the most hopeful means of restoration. I therefore write, to request your prayers, fully believing, that the prayer of faith may still be efficacious in saving the sick. This kind service, I trust, my christian friends in Beverly will most readily perform. They may be assured, that I make this request with great comfort, not merely hoping that their prayers may be beneficial to me, but absolutely certain, that if sincerely offered through the all prevalent Intercessor, they will be treasured up in heaven for them.

Perhaps you may wish to know a little more particularly the condition of him who begs your prayers. I could state a hundred particulars; but think it best to mention a very few.

I have recently been happily free from those dismal fears and doubts, by which I have been so often distressed. Still I do not feel an assurance of salvation; and I earnestly desire, that God would search me and try me and show me my real condition. I often feel, that if I could neither do nor suffer more in the cause of the Redeemer, I should rejoice to die immediately. But still I have an earnest desire to live, if I can do any thing further for the advancement of that kingdom which appears more and more glorious.

Some works I have begun, and projected others, which if the Lord will, I am exceedingly desirous to accomplish. But I am in danger of placing too high an estimate upon my own performances. Perhaps there is a *need be*, that I should be cut off from these delightful performances, on purpose to humble me. If so, Father, thy will be done. May others perform these labors in a much better manner, or other labors in their stead, more useful still. Infinite Wisdom may see, that the labors of others may be much more eligible than mine, even in my most beloved field. It is my joy, and sometimes my rapture, that the kingdom of Christ will come,—that whether I labor or not, that glorious kingdom will be hastened—will be established—will forever rise higher and higher, and shine brighter and brighter. Blessed and unspeakably honored are they, who are workers together with Christ for such a consummation. Perhaps I have been selfish in too much coveting this honor for myself; but I trust, my brother, I may be excused in most ardently desiring it for you and

our dear Beverly friends. Such honor, in some degree, have all the saints. Much more they might have, if humbly engaged, as they should be. This request you can communicate to whomsoever, and in whatever manner your wisdom may dictate.

You may well suppose, that the great calamity which has fallen most heavily *upon you*, was deeply affecting to myself; but really, I have found it more grievous and trying than I should have anticipated.\* Day after day and night after night, how did the towering flames of that dear, precious temple, glow and flash in my tortured imagination! What a dreadful sound in my ears, was its crackling, crashing roar! But though fallen in youth, sunk in a moment from its full strength and undiminished beauty, to ashes and ruin, it had not stood in vain. And I do think, my Brother, that in relation to that most delightful sanctuary, we have much more reason to sing of mercy than of judgment. What heavenly seasons have we there witnessed and enjoyed. How often has the glory of God seemed to fill that house. Of how many will it be said at last, "This and that man was born there." How many more have there been strengthened, comforted, and quickened in their way to glory. And may we not hope, that much seed there sown, that hitherto has seemed dead in the earth, may yet spring up, and bring forth fruit to life eternal. Oh, that the glory of the second house may be far more resplendent as well as more durable, not indeed in external magnificence, but by the indwelling of Christ and the irradiations of the Spirit. And this most assuredly will be. Yes, my brother, my soul is delighted with the prospect of the second house, filled for ages with millennial glory, after you and I perhaps, and three or four successors, are gone to our rest. I do hope none of our friends will be ambitious to decorate the new house with the vain pomp and glory of this world. The other was just what it should be.—Love to your family and the rest of our precious friends at Beverly.

\* The place of worship, which my brother's people erected about the time he took the charge of them, was now consumed by fire, at dead of night.



*Wethersfield, Feb. 13, 1833.*

MY BELOVED BROTHER W.—May I not hope to meet my dear younger brother once more in the land of the living? If so, let me beg of you to hasten your journey. Since I wrote last, I have, to appearance, been rapidly descending to the grave. I am now unable to walk a step, and can scarcely turn myself in bed. I am not without hope of some relief. But my prospect is dim indeed in relation to this world; but I do hope it is brighter in relation to the world to come. O my brother, to what a world are christians hastening! What floods of light! What oceans of love! What rivers of pleasure! What songs of praise! What bursts of rapture! What exultations of triumph! What an exceeding and eternal weight of glory! Is it yours? Is it mine? Are we hastening to that ineffable, inconceivable bliss! Is it not better to depart, to be with Christ, than to grope and grovel as we do in this world of imperfection and sin? In some respects indeed, it must be far better. But if the eternal and glorious King has any thing for us to do or to suffer here to prepare or to advance this amazing consummation, it is better on the whole to remain, till the last prayer is offered, till the last work is done, till the last tear is shed, till the last sigh is drawn. Come then, my brother, and let us try to comfort one another with these things, and by our mutual faith, to prepare each other to live and to die.

*Wethersfield, Feb, 19, 1833.*

MY DEAR DAUGHTER, AND DEARER SISTER N.—How strange the loving-kindness of our God! How wonderful his protecting care and preserving mercy. How much beyond my hopes, has he multiplied my days, and added to my years! What myriads of much fairer candidates for life, have been swept away! But after so many escapes and preservations, my time must come to die, and that time appears near at hand. Within two or three weeks, my decline has been very rapid; and probably a few weeks more will shut the scene. I am wholly confined to my bed. My more particular complaints are dyspepsy and rheumatism; while the whole system seems to be shattered, and tottering to ruin. I hope divine grace has made me in some measure ready and willing to die. I have no uncomfortable doubts, and on the whole have much en-

joyment. My connections and neighbors appear to be all sympathy and kindness; and with earthly comforts, my cup seems to be overflowing. If you were here in health, I should have one more. But I can by no means wish you to attempt coming, as such a journey, at this season, must doubtless be above your bodily powers. O how enrapturing to think, that after a few short moments, we shall meet in glory, to be each other's rising joy, and ever brightening crown. And yet I am not wholly without hope, that we may meet again in this world. Notwithstanding every forbidding symptom, the Almighty Physician may say to me, Live. If so I shall recover strength a little, before I go hence; possibly he may add to my days fifteen years. Which should I choose? I am glad it is not left to my choice. God can decide better. Yet if I *must* choose, I should choose to live. It is true indeed, that heaven appears to me more glorious and desirable than ever before; but still more desirable to live, and labor for God, if he has any thing more for me to do. O what an honor, what a privilege, what a bliss, to be workers together with God in the most glorious of all his works. But as it respects ourselves, the all-important, all-absorbing point must be, that whether present or absent, we may be accepted of him.

I have sent for L., and expect him in two or three days.

I have found the account of Miss Kingsbury's sickness and death, highly interesting, and I hope edifying. How delightful to see such a youth, such a babe in Christ, wielding the sword of the Spirit—vanquishing satan—driving back the powers of darkness, and becoming more than conqueror, by the blood of the Lamb! What vast amount of good might it accomplish, if it were seriously read by every youthful eye. But this is too much to hope. If it could be cheaply and neatly printed, perhaps a few thousand copies might be usefully circulated. I should not recommend placing it on the list of any regular series of tracts. Has she not left some wealthy connection, who will be glad to defray the expense of an edition for gratuitous circulation?

On receiving the news contained in the above letters, his son and daughter and brother hastened to visit him. I subjoin a few remarks from a letter of this brother.

Holles, March 1, 1833.

DEAR BROTHER R.,—I have just returned from Connecticut, where I left brother very feeble indeed, confined entirely to his bed. I arrived there Thursday noon, the same day that Luther arrived, and remained until Monday. During the whole time, we were unable to get him up but once. I never enjoyed myself so well in my life before, as on this visit. *If possible, do visit him soon, or, I fear, you never will see him, till you meet him in heaven.* I think it would give new energy to your soul, and comfort him exceedingly. I hope you will go, and enjoy a feast, which shall never be forgotten through eternity.

Yours affectionately,

W. EMERSON.

On the receipt of this letter, I could no longer think of delaying my intended visit, to the period of our approaching vacation, but hastened to see him once more. Our interview was such as I had been led to expect, except that he retained more energy of mind. I could say much upon the mingled affliction and strong consolation of the trying scene; but I leave the scanty space we here have to be chiefly occupied with other communications. I will however briefly mention one or two circumstances, not found in the papers I have yet to subjoin. The first has respect to the disposal of his worldly substance by will. In this solemn transaction, I found his mind tranquilly employed at the time of my arrival;—just as on any other matter of duty. He had been ascertaining the amount of his property; which, though not large, was more than he expected to find it. From habit, he had taken but little thought for this world, except when in special danger of want. His income had been chiefly from his publications and his schools. He regretted that he had not more enlarged his current charities, for a few of the previous years; but rejoiced now to find himself able, without probable inconvenience to his family, to consign the residue he was still to receive from his paternal inheritance, amounting to twelve hundred dollars, in equal portions, to the four great charitable societies, the A. B. C. F. M., the Am. Ed. So., the Am. Tr. So., and the Mass. Miss. So. Perhaps few donations to these noble institutions for the conversion of the

world, have been given more cheerfully, or in more prayer and faith for the final success of the glorious enterprise.

When these arrangements were fixed, he turned to other themes, and dwelt on them, from time to time, with heavenly serenity and a foretaste of heavenly joys. His mind was as clear, and his spirit as glowing as ever; but, through bodily weakness, he was not capable of protracted effort. Never was he more diligent to employ every moment and every particle of strength he had. Every act was done in view of eternity, and every individual with whom he conversed, seemed to be viewed as one whom he was soon to meet in another world. His very countenance, when beholding us, seemed sometimes to speak unutterable things. And still, to rather careless observers, perhaps his general manner, (always solemn, always earnest,) would not seem much if at all changed. There was a mild, an affectionate, and yet a penetrating, a pervading look, by which his very soul seemed to come forth into our souls, as though to ravish them from this world of sense and skepticism, and bear them away with itself to better mansions.

When I came finally to leave him, (about March 14,) he had gained a temporary relief; and I could not but fondly hope, that he would revive with the opening spring, and be spared for another summer.

Some of the chief topics of his conversation, at this period, will be found in the following letters to his friends in Bradford.

*Wethersfield, March 1, 1833.*

RESPECTED PARENTS AND BELOVED SISTERS,—I have often regretted, that I could not visit you more, for the last two years, and especially, that I could not comply with your earnest request for my preaching. Most pleasant to me, has been your hospitable mansion, for more than twenty years. I trust I have found it, indeed, the house of God, and the gate of heaven; and been much aided in my devotions, by communion with you. This joy, I fear is not to be repeated on earth. But I trust we shall very soon occupy better mansions above. No doubt, I shall take my departure first; but, behold, you will come quickly; and in a moment as it were, (if our hopes are sound,) we shall all be in heaven together.

I desire to be thankful, that hitherto, I have found this bed of languishing, perhaps of death, by no means so dreadful, as I had sometimes anticipated. My bodily pains are greatly alleviated. My christian friends seem all kindness and affection. I seem to have every thing, that earth can afford to comfort me—and much more. To enjoy a present, forgiving, and smiling God, a loving Savior, a Holy Comforter—what joys are these! And these, I hope, have recently been in some measure mine. How transcendently excellent and lovely, do now appear those doctrines of grace and glory, which we have so delighted to study and cherish ourselves, and manifest to others! A faithful and unchanging God lays the foundations of our hope, in oaths, and promises, and blood. How unspeakably majestic and glorious, does Immanuel now appear, speaking to the world in righteousness, mighty to save, crushing all opposition, and giving to his little flock, his long despised and persecuted saints, the kingdom and dominion and greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven. And now, to the eye of faith, the millennium has come. O how changed, how beautified, how raised, how glorified is this world!—No longer overspread with howling, hissing deserts, and craggy, fruitless wilds, it has become the garden of God. The bald mountain, that had been seared and desolate for ages, is now more productive, than Egypt in the years of plenty. Its towering grain seems to rival the cedars of Lebanon. Emancipated from millions of curses, which had been falling upon the ground, since the fall of Adam, the earth now yields her increase; and plentifully feeds and feasts her myriads of inhabitants, that throng her surface. These myriads are all christians, intelligent, knowing, glowing with the image of Christ; the weakest as David, the strongest as the angel of God; and still pressing onward for higher attainments. Every eye beams forth love; and often kindles into a brighter blaze, by reflecting the radiance of the living stars around it. This world, no longer the sty of drunkenness, the sink of pollution, the theatre of crimes, the field of blood, has become the very emblem of heaven. Christ dwells in every heart. In raptures of congratulation, one exclaims to another; “Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion; for great is the Holy One of Israel, in the midst of thee.”



What anthems of praise, what bursts of rapture, roll round the globe.

Beloved kindred, is not such a prospect as this, suited to kindle the most delightful emotions? With the eye of assurance, to look forward to such splendid and enrapturing scenes—to view them as near, like the radiance of to-morrow's sun—is not this sufficient to smooth the pillow of death, and cheer our passage through the dreadful shade? The millennium has been one of the most endearing comforts and cheering cordials, through a great part of my pilgrimage, more especially in my confinement.

“But there's a brighter world on high.” Could we for a moment suppose there were not, all the glories of the millennium, would instantly sink in the blackness and darkness of eternal death. They are but borrowed glories. The millennium will receive its chief lustre from the fact of its being an emblem of heaven, and preparatory to that superior state.

If the eye of the mind is dazzled, if we are almost overwhelmed with looking at the glories of the millennium, how can we bear to turn our views to heaven? If, indeed, we should be met by the full blaze of the upper world, flesh and blood would sink in a moment. But God has kindly ordained, that here we should see through a glass darkly; that we should see but a part, a very small part, of the exceeding and eternal weight of glory, to be revealed and enjoyed hereafter. It is deeply to be regretted, that many should content themselves with knowing almost nothing of heaven, because they can know comparatively so very little. But dear fellow pilgrims, I do verily believe, that the lively oracles are much more full and clear upon this subject, than christians have generally imagined; although compared with those infinite, eternal, and ever brightening glories, the whole that is revealed, is but as the glimmering moonbeam. How thankful should we be, that God has revealed a heaven to come, and especially, that he has made known so many particulars. Shall we, for a few moments, comfort ourselves with considering some of these.

Heaven is a real structure. It has location, and is not everywhere and nowhere, as some poor foolish philosophers have vainly conjectured. There is such a fixed

place. Though we know not where it is ; yet God knows, and I trust, we shall know quickly. There is our Savior, the very same body that was crucified ; and there, no doubt his admiring disciples, beholding his hands and his feet, exclaim, "Our Lord, and our God!" There, too, are the perfect and glorified bodies of Enoch and Elijah. And there, likewise, is every child of Adam, that has died the death of the righteous, arrayed in material clothing, as appears certain from 2 Cor. 5. For all these, Jesus has prepared commodious places. Heaven is entirely free from sin and sorrow. These circumstances, to such unworthy, suffering, hell deserving wretches as we are, cannot but be inexpressibly delightful. This might seem sufficient to urge us onward in our christian course. But our all gracious Benefactor, knowing our disposition to loiter, and even to backslide, has told us much more. He has given us much information, if we would but receive it, of the positive joys of heaven. He has most clearly shown us, that there are three heavenly states. The first before the judgment ; the second, during the judgment ; the third, the eternal blessedness beyond it. The duration of the first, will probably be about 370,000 years ; that of the second, perhaps about equal. In some particulars, these three are strikingly different ; in others, delightfully alike. Both these resemblances and differences will no doubt conduce to raise the beauty, the grandeur, the glory and bliss of the whole. It would be delightful indeed, by the lamp of eternal truth, to investigate these, and consider each one particularly. But for this, I have neither room nor strength, and can only add a few hints. The most endearing and enrapturing thought is, that they are all complete in bliss. From the beginning of the first, and co-extensive with the endless ages of the last, the joy of every individual, will be full. Each capacity will contain as much unmingled bliss as possible, and can only contain more, by being enlarged. By such enlargement, however, the happiness of each one will undoubtedly increase, from the first moment of his entering heaven, forever and ever. It is highly probable, however, that this advance will not be perfectly uniform ; but, that at some times, they will go forward with a progress far beyond the common rate, particularly in passing from one heavenly state to another.

And probably, the beginning of the third state, will be as much superior to the first, as heaven now is to the brightest part of the millennium. The chief corner stone and grand foundation of all this happiness, is love. This is the perfect bond, completely uniting together all the holy natures in heaven, created and uncreated, seraphic and human. Love produces its blissful effects in two ways. One is, by being sensibly enjoyed, as exercised towards us by others. The more excellent, and more highly regarded by us, are those who love us, the more endearing and enrapturing shall we find their love. From this source alone, how unspeakable must be the bliss of heaven. But this bliss will, no doubt, be more than doubled by the actual exercise of love to others, in every heart. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." But there doubtless are, (and will be in a much higher degree,) auxiliary sources of happiness, that will amazingly swell, and deepen, and accelerate those rivers of heavenly pleasures. The chief of these may be the acquisition of knowledge. This, we find, is delightful here, especially the knowledge of heavenly things, to a heavenly taste. Of this, what amazing acquisitions will be gained in the judgment state. Each individual will then learn the history of all nations, in all ages, much more perfectly, than we can here learn the history of our nearest friends, or even of ourselves. We shall also learn most clearly and particularly, the dealings of God toward them. All this, no doubt, will furnish the basis of everlasting and ever-rising meditation; which will constitute another source of happiness. And I have not the least shadow of doubt, that a most delicious fountain of joy will be opened in the communication of knowledge between individuals, and perhaps little companies, in social intercourse, especially in the first heavenly state. The conscious possession of treasures and treasures of information,—information all correct, all useful, and relating to the noblest subjects,—this also must constitute an ever-increasing source of joy, distinct from the acquisition. Another source of heavenly satisfaction, is communion of interest. This is quite distinct from the mere union of love, though founded upon it. It is the feeling, that no one has a separate welfare—that all have one common interest—that the whole universe is the property of every individual. But next to the reciprocation of

love, no doubt the highest source of happiness will be the visible display of the divine glory. But here my soul seems to sink under the amazing theme, and I must pause, and rest, and recover a little strength, before I can write a word more.—I am now a little revived, and perhaps could say a few words upon that transcendently enrapturing subject, but find I have not room. I must therefore break off, without finishing what I had intended. Perhaps I may indulge myself, with attempting a few lines upon it, from day to day, for a week or two, addressed to you. In the mean time, it would be very pleasant, to receive a few lines from some of you. But especially, I will hope for your intercessions. It is my earnest wish, to rise from this bed, and do something more for the Lord, if he has any thing for me to do; if not, I hope, I shall rejoice to depart.

Yours most sincerely, J. EMERSON.

By the hand of Ellen.

*March 12.*

I am now as comfortable, as I was a week ago, which appears to be a token for good, and raises my hopes, that I may yet be restored to some degree of strength.

In my last letter, I made some remarks upon heaven, and now feel constrained to resume this most ennobling and enrapturing subject. In attending to the causes of heavenly bliss, it appeared, that to vigorous moral agents, rising in mental perfection, the entire absence of sin and pain, must be the occasion of joy unspeakable. We then took a view of some of the positive causes of happiness above, in connection with the circumstances under which they will operate. The causes mentioned, are the enjoyment of the love of others; the exercise of love; the acquisition of knowledge; the conscious possession of knowledge; the communication of knowledge; the communion of interest. There are doubtless other causes of heavenly happiness. Among these, perhaps the most striking is the visible display of the glory of God. There is doubtless in heaven, a visible radiance from the various objects around, strikingly representing the excellence and loveliness of God, the author of them all. Something of this was seen by the three disciples, at the mount of transfiguration; and by John, in the isle of Patmos. This will appear most illustrious in the body of Jesus Christ, and perhaps but

little inferior in the glorified bodies of the saints. There is a passage of scripture relating to this subject, that is most striking. 2 Thes. 1: 10. "When he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe." There is one word in this passage, that seems to blaze forth with uncommon lustre. It is the little word *in*. It is worthy of special notice, that it is not here said, that Christ will come to be glorified and admired *by* his saints, though this is undoubtedly true. He will probably be glorified more by his saints, than by any other creatures. But he will be glorified, and admired *in* his saints; as though his glory should especially be seen in them. And this, no doubt, is the very thing intended. "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun, in the kingdom of their Father." But they will not shine forth in their own original brightness. It will all be derived from Christ. It will all be the glory of Christ. The glory of Christ, then, will be most strikingly exhibited in the risen bodies of the saints. They will be a most illustrious spectacle to the whole universe. The face of every saint will be a mirror to reflect the Savior's charms. These celestial mirrors will be so arranged, as to pour forth the Savior's loveliness upon the gazer's eye, in the best manner. Each saint will be a mirror to the rest, as well as to angels, and probably to the inhabitants of millions of worlds. Heaven will be filled with rapture, while the Savior is thus revealed in the face of his best beloved. Auxiliary to this, will be the splendid magnificence of heaven, the stupendous and amazing city; its pearly gates, its golden streets, its twelve foundations, &c. &c.

But the spiritual eye of the renovated body, will not be the only inlet to heavenly pleasure. At the same time, the ear will be saluted and ravished by most melting and exalted strains of music from heavenly harps and heavenly voices. The heavenly arches resound and re-resound with the high praises of God and the Lamb. Every part of heaven is made to tremble with harmonious vibrations—"all but the throne of God." The part taken by each one in this amazing chorus, will conduce to the rapture.

Another source of heavenly joy, will doubtless be the union of the greatest possible variety of holy and beautiful objects, with the utmost regularity and harmony. 'As there is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the



moon, and various glories of the stars, so also is the resurrection.' Probably, no two saints will appear just alike, and yet between all those countless myriads, there will doubtless appear the most striking resemblances. The varieties will be rendered still more extensive and delightful, by the other inhabitants of heaven, while the harmony will remain forever unbroken.

These celestial pleasures, so far above what we can now possibly conceive, will never cloy—but on the contrary, will forever rise higher and still higher, as heavenly minds expand, and the ages of eternity roll away. And as this happiness is proceeding, may we not suppose, that its increase is accelerated by the anticipation of sweeter joys, and nobler raptures that are still in store?—"and better thence again and better still, in infinite progression?" But I lose myself in this amazing theme. And O how delightful, to be thus overwhelmed, and lost in the anticipated glories of the world to come!

Most cordially yours, JOSEPH EMERSON.

These views of heaven, were not now entirely new to my brother; though he informed me, that they had been far more definite and enrapturing to the eye of faith, than at any previous period.

*March 12, 1833.*

DEAR BROTHER W.—The sweet savor of your visit still remains. May it continue for ever. If brotherly intercourse is so delightful here, what will it be in heaven!

My health appears to be about as good as when you were here, which is very encouraging, and increases my hope, that I may yet be favored with some degree of restoration.

TO REV. REUBEN EMERSON OF SOUTH READING.

*March 18, 1833.*

I am attempting to seek out, and set in order some of the most important facts respecting our ancestors. Have you time to afford me little aid? Of your willingness, I need not inquire. I shall take the liberty to state a few queries, which you will have the goodness to answer, as far as you find it practicable and convenient.

I hope it is well with your family, your people, and especially with your own spirit. Though brought very low, I do not despair of life. But I am not solicitous upon this point. Thus far, I have not found a bed of confinement quite so trying as I should expect. It is sometimes delightful.

The daily concert has excited interest to a considerable extent. I cannot but hope, that the result will be most glorious.

God be merciful to you, my brother, and bless you, and cause his face to shine upon you, that his way may be known upon earth, and his saving health among all nations.

The passage from the Psalmist, with which he closes the last letter, is one which was much on his mind, and with which he had closed many other letters to different individuals. The glorious sentiment it contains, is that which had long filled my brother's heart, and now glowed more intensely than ever—"his ruling passion strong in death." The sentiment is, that we are to desire all things, both for ourselves and others, and especially the light of God's countenance, to the end that his salvation may fill the world, and the millennium be ushered in.

From the first part of the letter, it will be seen, that he was beginning the memoir of himself, already mentioned in the first part of this work, and to which he designed to prefix a sketch of his ancestors. To this work he had been advised, by some of his friends, to turn his attention, when they had hope that he would be spared for a season, as it seemed to afford a topic on which his mind might be as agreeably and usefully employed as on any other, and with as little injury to his frame. It was also known, that he was in possession of many facts that might be interesting to his friends, respecting his ancestors and himself, and which no other person would be likely to collect. Had he been spared to complete the design, it would doubtless have been a very different work from the present;—probably much shorter, as containing none of his letters or former writings. It was hoped that he would give a particular account of the progress and changes in religious doctrine, female education, etc., so far as they fell under his notice. But God has blasted these hopes, and his friends must submit to the dispensation. His own

feelings would have revolted at the thought, that so large a book as the present, should be published respecting himself. Indeed, it was by no means a settled point, in his mind, that his autobiography would ever *be published*, should he live to complete it; though he hoped it would at least be useful to some of his relatives and near friends.

But his views on this delicate subject, will be better seen by the few paragraphs which he designed as a preface to the work, and which he wrote at this period, before commencing the account of himself or his ancestors.

When it has occurred to me, that possibly, after my decease, some of my friends might publish some parts of my history, I have felt my heart shrinking back at the thought. How then can I think of writing a memoir of myself for the public eye? My answer is, it appears to be the will of God, and I dare not decline the task, however I may expose myself as a mark to the censorious. He has lately cast me upon a bed of languishing. Here he has given me such views of the glories of his kingdom, and the importance of promoting it as I never had before. It is no time now to consult with flesh and blood, or inquire how to avoid self-denial, or indulge in momentary ease, or yield to private feelings and notions. But the deep language of the heart must be, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do and to endure? Command me and do with me as seemeth to thee good. I would by no means unnecessarily wound the feelings, or incur the displeasure of any one; and yet I would ever feel, that it is a small matter to be judged of men's judgment, or even condemned by the whole world, compared with incurring the displeasure of God. The voice from heaven seems to sound louder than ever—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Though my strength is now weakness indeed, most gladly would I, if possible, do something, and there seems to be nothing else that I can now do so conveniently or so well. In compliance, therefore, with the earnest solicitations of friends, and my own conviction of duty, I will now proceed, if the Lord permit, to record some occurrences

of my own history, with such remarks as may appear most profitable.

This memoir is more particularly designed for my dear children and kindred; next to them for my beloved pupils, whom I have been accustomed to regard and address as children, and who have regarded and honored me so much above my claims; and finally for all who may be disposed to give it a candid perusal, notwithstanding its imperfections.

I shall use great plainness of speech, and freely indulge that frankness of communication, which my friends well know is one of the most striking features of my character. This may sometimes become excessive and faulty. But an attempt to restrain it, would doubtless occasion a greater fault. The peculiar advantage of autobiography, consists principally in exhibiting those latent views of the mind, those most secluded feelings of the heart. Such works are probably among the best to aid in the study of metaphysics.

May the searcher of hearts preserve me from every thing erroneous in statement and useless in remark, and may this little work be blessed for the advancement of his kingdom.

It was his intention to write in a style adapted for publication, and then to leave the practical question of publication to be decided by others.

But we have yet some further letters from his pen, which claim our attention.

TO DR. WOODS.

*Wethersfield, March 31, 1833.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,—“A word spoken in season, how good is it!” You will accept my most cordial thanks for the very kind words, which you sent to me through the lips of my brother. They were burning words and are burning still.\* May the friendship that I trust the Lord

\* Another kind token of christian confidence which I was commissioned to bear from a much respected friend, seemed still more sensibly to touch his feelings, at the time. “Not lost but gone before,” was the message; and it went to his heart. Indeed, every visit and every proof of christian or friendly remembrance, appeared now to be more highly appreciated by him, than ever before. His heart itself was more full of love.

has kindled between us, and constantly brightened for thirty years, continue to glow forever. What new and lively endearments does the near prospect of heaven, shed upon christian friendship. How precious the words "Behold I have called you friends." The friends of Christ must be friends of one another. May you live to do more than you have yet done. I trust I shall never envy you your treasure laid up in heaven, though it should be a thousand times greater than mine.

And now, my beloved and most respected brother, shall I presume to suggest a few words, that may possibly conduce to render your labors more efficacious. May I be allowed to suggest my own experience!—My ardor, which some may consider excessive, is not so much the result of constitution, as of culture and circumstances, especially of recent culture. I have lately been astonished to find, that under my gray hairs, and my still more depressing infirmities, I can glow upon the most important subjects, as suddenly and as intensely as at twenty, and much more so. The intense study of poetry, especially the poetry of the bible, often reading it to others so as to give it the greatest effect, has been perhaps among the most efficacious means. Other means may perhaps be more efficacious to you. I need not tell you, that it is a time of great darings, great doings, and glorious results, and that we have reason to expect, that these results will be more and more glorious, till the earth is filled with glory. But I leave the subject, with your conscience and your God, rejoicing to believe, that he will direct and bless you, and make you abundantly fruitful in good work, more expecting to meet you in heaven than on earth.

I have recently read your third letter to Dr. Beecher, with deep interest, and almost unmingled satisfaction. I do hope it will prove extensively edifying and moderating, especially to young theologians. If all its parts do not appear perfectly harmonious, perhaps the defect is wholly in myself. In some places, you seem to concede to creatures all the power for which I contend. In other places, I find expressions, which I should not feel authorised to use. I have by no means strength to search out and state them. I will take the liberty, however, to state a few queries, for your consideration,



which possibly you may be able, directly or indirectly, to answer to me. Pressed as you are with such momentous duties, I can hardly expect you will find time to write to me on the subject, though such a discussion would be most acceptable.

Are sinners required to love God with strength which they do not literally possess? Have they literally power to love God without the special influence of his spirit? If not, are they culpable for this defect! Does not God blame and punish them, for not loving him without such influence?

Is not holy love always the fruit of the spirit? Do christians ever exercise this love without such influence? But does not God require christians to love him continually, whether they have such influence or not? and does he not condemn and punish them for withholding such love, while, at the same time, the special divine influence is withholden? Have not both saints and sinners a power to love God? (not indeed independent of him, but) independent of special influence! a power, which they never use, but which he condemns or punishes them for not using?

Should we pray, that God would *literally* enable us to do our duty? Has he not enabled us for this already? Have we any scriptural warrant for such prayer? O, that I could see such a discussion of these questions, as you could give them, by the intense application of a month. But amid all our discussions, doubts, perplexities, and darkness, let this be our exceeding joy, that the truth is great, and shall prevail.

And now, my Brother, what methods, what *new* methods, shall be adopted for the promotion of truth among ourselves, and throughout the christian world? How exceedingly desirable, that when we give the gospel to the heathen, it should be pure gospel. How numerous, how great, how grievous, are the divisions among real christians. How great must be the errors of most, if not all of them. How dreadful the effects, Ephraim envying Judah, and Judah vexing Ephraim. How long shall the sword devour. There is indeed delightful evidence, that divine truth is advancing—that christians are approximating in opinion and feeling. But cannot something more special be done to hasten the blessed

movement? Is not the work as important as the temperance reformation? Might we not hope for the abundant smiles of God, upon such an enterprize? Is not the time near when the watchmen shall see eye to eye?—when great peace and harmony shall pervade the christian world? You may recollect, that two or three years ago, I suggested to you the plan of a sacred logic, supposing that you had attended more to the subject than almost any other man. Such a work seems to be more needed than almost any other. How few know how to reason and investigate. How small a part of them do actually reason and investigate as they might. How exceedingly do the christian world need instruction, reproof, exhortation, and most affectionate entreaty, upon this subject. Who has better advantages than yourself, for accomplishing this momentous task? What if you should minute down thoughts, as they occur upon the subject, for the course of two or three years, and then devote one month to writing a little volume, entitled, perhaps, *suggestions upon sacred logic*? Such a work, I think, would circulate to great extent and advantage, and prepare the way for the larger and more elaborate work, which I hope you will live to publish. In the mean time, the same object might probably be greatly promoted, by a little work that has long been before the public, if it could be read and studied one tenth part as much as it merits. It is “Watts on the improvement of the mind.” This work, in proportion to its size, is undoubtedly more valuable, for the promotion of candor, faithful investigation, and correct conclusion, as well as for improvement in knowledge and mental culture, than any other human work that has yet been published. If all our citizens, from 12 or 15 to 50 years old, should faithfully study this work, or even the tenth part of them, how happy would be the result. As it is designed to aid the pupil in all his studies, should it not be attended to at an early age?—and as it is designed to direct the daily conduct through life, should it not be again, more thoroughly studied, in maturer years? Is it not desirable, that it should be used in all our winter district schools, and in all schools that are superior, and in lyceums? And what if it should be introduced into colleges? Is there a single human classic in one of them, that is

more worthy of such distinction? And might not each of your students devote a fortnight to studying and reciting or teaching this work, to great advantage?

*Wethersfield, April 13, 1833.*

MY DEAR SON A.—YOUR last letter was very comforting, and should have been answered sooner. For some days past, I have been too weak and low to dietate; but having recovered strength a very little, I must attempt a few lines.

I think my health has been gradually sinking almost every week, since I took my bed eight weeks ago, though not so fast as before. I do not despair of life, though my friends have less hope of me.

You have manifested much interest in —ism, to know what it is, and how far true. Your conduct in this, I have been rather disposed to commend. I should rejoice, if I could now give you some information upon the subject. This I shall attempt, though perhaps without success. I have studied this *ism* with greater intensity than perhaps any other, and yet may still be less acquainted with it. As the result of my investigations, I would present you with the following as chief items.

Sinners can repent without the special grace of God; but never do. The nature of mankind by which they are children of wrath, consists in their innocent natural appetites, which in time, always suggest motives which occasion sin and moral death. God has willed the existence of all sin, and yet every sin is contrary to that will. No sinner ever uses the means of regeneration, while a rebel against God. In regeneration, the sinner's wickedness is gradually reduced to nothing. He then uses the means of regeneration, but not for any length of time. Sometimes regeneration then takes place, at the very instant that the means begin, though in the order of nature considered as after. Sometimes, after the sinner is brought to this point, he returns again to his sins, and is not then regenerated. The spirit of God never operates directly upon the heart of the sinner, but only upon the truth or upon the motive, so as to give it an overpowering efficacy.

Crocker and Brewster have informed me, that they are willing to publish my outline as far as I have completed it, namely through the O. T. They wish you to come to Boston, to spend perhaps three or four weeks in advising with them and correcting the proofs. Can you think of going?

Possibly it may seem strange to some, that my brother should come down as it were from the visions of heaven, to speak again with interest on topics of metaphysical divinity. Not so, however, to those more acquainted with the genius of his character, and the cast of his pious feelings. And we should fail to give a just view of these feelings, were we to omit such a trait. The truth is, that metaphysics, and especially metaphysical divinity, however regarded or treated of by some, was never a matter of dry or unfeeling speculation with him. He could treat of it in the next sentence after speaking of the millennium, or missions, or heaven; and that in a kindred strain of language and feeling;—and all, for the very good reason, that in his mind, the relation between these things was no very obscure or remote one. Whatever is *true* in christian theory, he expected to find more clear and glorious in that heaven where he hoped to meet Solomon, and Paul, and Augustine, and Calvin, and Edwards:—and whatever is *false*, he would gladly bear his dying testimony to banish from a darkened and sinful world: And all this, with much good will towards those from whom he differed—and deeply sensible, too, that himself might be much in the wrong. ‘Nothing pertaining to man, did he consider foreign to himself,’ whether in life or death. In a word, his most exalted pious feelings were as rational, sober, practical, as they were ardent;—no heat without light; no light without heat. Nor did he regard the act of dying as so very different from living, that he must now break off all thoughts and all converse on the more common topics of life. Heaven and earth had been too familiar in his contemplations, to call for any abrupt or affrighted sundering, as death drew near. The rainbow of hope had too long held them in sacred and delightful association.



But we must attend him onward as he sinks toward the grave ; or rather as he rises toward the better world. And it must now be without *his* pen to mark the way. The following is from Rev. Dr. Hawes of Hartford.

*Hartford, April 19th, 1833.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I visited your brother yesterday, and found him very low. He sent for me with a view of having some conversation with me ; but was able to say but very little. I think he can continue but a short time. Indeed I should not be surprised to hear of his death at any hour. I found him in a very desirable frame of mind—dying as we should expect one of his habits of mind and heart would die. As Dr. Tenney is in feeble health, I have been requested to perform the funeral service, whenever the sad hour shall come. I write to request you to send me such facts and statements respecting your brother, as you think proper. My acquaintance with him is limited. I know almost nothing of his early history. He wished me not to say much about him. He said, there were four or five topics connected with his life, which might be insisted on with profit, and desired that for the benefit of others, I would enlarge upon them, and say little in the way of eulogy. This is right ; and I bless God with all my heart for this new triumph of his grace in your beloved brother. In great haste, yours in the best of bonds.

J. HAWES.

I am well aware that an undue stress may be laid on the last words of the dying. My brother, too, was sensible of the same, and introduced the topic, of his own accord, when I last saw him. He hoped that none would do this in his case. Still, the desire to know the manner in which our friends die, is so natural, so strong, and so innocent, that I cannot feel justified in withholding the following memoranda. Part of them were transmitted to me at the time, by Mrs. E. who was then on a visit to him and other friends in Connecticut.

*Wethersfield, April 25 1833.*

MY DEAR HUSBAND,—I arrived here this afternoon, and find brother a little revived, though he does not look



much like your own brother Joseph. I have been here more than an hour, and all he has yet been able to say to me is, that he is very glad to see me again, this side of heaven. He held me awhile by the hand, and then, with a cheerful air, showed me his emaciated hand and arm. He wished to dictate a message to you, but finds himself too feeble.

*April 26, 1833.*

Brother lies quiet and tranquil, as if asleep, most of the time, and only rouses himself up to express his wants. His last effort was dictating an answer to a piece in the Recorder on the danger of precocity. This piece he feared would do much evil; and he made an effort in reply, which N— thinks materially injured him.

As we began to read, before prayer, this morning, the 60th chapter of Isaiah, he requested that the reader should sit facing him, that he might hear distinctly.—When I went to him, he said, “tell Brother, that I have attended to Boston’s Fourfold State, and found the account of heaven, in the latter part, extremely animating and exhilarating. The fourth part is a most admirable thing.”

*Evening.* I have just been to brother’s bed-side, and he said, ‘I think I can converse a little.’ I inquired, Have you much pain? ‘A good deal of distress all about me, but not much severe pain.’ Do you not have a happy state of mind? ‘Very comfortable, but not *many raptures; some.*’ You can say with the Psalmist, In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul? ‘There are a great many more than I supposed.’ Comforts resulting from the promises and providence of God? ‘From innumerable sources.’ The chapter that was read this morning, is precious. ‘I do not recollect it.’ Arise, shine, etc. “I have thought of that chapter a great deal, and read it more than any other, for thirty years. The latter part is the best.’ I the Lord will *hasten it in its time?* ‘Yes.—I have had views of the plan of salvation, that I suppose a person would not have that had not studied into it. It is great and glorious. Its greatness in every part, and as a whole, is astonishing. A person values a mass of gold in proportion to its amount. He must examine it, in

order to see how great the quantity is. I have recently had such views of this plan, as I never had before. It is amazing.'

After a pause, he said, 'For three or four years, and particularly of late, I have thought much of the heavenly states. I have never seen this subject discussed in books; but it appears glorious to me. The first is that which departed saints now enjoy; the second is the heaven of the judgment day; and the third is after the judgment; which will be as much more glorious than the present enjoyment of the saints in heaven, as this exceeds the millennium.' I said it may be necessary to wait till all the souls, to whom our influence shall extend, are converted to God, to know how to assign our reward; and this cannot be made manifest until the end of the world. He replied, 'I suppose it is so. But a thousand individuals may have been instrumental in converting one soul, and the influence of that soul may extend to a thousand more.' Your mind, I suppose, is much occupied with the plan and promises of God. 'Yes; especially the promises.' And prayer? 'I have sweet communion with God. But I do not think I have such a spirit of *secret* prayer, as many have.' I suppose Christ in connexion with the plan of salvation, appears glorious. 'Yes, in connexion. All is glorious and perfect and harmonious. I am naturally fond of system; and now the perfect union and symmetry and harmony, which I behold in every part of the work of redemption, greatly delight me;—the union of the sacred Three, and all the other parts of the stupendous whole. Most christians do not think of this symmetry so much as they ought. Some see one bright spot, and some another. The several parts of the New Jerusalem are all bright; its gates of pearl, its streets of gold, and the Lamb for the light thereof. But all united, they are exceedingly glorious. The glories of systematic divinity, have been constantly rising in my mind. Some think systematic divinity a mere speculation. To me, it is glorious reality. The glories of poetry, also, and music, and communion, have equally risen in my view. Some regard systematic divinity as an iceberg. The glories of Andover will rise much higher, for its attention to systematic divinity.'

Saturday morning, April 27. Brother is very feeble this morning. As I was taking leave for Colebrook, he said, 'I hope we shall be better when we meet again.'

The following memoranda are communicated by his daughter N. who was by him most of the time after her return from Ipswich.

*May 6.*—Monday evening. Do you have clear views of heaven? "I think I have very clear. I long to be gone." Then you feel better than you did yesterday. "Yes. I want you all to go with me." Is there any thing you want to say to A. and E. if you should not see them again? "I can't talk. They must be ministers and missionaries."

*May 7.* Tuesday evening. Do you enjoy the light of God's countenance? "I feel happy. There is a glory I can't *try* to express." I did not know but God would take you to himself last night. It may be that he is sparing you to do or say something more for him. "I shall not say much. I can't talk: you must not urge me. [Right.] You have no idea of the prostration." You feel now as though you could not, but God may give you strength. "You can't have my last end as you wish. It will be as God chooses." To depart and be with Christ, is far better. He opened his eyes. "What, said he?" The apostle said, having a desire to depart. Do you like to have me repeat the promises? "They are as familiar as A, B, C. I have no more doubt of them than I have that you love me. It is a reality and *heaven is mine*. It is a *reality*." I felt last night that I could not mourn for you—that I should feel more like rejoicing. "I should like to close my eyes in death and sink in glory; but I should rather live. I want to do something for the millennium. It is deepest in my heart."

One evening when the bell was ringing for meeting, he said to me, "I was just thinking I should like to be in the pulpit. It is better to be there than in heaven."

The next is communicated by the "friend" who kindly came to visit him.

Friday evening before his death, May 10, a friend from a distance called to see him. He had said but little for some days. His spirits seemed to be much raised. His friend said, I am very happy to find that God is as good as his word, and that you enjoy such rich consolations. He replied, with great animation, "More than that, more than that. I can never describe the consolations I have here experienced on this bed. Far more exceeding and eternal, ever increasing weight of glory. I shall talk with you about it in heaven. Never did I have such a desire to live as I now have." A friend present added, "nor I presume such a desire to die." "No. I never understood Paul's strait before."

On Sabbath morning, he was able to converse for some time. The dying words of Hooker were read to him,— "Though I have loved thee in my youth, and served thee in my age, yet if thou Lord shouldest mark iniquity, who could stand," etc. He seemed to be delighted with the sentiments, and said, "It is precious." A friend observed, that Melancthon wished to die that he might understand the mystical union in the character of Jesus Christ. He replied, "I know nothing in the bible that warrants us to expect we shall understand that great mystery, even in heaven."

Mrs. E. again writes :

*Wethersfield, May 16, 1833.*

After an absence of a little more than a fortnight, I again find myself in this consecrated study of our dear but now departed brother. After I left him, he continued gradually to grow weaker. There was no sensible alteration in him at any one time, until Monday afternoon, when he appeared more distressed, especially in his limbs, but not at all about the chest. He was then, for the only time, during his sickness, a little incoherent in his remarks. This was his last painful struggle. At evening, he appeared free from pain, and slept quietly as an infant. About twelve o'clock, after several ineffectual attempts to wake him, one of the watchers called Nancy. She arose, and after trying in vain to awake him, called her mother, who came immediately. He did not breathe after she came; but



gasped, and was gone so gently, that they hardly knew when. There was no clammy sweat; the flesh felt warm and natural; and even now he seems not like the dead, but rather as 'one that hath fallen asleep.' Yet he is so exceedingly emaciated, that only his hair, his forehead, and his eyebrows retain their former appearance.

I heard from him, while at Norfolk, last Saturday. One who had seen him, said, he was just able to whisper, "Peace;—more than peace." Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is *peace*. I should have seen him again alive, had not an unexpected delay prevented my coming on Monday.

How solitary is now this house, and especially this study, where I am writing. This apartment, as you know, was so peculiarly his home, that when returning from abroad, never did he *feel himself at home*, till here seated by his table, in his own simple chair. His remains have just been carried from this chamber, preparatory to the last, sad solemnities. I stood here this morning, and surveyed those lifeless remains. I looked on his precious volumes, and the various conveniencies of his invention, all arranged by his own hand in the fittest manner to facilitate his studies—his precious bible, Scott, dictionaries, etc., being placed within reach at his table—his maps, charts, and book-shelves, lining the walls—all that seemed needful to the immortal mind. As I thus pensively beheld the scene, the thought came to me powerfully; "This choice scaffolding is now of no further use to the structure it has aided in rearing. The immortal spirit has received its last finishing touch on earth, and is gone to the world of perfection." Never before, on the departure of a friend, had I so lively a feeling, that the freed spirit is now ranging in ecstasy, among unutterable glories, and has nothing to do with these scenes which so much engage our attention and affect our hearts.

The funeral is to be attended to-morrow. Dr. Hawes is to preach, as Dr. Tenney is too feeble.



## CHAPTER XXI.

### VIEWS OF HIS CHARACTER.

*Communications from Lieut. Gov. Armstrong—Dr. Chapin—Dr. Hawes—Miss Lyon—Miss Grant—and Dr. Tenney.—Remarks.*

THIS closing chapter will be chiefly occupied with communications from a number of my brother's intimate friends. They will afford a more complete exhibition of his character, as developed in the different relations of life. In my selection from a larger number that have been forwarded, I have had chiefly in view, to guard against repetition. For the same reason I have omitted some passages in the pieces here presented. Still it has not been found practicable entirely to avoid the repetition of some facts and remarks, without either omitting others which are new and important, or so marring the composition as to do injustice to the writer.

I might have embodied the substance of these communications in my own language; but it has appeared to me an act of stricter justice to my kind correspondents, and also fraught with greater interest and profit to the reader, to insert the original compositions; and thus preserve the authenticity, and the air of freshness which such compositions alone can convey. The first is from His Honor, Lieut. Gov. Armstrong, with whom, while in active business, my brother was chiefly concerned in respect to the publication of his own works, and those of some other men which he deemed of special utility to the christian public.

Boston, Sept. 15, 1833.

MY DEAR SIR,—I became acquainted with your brother Joseph, about the year 1810; and to the day of his death, I cherished for him the respect and love due to a sincerely good man. Our acquaintance commenced with the publication of the Evangelical Primer; a work which, scattered by thousands over the land, will convey to many yet to come upon the earth, an idea of the useful application of his peculiar talent in the inculcation of divine truth upon tender minds. Mr. Emerson seemed to comprehend well what was intended by the Savior's command to Peter, "Feed my lambs."

As long as his connexion with the church in Beverly continued, I had the opportunity of frequent interviews. His counsel and advice, I have sought and received. In the year 1815, I began an edition of Scott's Bible, on a new plan I had devised, omitting the marginal references. In this enterprize, notwithstanding many and persevering efforts on my part, I received little aid, until the first volume was published. But among the very few who encouraged the work in its earliest stages, was your brother. From him, I received advice, and much *substantial* aid in promoting its sale. Indeed, if the circulation of Scott's Bible is a good work, a useful labor, then may Mr. Emerson be entitled to the praise of having done much good work, much useful labor; for no one person, not a professed agent for the sale of this work, has disposed of so many copies directly; besides the many copies for which his recommendation has created a demand in and out of New England.

At one time, we had the pleasure to entertain him, for several weeks, at our house. His conversation was always improving; his knowledge of men and of things, was not small, and this knowledge was imparted freely; but never have I heard him speak a word of reproach of any one. I do not indeed claim for him, what he would, I doubt not, be the last to claim for himself, a freedom from the frailties of our nature; but a more humble, prayerful, devout, consistent, useful, christian, I have not known nor do I expect to know.

Of Mr. Emerson's judgment in respect to books, I have often availed myself, with great advantage. It was a judgment on which I much relied. His good sound common sense, freedom from prejudice, and disinterestedness,

united with fidelity and love, made him a counsellor to me, in the way of business, that I highly valued.

He was a man eminently of *good devices*; scarcely have I known him make me a visit, even though it were short, in which he did not propose some plan to increase the number of readers of the Bible, or students of the other *works* of God; some plan to render simple that which is abstruse, or attractive and alluring that which is good. Indeed from the effect of his preaching, his books, his conversation, and his life, I have considered him as one of the 'wise who shall shine for ever as the brightness of the firmament, having turned many to righteousness.'

I had the happiness of considering him among my friends on earth; and contemplating the past and the future, I would say, Farewell, farewell, but not forever.

Yours truly and affectionately,

SAMUEL T. ARMSTRONG.

I shall next present the latter part of a letter from Pres. Chapin. The first part has already been given, at the close of my brother's college life.

In two things, your brother did more, perhaps, than any one man in New England—in awakening an interest in the biblical instruction of children and youth of both sexes, and in the literary education of young females. His scriptural catechism was published more than twenty years ago, and was among the first, if not the very first, of the numerous similar publications which have appeared. My impression is that it has spread more widely, and has done more good, than any other little work of the same kind, of modern date.

The opening of his school in Byefield, may be considered as an era in the history of female education. His labors there, at Saugus, and at Wethersfield, have given an impulse to this all-important interest, which will continue to be felt in future generations.

The life of a scholar of distinguished talents and attainments, so entirely and successfully devoted to the religious and literary education of children and young females, ought to be set out in bold relief. Who can estimate the good which may result from his labors in future ages, and distant regions. While the lives of

such men are, in this world, greatly underrated, they will in the future, receive their full meed of honor and blessedness. While Ceasar and Bonaparte shall search in vain for their laurels, such persons as Hannah More, Robert Raikes, and Joseph Emerson, will wear their crowns of unfading glory. Dear Brother, yours in the joyous hopes of the kingdom of Christ,

S. CHAPIN.

The following is a small part of the sketch of my brother's character, as drawn by Rev. Dr. Hawes, in the funeral sermon.

Mr. Emerson was a plain man, but the leading qualities of his character were of the most substantial and useful kind. He had a clear, vigorous, active mind; highly cultivated by assiduous study, and richly furnished with a fund of useful knowledge on a great variety of subjects. He was a great lover of truth, fond of investigation, and took great pleasure in conversing on subjects which called forth thought, suggested useful trains of reflection, and promised to lead to useful results. He had an ardor of mind which seemed never to decline and which impelled him to engage with great earnestness and interest in whatever he attempted to accomplish. He was never idle,—always busy—aiming continually at improvement and utility. As a teacher, he was devoted with great and untiring ardor to his employment. Kind and affectionate in his disposition, and manifestly intent upon doing good to all with whom he had intercourse, he rarely failed to secure and retain the affection and respect of his pupils and to rouse their minds to a diligent improvement of their time and talents. He was original and novel in his method of teaching; possessing in a high degree the happy talent of adapting his instructions to the capacities of his pupils; peculiarly familiar and practical. Especially should it be said that he was a christian, religious teacher. He regarded his pupils as immortal and accountable beings; and his great aim was to educate them for God and eternity. The results were eminently happy. While few teachers have been more successful in eliciting the talents and improving the minds of their pupils,



he was repeatedly blessed by revivals of religion in his Seminary ; and many will look back from the distant ages of eternity to the instructions which he imparted to them from the bible, as the means which God blessed to the salvation of their souls.

No trait in the character of Mr. Emerson was more striking than open hearted honesty. He had more of the character commended by our Savior in Nathaniel, than any person I ever knew. He was an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile. His life, his preaching, his prayers, his conversation, were simplicity and sincerity. He knew not how to dissemble, nor to wear a mask. He was what he appeared to be ; his face, his words, his whole conduct and conversation laid bare his heart ; and such was his unbending integrity and uprightness that all who had but the slightest acquaintance with him, felt that he was a man that could be trusted.

I am sorry that the highly respected writer of the following, has not allowed me to prefix her name.

In describing the characteristics of your brother *as a teacher*, I remark, that one of his most prominent traits, was the deep interest he took in the work ; and the almost enthusiastic ardor, with which he prosecuted the business of instruction. When he assembled the young around him, for the communication of knowledge, he appeared to regard the bearing which his instructions might have on all their future course, through endless ages ; and to feel, that he should probably leave impressions upon their minds, which death itself could not efface. Acting under the impressions of such feelings, no recitation was allowed to pass without its religious application.

If the history of the rise and fall of nations, was the theme, and we were deeply interested in searching out the many causes which led to the establishment or destruction of empires and kingdoms, we were led from apparent agencies, to contemplate with an eye of faith an unseen hand directing the machinery of the universe, and accomplishing God's will 'in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of earth ; exalting the debased, and bringing the haughtiness of the proud low,



because they believed not in God and trusted not in his salvation.'

If the history of the church was the chosen subject and her trials and persecutions were matter of astonishment and wonder, difficult to be understood by minds which discerned not the necessity of the purifying ordeal prepared by God for his chosen, we were assured, if God so loved the world as to give his only and beloved Son a ransom for it, not a sorrow too much for their eternal felicity, would be permitted to trouble their peace, not one unnecessary grief disturb their breasts.

If chemistry and natural philosophy were the engrossing topics, we were led "from nature up to nature's God," and taught to adore that goodness which was controlling the complicated operations of the world and keeping in subjection the elements of destruction, contained within its bosom; directing their operations with reference to the comfort and security of man.

Were the starry heavens and wonders of astronomy spread out to our admiring gaze, we were told, that "the heavens were the work of his fingers," and that the power and goodness of that God, which caused the morning stars to sing together at creation, forgot not, in the glories which surrounded him, the humblest work of his hands.

Not one of all his numerous pupils, but felt that their beloved teacher was acting and teaching for eternity.

The bible, with him, was the only standard of moral action; and every case of right and wrong, was judged by that unerring rule. The sacred volume was presented to us with strong attractions; and we were directed in the study of its pages, by one who for years, had made it the "man of his counsel." Every sentence contained matter of interest, and events and characters with which we thought ourselves familiar, appeared clothed with the novelty and interest of relations listened to for the first time.

Utility was the leading object in every branch of study; and each received a place of importance in the arrangement of his course, in proportion to its practical influence. A portion of every day was allotted to a biblical exercise; and many can testify to its happy influence in interesting them in the word of God, and fixing

their determination to become better acquainted with its saving truths. As might be expected, such instructions were signally blessed of God, and many delight to acknowledge their revered and beloved instructor as the instrument, in God's hand, of turning their feet into the way of life and peace. He regarded his school as one great family, of which, for the time, he was constituted head; and with parental anxiety, he labored for their temporal and eternal interests.

His study was the place where, with child-like confidence, his pupils repaired for instruction and advice, in hours of exemption from all other tasks. Here the awakened sinner was pointed to the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world;" and there many, who were going forth from the teacher and companions they loved, to mingle in the busy scenes of active life, sought his counsel in the direction of their future course, and his prayers for a blessing on their future labors. Many who were privileged with instructions in his family, will remember with what untiring zeal he labored for their improvement.

Systematic in all his arrangements, practically wise in the disposal of leisure hours, patient and unwearied in the prosecution of any desirable object, he failed not to enforce, by example, what he inculcated by precept.

The government of his school, was administered with affection and mildness, but yet with decision. Possessing the love and confidence of his pupils, to an uncommon degree, those whose delinquencies subjected them to his reproof, were conscious that a benevolent regard to their interest, urged him to the performance of a most unwelcome duty; and they received his rebukes, as they were given, with a spirit of kindness, and were more pained by the grief they occasioned their teacher, than by the infliction of any penalty their fault might have incurred.

The writer of this, was a member of his Seminary in the year —; and with many then associated with her, will long remember, and ever delight to dwell on the instructions she there received. The many, who in different periods have been connected with his institution, and received instruction from his lips, uniformly testify to the unwearied devotion of himself to his duties

and the almost unbounded influence which his opinions exerted over minds which had once felt their power—an influence which his consistency of character, his conformity in life to the principles he professed, alone could procure. Those who were preparing to communicate instruction to others were objects of peculiar interest, and to the special improvement of such, he devoted many hours which his feeble health required for repose. Some, thus furnished for usefulness, have devoted themselves to the business of instruction; and acting on the same benevolent and christian principle, are striving to diffuse and perpetuate an influence, the value of which will be known only in eternity.

FROM MISS LYON.

*On his Estimate and Treatment of Females.*

*Ipswich, April 12, 1834.*

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—In compliance with your request, I will endeavor to note a few things on one subject, in respect to your departed brother. I shall include sentiments which I have heard him express, and impressions which I have received either when I was a member of his school, some twelve or fifteen years ago, or in my interviews with him since that period.

In his *views of the female character*, and in *his treatment of females*, there was so rare a combination of excellence, that I have been led to inquire, whether this did not constitute an important part of his powerful influence over the minds, the hearts, the conduct, and the future lives of his pupils. His salutary influence seemed eminently like that influence, which is received from a careful study of those parts of the bible, from which so much important and practical instruction, on the peculiar station and duties of females, can be derived.

His practical views on this subject might be divided into two classes. These to some minds have appeared opposite and incompatible; but to his, they appeared beautifully to harmonize, each supporting each, like faith and works.

On the one hand, his regard for females was unusually high. This was true in relation to their intellectual

powers, as was evident from his general manner of treating his pupils, and his other female friends. If a lady advanced an opinion, to which he could not assent, he did not hesitate to object, *because* it was the opinion of a *lady*; for he appeared to believe, that she had a mind capable of weighing an argument, and of seeing an objection. He would address her as if he expected, that she would modestly, but independently, adhere to that which she believed to be the truth, till convinced by argument, and that she would gratefully receive the correction of an error.

The tendency of the course he pursued, was to inspire ladies with a *modest* confidence, not only in their own individual powers, but also in the native abilities of the sex; and to give them those just views of their *real* worth, which are so suited to lead them to dislike and avoid all mean *pretensions* to knowledge, genius, and greatness; and which are suited to do away the assumption that females were never designed to be literary or scientific, and that they cannot be without injury to themselves and others. He would regard the jewel of learning, "in a woman without discretion," just as Solomon regards that of beauty; and was equally desirous to repress a disgusting vanity, and to inspire a proper confidence. Accordingly, he treated ladies and gentlemen essentially in the same manner, without any needless distinction. In mixed company, I never knew him converse in a profitable and interesting manner, and on some practical subject, with a circle of gentlemen, on one hand; and when turning his attention to a circle of ladies, on the other, descend to needless common place inquiries, and trifling remarks. In his general intercourse with his christian friends, he seemed to regard neither male nor female, but all as one in Christ Jesus. In conversation with him, ladies generally had a feeling of being regarded like equals as well as friends. There was no needless gallantry—no apparent consciousness of stooping—or of condescension. His sincere and unfeigned regard for the sex, was told far less by words than by his cordial, familiar, and unaffected manner. It has been said by one, whom all consent to place among the first of literary ladies, and who, after a long life of elevated usefulness, has just



been called away to reap her everlasting reward, that ladies may know in what estimation they are held by gentlemen, by the conversation addressed to them. If this is true of individual ladies, is it not also true, that the whole sex may know in what estimation they are held, by the conversation addressed to them. If the views of him, whom so many delight to remember, were more universally adopted, and his example followed by educated gentlemen, the *younger* as well as the elder, would it not be suited to lead literary and scientific ladies, to become more like this worthy and highly valued woman, whose sentiment has just been quoted. And is it too much to hope, that our country might now and then raise up a Hannah More, untarnished ornaments to our sex, who should be no less distinguished among us, for their freedom from a disgusting egotism, than for their sound and extensive learning.—Thus much for one class of his views.

On the other hand, his views of the *subordinate station* of the female sex, were no less clear; and were just as frankly avowed. In this, the bible was his guide. I believe his opinion was, that the mind of the female in its native characteristics, differs somewhat from that of the male—that in some things, which are not so necessary to enable her to fulfil her varied and extensive duties, her strength of intellect is not equal to that of the other sex; but that in other things, no less noble, and equally important for the good of the world, she even excels.

The station of females, he viewed, as designed by Providence to be subordinate and dependent, to a degree far exceeding the difference in their native talents. This difference in their station, no less than the difference in their intellectual powers, he regarded as dictated by infinite wisdom and goodness—not for the elevation of the one, or the depression of the other, but for the promotion of the greatest good of the whole. His mode of treating these topics, was suited to lead ladies to fill the station assigned them by Providence, and to perform their appropriate and varied duties, with dignity and grace—with modesty and ingenuousness, with cheerfulness and contentment.

His views of the obedience due from the wife to the husband, were as clear as those we find in the bible. While he considered it the universal duty of the wife to



obey, restricted only by the laws of God, he did not consider it the duty of the husband, in any ordinary case, to command. Still the marks of infinite wisdom may be discovered, in that comparative safety which is secured to family peace and order, by vesting, for cases of great emergency and unnatural contention, the supreme authority in one rather than in two. If in families, so wonderfully fitted in their very organization to be the abode of happiness and love, there may be here and there found an instance of strange alienation and discord, how many more such scenes should we witness, if the bible had clothed each part of the united head, with equal authority to rule. Thus all glorying is void, and all servile dependence excluded, while each unites with each, in conforming, and in being conformed to the delightful harmony and beautiful unity of the divine government. The obedience, which he would inculcate, would be so genuine and unaffected, as scarcely if ever to be recognized as such, by either party, the whole being clothed in the beautiful robe of mutual respect and esteem.

If according to his opinion, females are called to sustain a greater variety of cares, if they have occasion, in their ordinary pursuits, to excel in a greater number of objects; if they need to understand, not only one profession, but as it were several professions; and if in kindness, they have been fitted for those cares by the native flexibility of their souls, made more flexible by their subordinate and dependent condition, would they not become more fitted, under his cultivating hand? Any lady, and the cases are not rare, who has occasion to excel in guiding her numerous household—in being the active head of all her various departments of domestic labor, in presiding in the parlor, and at the table, without display or diffidence—in rendering her house the delightful abode of hospitality, as well as of domestic happiness—in becoming a skilful teacher for her own children, and for others, who may be gathered into the sabbath school, or bible class—and in being the main spring of many a benevolent association—and besides all, who will find it desirable to be intelligent on most subjects of practical interest, and it may be too, to be literary without vanity, and scientific without ostenta-

tion—any lady, who has occasion for all this, will have great reason for gratitude, that she ever enjoyed the privilege of sitting under the instruction of my dearly beloved, and highly revered teacher.

While I fully believe, that this subject should not be approached at all in conversation or in writing, without an important reason, I also as fully believe, that it is a subject, on which our youth should be fully and plainly instructed. Thus believing, I most cheerfully submit this short and imperfect sketch to your disposal. I can only say, that I would rather this communication should be rendered useless, by a more full and lucid delineation, drawn from other sources. But should you deem any part of it, suited to aid some, among the many hundreds of mothers who are anticipating so much satisfaction as well as profit from the fruits of your present work, and who must sustain the principal responsibility of instructing their daughters on many important topics, I should be gratified to have it used for such an end.

Yours respectfully,

MARY LYON.

The following is from a letter addressed to Miss Grant. Another extract from the same discriminating pen, will be found in Miss G.'s communication.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am happy to write to you on the subject you have suggested. The recollection of the past is usually interesting, and peculiarly so, when connected with the contemplation of a character of so much intellectual worth and moral excellence as was Mr. Emerson's. Though my connexion with his school was comparatively short, and my acquaintance with his character limited, yet I trust the savor of his instructions will long remain, and extensively influence my opinions and conduct.

His school in ——— consisted of about eighty pupils of different ages and characters, from the intellectual and sedate young lady of twenty-five, to the gay and thoughtless miss of ten or twelve. From the difference in our characters, and the dissimilarity in our aims and motives, little union of feeling might have been anticipated; but on one subject, we all agreed. This was, respectful

affection for our teacher. Well do I remember the interest his approach excited in every heart, and the delight that would beam from the downcast eye and kindle the blushing cheek at any special instance of his notice. The epithet of *father*, which was often applied to him by the pupils, in familiar intercourse with each other, well expressed our sentiments towards him. In consequence of our regard to him, our love for our companions increased. Viewing him as a common parent, we learned to consider each other as sisters. And this feeling did not cease with our connexion with the school.

The mutual attachment of Mr. Emerson's pupils after leaving the Seminary, has become almost proverbial. nor is this confined to those individuals, who were members of his school at *the same time*. I believe it is seldom that two young ladies meet who have enjoyed the benefit of his instructions, who, if aware of the fact, do not immediately feel interested in each other.\*

Mr. Emerson's method of teaching, is well known. His instructions were rich in moral and intellectual treasures. His remarks were uttered with perfect simplicity, but with an animation that commanded interest and secured attention. While they afforded a mental feast to the more intelligent of his pupils, they were so plain as to be profitable to the most ignorant.

You well know, that I regard my residence in S. as forming an important era in my intellectual existence. I there acquired new ideas of what constituted excellence of character. Elsewhere I had read and studied for my own gratification. I had sought knowledge for the delight I derived from its acquisition. Here I was taught that knowledge was desirable principally as a means of usefulness to others, and that literary selfishness was as sinful as any other selfishness.

\* This community of feeling has often attracted my notice; nor have I ever seen it so strong between the pupils of any other school, or even of any college. I am at a loss to account *fully* for its intensity, though it would be easy to specify some additional causes to the one alluded to by the author of this letter. 'They were all led to drink into one and the same spirit;' and to feel that they had a great work before them in life, and that they were to aid each other in this work of light and beneficence; and selfishness, and petty aims, and vanity, were to be laid aside. This laid the foundation for a new and kindred feeling of an exalted and permanent character.

FROM MISS GRANT.

*Ipswich, April, 1834.*

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Your note requesting me to communicate something respecting your brother, that might aid you in preparing his Memoir, was duly received. Having been his pupil six months, and resided in his family more than two years, either as pupil or assistant teacher, and having kept up an acquaintance with him as with an elder brother, from the spring of 1820 till his death, I have had an opportunity of knowing his character more thoroughly than perhaps almost any other person, except his own family connexions. My full conviction, that many faithful laborers in the cause of education, would become much more useful through an acquaintance with some of his distinguishing traits, leads me to communicate to you the following observations, which I submit to your disposal.

*His uncommon skill in exciting those around him to think*, was one of his peculiar excellencies as an educator. This was not so much owing to the force of his mental action, as to the quickness and clearness of his perceptions, and to his peculiar delight in witnessing the mental operations of others, and in eliciting truth by the mutual action and reaction of his own and other minds. He was equally careful to theorize on his practice, and to practice his theories; and the *why* and *wherefore*, with which he often interrogated his pupils, could not fail of arresting their attention. The boundary of his own knowledge, he was able most clearly to define, and the causes of uncertainty as to what lay beyond that limit, he always understood. Regarding his own attainments as the result of patient, persevering effort, he felt that high mental cultivation, and abilities for extensive usefulness, might be acquired by those of only respectable talents, *if they were willing to pay the price*. He believed that a mind well disciplined, and stored with useful and systematic knowledge, and able to use it when called for, together with discretion and a singleness of purpose to do right, promised more good to the human race, than first-rate talents, unaccompanied by such moral power. Having accomplished so much in self-education, he knew how to point out to others his well-



trodden path. He would indicate what the course and progress of his own mind had been, by proposing such questions as at once seemed capable of solution; and yet actually required much thought to solve. When it was necessary, he would give a clue to the solution of a difficulty; but ordinarily the mind he was guiding, must distinctly see and weigh the arguments on opposite sides, and decide for itself, before it could discover how the case stood in his own. In discussion, he almost uniformly adopted the Socratic method. His skill in stating questions, was surely of no ordinary character, as the more and the less learned would unitedly testify. His patience with persons unskilled in reasoning, and his uniform kindness and cheerfulness of manner, overcame the timidity of almost every active intellect. Barrenness of mind never seemed to be the result of his physical infirmities. On the contrary, when his bodily powers were the most prostrated, he seemed to approach nearer and nearer to our ideal of a pure spirit; and whether he was comparatively weak or strong, he would furnish by the present actings of his own mind, abundant materials of thought, to all with whom he conversed.

It was his uniform practice, *to refer his every action to the principle of moral right*. This principle, he considered much more extensive in its application, than is generally conceded by professing christians. For every thing he did, he was able to state a reason that was satisfactory, at least to himself. His diet,\* exercise, intellectual employments, and the course to be pursued in his school, and indeed every practical question was brought to the same test. Whatever he decided, all things considered, it was best he should do, that he continued to do, till he saw reason for altering his decision. This was strikingly apparent in *his care of his health*. In forming his plans for usefulness, he always considered what he could sustain without injury. It was with him an established principle, that it was his duty to prolong

\* To a friend he once remarked to the following effect. Every thing like luxury in food is sinful. When making calls on ladies of piety, I have sometimes been distressed, to hear them speak of living for the glory of God, when spreading a very sumptuous table—just as if the glory of God had nothing to do with these extravagances. Indeed, he regarded luxury as a double sin, a waste of food, and a waste of health.



his usefulness in this world, as many years as possible. And that it would be wrong for him, either by neglecting attention to diet and exercise, or by making efforts on any occasion beyond his strength, to injure, even temporarily, the only instrument with which his mind could act on earth. When he had decided, that every time he stepped out of the door, he needed his overshoes, or gaiters, or both, he never went without them. The hours he had appropriated to exercise, were never under any circumstances, for a single day, spent in physical inaction.\* He not only uniformly rejected whatever food, he had decided to be injurious to him, but his cocoa or shells, or whatever he deemed necessary for his food or drink, was always taken, whether at home or abroad. As his diet for several years consisted generally, either of bread and milk, or bread and butter, what solid food he wanted, could be supplied at any table; and the inconvenience and unpleasantness of carrying his shells with him, and having them prepared, wherever he took his morning or evening repast, he considered as nothing, compared with the loss of that precious time, which he had consecrated to the service of God.† From that fearful lion, “What will people say?” which leads so many to violate conscience, he was so guarded by the shield of faith, that its attacks never caused him either a trembling or a deviating step. When informed, that some of his acquaintances thought he would have more strength, if he should take more nourishing food, or that they considered him notional in regard to his diet, he would say, “I understand my own case better than any one else *can*,”—“I am not accountable to other people’s consciences, but to my own,”—“I am not to be swerved from the performance of what I believe to be duty, by what people say,”—“I am under obligation to pursue such a course, as will enable me to accomplish the greatest amount of good.” Often also,

\* This sometimes led him to such neglect of company as to create in my own breast, painful feelings. Though I could not coincide with him in all his conclusions, yet I could see the view which he took of the case, and understood the reasons of his conduct.

† He was no less careful as to the quantity of his food. More than thirty years ago he adopted the practice of eating but one kind at a meal; and this as he then said, to prevent his eating too much.—ED.

when journeying for his health, he felt constrained to deny himself the gratification of calling on his friends, even when he passed very near them; because the excitement, which he must necessarily experience in meeting them, would be more than he could sustain, and at the same time receive benefit from his journey. Had he taken no more care of himself than even conscientious invalids generally do, he would have been lost to the world, and probably laid in his grave, at least ten years sooner. How much, then, do mankind owe to his peculiar watchfulness and singular fidelity in relation to every thing that could affect his physical system.\*

It was not enough in his view, for a rational being to be positively useful. He held it to be both his duty, and his privilege, to do good to the extent of his capacity. To fall short of this, he considered morally wrong. Under circumstances suited to produce painful emotion, instead of allowing the propensities of human nature to operate and consume his time, he trained himself to consider what it was duty to do in the case; to discharge that faithfully; and then to apply himself, with undivided attention, to useful occupation.

The requirement, *Love thy neighbor as thyself*, he felt to be full of meaning. The principle of obedience to this precept, led him to peculiar *faithfulness in administering reproof*. This was generally accomplished by directing the attention of the person, whose fault he wished

\* To a superficial eye, it might seem as if my brother was very fond of life. But in truth, I have scarcely known the man that cared so little for life *merely for the sake of living*; while I have never found one with whom the preservation of life, was so much a *matter of conscience*. The following, from the memoranda of his daughter, will further illustrate this position. To those who had not known and could not realize the great and long continued infirmities of my father, the various methods he had adopted and the efforts he had made for the recovery of his health, his pertinacious adherence to his peculiar habits, might appear like obstinacy. But it arose from a solemn conviction of duty and a persuasion that having so long studied his own constitution, he was better acquainted with it, than any one else. Hence his extreme reluctance, in his last sickness, to try experiments which the experience of twenty years, had led him to believe might be injurious. A week or two before his death, when I inquired of him, if he had not better take a certain medicine, he said, in a very solemn manner, "my conscience is most deeply exercised upon that subject, I am going to the judgment and must judge for myself." And it was only after prayerful deliberation and requesting the prayers of others that he consented to throw himself upon the care of his physicians, and leave the event with God.

to correct, to the exercise of an opposite virtue. Where he observed, for instance, apparent impatience of contradiction, he would take a favorable opportunity to remark, "I think your manner in conversation might perhaps be improved by cultivating a spirit of meekness." This would be said in so easy and unstudied a manner, with so much kindness and benevolent interest, as to make it impossible for a teachable disposition, to resist its influence. Instead of leading his friends to make efforts to correct the *outward appearance*, even where the fault seemed to be only in manner, he always turned their attention inward, and led them to seek to purify the source. He gratefully received hints concerning himself, from his intimate friends, not excepting his inferiors; and in all his faithfulness of reproof to others, the golden rule was ever *his* rule of action. Even very trying truths respecting peculiar traits of character or personal habits, he would communicate in such a way, that though all was understood and felt, yet the individual would hardly be able to tell at what particular time in the course of the conversation, the desired impression was received. From the example of Paul in his epistles, and of our Savior in his letters to the seven churches of Asia, he learned to mingle more or less of commendation with his reproofs. This was of a kind suited to lead his friends justly to appreciate excellence, and to discriminate between good and evil, to desire the one and avoid the other, and by no means to produce self-complacency. In this way, he greatly aided those under his influence, in gaining a just estimate of themselves, and continually stimulated them to aim at high attainments.

I would further remark on his signal success, *in leading every conscientious pupil to feel her individual responsibility to serve her generation according to the will of God.* This seemed to be effected by leading the pupil to see things more nearly as they are,—to gain clearer ideas of the principles of the human mind, a more just sense of the end for which it was created, a more rational and practical understanding of the moral law, and a perception of its adaptation to the condition and character of man—and by an exemplification, in his own spirit and conduct, of that moral excellence which he

inculcated. The way being thus prepared, the exhortation from him, "Never spend six months of your life in any way, without first considering whether you can benefit the world as much by the plan proposed, as by any other," has been applied with such force, as to produce an effect for years. His self-possession under circumstances fitted to produce irritation, convinced those around him, that he could endure as well as act. They felt that he would do exactly what he thought was right, and this caused his instructions to come home with ten-fold power. This happy influence was not felt merely while his pupils were members of his seminary, but the principles then adopted or developed, remained abiding and operative wherever their lot was cast.

The following extract of a letter from an intelligent mother, who was once a member of his seminary, is a happy specimen of the sentiments and experience of many of his pupils, whose active, unostentatious usefulness is the best comment on the moral tendency of his instructions and example. "Among other ways of doing good, Mr. Emerson did not fail often to refer to one peculiarly adapted to the situation and habits of females—that of influencing and educating children. His remarks on this subject, were frequent; his directions for being useful to our little brothers and sisters, minute; and his illustrations, practical. As I had neither a little brother nor sister to labor for, I sometimes used to think him unnecessarily prolix on this subject; but since I have been a mother, I have realized the value of these instructions. While gazing on the infant in my arms, or attending to the prattler at my side, I have felt reason to thank God for having been Mr. E.'s pupil. To him I am indebted for an increased sense of the responsibility of the maternal relation; and from his opinions and sentiments, have I derived most of the principles which have actuated me in the management of my children. Very often does his maxim, 'Never teach a child what you will afterwards wish him to forget,' come to my mind with restraining power, and the experience of several years has but increased my conviction of its salutary influence. I think I may say as an almost uniform fact, that my success with my children, has been proportioned to the fidelity with which I have adhered to Mr. E.'s directions and principles. Those books which have been



most useful to me, and most profitable to my children, have seemed but exemplifications of what fell from his lips, years ago."

*His familiar acquaintance with the history and character of bible saints, and his clear conception of invisible realities,* had no small effect on his usefulness. The original talents, the natural disposition and the general attainments, as well as whatever was peculiar in the religious character of the patriarchs, statesmen, warriors, and prophets, delineated in holy writ, appeared to be as clearly understood by him, as were those of his own associates. Such particular circumstances or traits, as that of Abraham's being an intelligent traveller, and a polished gentleman; and Isaac, a quiet, well-disposed, domestic man, with only ordinary talents, were often noticed in his conversation and instruction. He was satisfied that heaven is a locality, because it contains the bodies of Enoch, Elijah and Christ; and he would speak of these bodies, and of the spirits of the righteous dead, as being in heaven, just as he would speak of a friend's being in a neighboring State. The communion of glorified saints with each other and with Christ, seemed to him as much a reality as the intercourse of the members of his own family; and his views in respect to the transforming influence, on the redeemed, of seeing Jesus as he is, gave him a lively sense of the importance of contemplating the same character, in order to promote personal sanctification on earth. It was his custom to speak of intellectual and holy pursuits in heaven, as a continuation of the same on earth, and of going thither, as a change of *state*, but not of *character*. Such expressions frequently falling from his lips, as, "I never expect to understand this fully before I get to heaven;" "we shall know more about this science if we ever reach heaven;" "probably Abraham, with all his faith, had low views of this subject on earth, compared with what he has now," led those around him to feel, that heavenly things were to him as real as earthly. Even the skeptical would imperceptibly imbibe the same view, and begin to feel that their existence after death, is as certain as their existence now. His habit of viewing and exhibiting the subject in this calm and unimpassioned manner, till the judgment was wholly enlisted, was, in its effects on the christian, most



lasting and salutary, and the means of bringing many who were impenitent, to the exercise of saving faith.

The death of this good man, appeared to his extensive circle of friends, only as a transition from his place of sojourning here, to a permanent residence on high; and his arrival there, with what is to follow it, as the consummation of all his desires in regard to himself. Almost or quite every individual whom I have heard speak of his death, instead of using a common expression, has remarked something to this effect; "Mr. Emerson has finally gone home; he now mingles with those ancient saints he so much admired and loved on earth." If the *anticipation* of associating with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, was to him so delightful, what must the *reality* be?" "No other person's death ever seemed to me so much like a passage from one country to another, as does his." "Instead of thinking of him as being dead, I always think of him as being in heaven."

With high regard, and sincere esteem, yours,  
Z. P. GRANT.

FROM DR. TENNEY.

*Wethersfield, January 4, 1834.*

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Since you requested me to express my views respecting your lamented brother, such has been my own indisposition, pointing me to my own exit as not distant, that I have not been able, neither am I now able, to do justice to the deceased. But such was my acquaintance with him and such my respect for his character, that I cannot be silent.

Although we were born nearly in the same neighborhood, and were not very distant in age, our acquaintance did not become intimate, until the spring of his third year in college. Then in our native place, our minds were almost at the same time impressed with the great truths of religion—a circumstance which led to an intimacy of friendship, which was terminated only by his death. His religious anxiety was marked by great honesty in his inquiries after truth and duty, and by a most conscientious and entire surrendery of himself to the gospel of Jesus Christ and to the service of God.

In our subsequent interviews, which were only occa-

sional, until he removed to this place, great frankness, untiring ardor in duty and the character of an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile, very uniformly appeared in him. The character he developed here, was in perfect keeping with what I had previously known and expected of him; except as my renewed acquaintance became more and more intimate, I saw in him more and more to love and respect.

In his dispositions, he was naturally so frank and honest, that he was ready, possibly too ready, to believe all others like himself. Duplicity and deceitfulness, flattery and flatterers, he could not endure. Pacific, compassionate and kind in his feelings, he never once, in all my intercourse with him, appeared in the least out of temper. He indeed complained of nervous weakness and irritability; but this was known only to himself and not to others. So common is it for those long employed in teaching the young, to become impatient and irritable, that his freedom from this, as testified by his pupils and acquaintance, was an attainment as excellent as it is rare.\*

Uninterruptedly did he, in every way, aim at improvement. This was a leading trait in his character, and was fitted to make him *original* and *interesting* as an instructor of youth and a preacher of the gospel. He had and ever manifested a hallowed, profound deference for the bible. He was mighty in the scriptures, and was decided in his belief, that they ought to be a classic, not only in female seminaries but also in all literary institutions. His piety was *deeply in-wrought* and was apparent in his whole conversation and life.

Your brother was more remarkable for no one thing than for doing whatever he did *with all his might*. In study, in conversation, in teaching, in prayer, and in preaching he brought all his power into action, and his whole soul was absorbed. This was the secret together with his simplicity and perspicuity, of his popularity and great success as a teacher, and of his peculiar power in rousing and bringing into vigorous action, all the ener-

\* Here, too, he put in requisition a sanctified philosophy. "If at any time," said he once to a friend, "I find an emotion of displeasure rising in my heart, I put on a smile, and that destroys the feeling. If any one else is disposed to try this method he can."

gies of his pupils. This was the secret of his commending himself in the pulpit to the consciences of all his hearers, who always felt themselves *moved* and *instructed* by his discourses. This was the secret of his feeble health and of his early death. His mind was too active and too much employed, to preserve health, or secure length of days.

His has been a life of *uncommon usefulness*. Omitting all other particulars, I here allude only to the good he did in this place, and as the teacher and principal of his Seminary. Permit me just to say, as a tribute of personal gratitude and respect, that to myself he was of great service as a friend, a brother, a wise counsellor and a frequent assistant in the devotions and ministrations of the sanctuary and at the table of Christ. The instruction he imparted to a multitude of our youth, co-operated perfectly in its influence with the high design of the ministry. In the introduction and establishment of female seminaries in New England, he was very much a pioneer. Such celebrity did he secure to his institution for its system, accuracy, thoroughness, and christian character, that far and wide he spread before the public mind the importance of female education. His may properly be called a *parent* institution. For several of his pupils and many others followed his example in establishing schools of a high order for young ladies. His usefulness in this respect, has surpassed that of any other teacher of females within the last half century.\*

Besides this, the instruction he actually communicated to many, *many hundreds* of minds, and the success with which he taught them *how to think, how to read, how to learn and how to feel and act*, constitute an untold amount of good. By him a vast number were prepared for elevated stations in domestic life, and many to become the companions of ministers and missionaries to the heathen. Repeatedly was his seminary visited by the gracious influences of the Spirit, under which not a few were sealed

\* The views of my brother's influence on female education, as expressed here and elsewhere, are not to be understood as derogating from the useful labors of his cotemporaries or his predecessors. Woodbridge, Herrick, and others had labored to good purpose in parts of the same wide field.

to the day of redemption. Thus he has spread extensively a healthful, redeeming influence in the church and in the world—an influence which lives and acts while he sleeps—an influence which is no small item in that great amount of influence, which is, under God, to renovate the world. Already does it clearly appear, that wise was that providence, in the failure of his health, which drove him from the ministry to the employment of a teacher of the young.

It was rational to expect, that such a man would have a calm and peaceful death. His was indeed of this character. Persuaded, months before his exit, that the time of his departure drew near, he set his house in order and prepared for the last. Uniformly was he composed. Uniformly did he abound in counsel, admonition, and conversation fitted to his dying condition. In much that he said, his heart was full, his language strong, and his very countenance expressive. He said to myself, "I have always in my life had fears of death and a dread of the grave, but both are now gone." To the remark, God renders your passage to the grave *pleasant*, he replied, "I fear *too* pleasant, there is nothing but pleasantness in it." To two brethren in the ministry, he said; "the ministry never appeared to me before so important and glorious. Be faithful, brethren, in your great work. I trust I am going *upward*; in a little while, one of you will be called *upward*; and the other, not long after. The reward is glorious." To the inquiry, How do you feel to-day, Sir? he replied, "I feel as though I had been in heaven for two days." When told he had been enabled to do much for Christ, he answered, "*That* is too strong; compared with those who have done *nothing*, I have done a good deal." He spoke with rapture of the certainty and glory of the millennium and rejoiced in view of the advance of Christ's kingdom, since he came upon the stage. In a word, the Rev. Joseph Emerson was in life a rare instance of one, who in the view of observers, did no evil, and GREAT GOOD WITH ALL HIS MIGHT. His end was full of heaven and immortality. Though dead, he yet speaketh. His name, in our region, is as precious ointment poured forth.

Thus, Rev. and dear Sir, I have very imperfectly sug-

gested a few things respecting your lamented brother, while, from my own declining health, I am obliged entirely to omit many of his excellencies as a man and an instructor, as a christian and a preacher of the Gospel. The whole is at your entire disposal, with my sincere prayer that your memoirs of your brother may be as useful as was *his life*.

With affectionate respects,

Your brother in the Gospel,

CALEB J. TENNEY.

How is it that my brother, invalid as he always was, came to accomplish so much? The elements to the true answer, have in part been given in different passages of his life. It may here be added, that perhaps one reason is to be found in the very fact that he *was* an invalid. This led him to feel more deeply the importance of improving the strength he had. Often regarding death as very near, and never as at a great distance, he was made to live in view of an opening eternity, and to look on all around him as beings whom he should shortly meet in the other world. This feeling could not, indeed, increase his physical powers; but no more could it fail to call forth the powers he had, and to give point and energy and double solemnity to all his efforts.

It may also be true, that some diseases, or rather the particular location of a malady that would otherwise press as a leaden weight on the whole system, may have rather a happy effect on the clearness and vigor of the mental powers, especially when such location is in the extremities, and is not productive of much pain.

Another cause of his efficiency, is to be found in the useful direction of his energies. He always had some important object to accomplish. Indeed his plans of practical usefulness, were rather too many than too few. To a person who was once lamenting, that he had no prominent object to call forth his powers, my brother replied; "So far am I from being troubled with that evil, that I should be glad to employ ten journeymen on the important objects I wish to accomplish." And not only had he important business always on hand, but he was always engaged in it, at home and abroad, by night



and by day. On the wakeful pillow, and in other portions of time which most persons spend in revery, his thoughts were employed to good purpose—perhaps in prayer, in self-examination, in fixing his acquisitions of knowledge more perfectly in his memory, or in devising something useful. And the care he took to *preserve his good thoughts*, is also deserving of special notice in this connexion. Milton was not more careful to treasure up a poetic idea that might come to him at midnight, nor is the miser more prompt to pocket the guinea he finds in the street, than was my brother to seize any bright thought or project that chanced to flit before his mind, however deeply engaged in other things. And this he would do about as quick as the miser would put the gold in his pocket, by writing some catch-word to the thought, on a scrap of paper, or in a blank book.\*

Nor would he spend his time in *idle reading*, any more than in idle revery. Novels he utterly abjured; and in periodical literature, he indulged but little, and that, with great care in the selection, and principally with reference to religion and the advancement of Christ's kingdom.

Had it not been for his adherence to a judicious system of effort, in these and some other respects before noticed, he could have accomplished but a small part of what it was his privilege and his delight to devise and to effect. The same gracious Providence which protected his frail life, also gave him this practical wisdom. And the same Divine Spirit which called his soul into the kingdom of light, inspired him with that *celestial fervor* which was the *prime fountain* of all his christian usefulness. To that Spirit and that Providence, will it be his eternal delight to ascribe the glory of all he effected while on earth, and all the good which may yet result from his labors.

One word more on the great subject of the millennium, is requisite to a proper view of the special causes of his usefulness. Had it not been for the vivid faith and glowing interest he felt in this grand renovation, his

\* This was a bound volume, of 150 pages, which he had by him in his study, and carried with him in his journeys; and he has left it nearly filled with thoughts, projects, and divers memoranda.

life had been far less happy and far less useful. This interest was early inspired in his bosom; and its fervors increased to his dying hour. And the whole effect was of the most practical kind that can be imagined; while, at the same time, it led him, (unlike the chiliasts of old, and some of later date,) to no *fanciful* schemes for promoting this glorious change. "This subject," says his daughter, in her memoranda of his last days, "from an early stage in his religious course, was a solace in every affliction, and seemed to irradiate every science, every duty, and every place. To promote the glory of Christ in hastening this day, was the ruling passion of his soul, and whatever study or pursuit did not seem adapted to this end, was thrown aside as worse than useless. I have sometimes marvelled, that his mind should be so deeply interested upon a subject to which christians in general pay so little attention. On expressing my surprise to him, at one time, he said, I was amazingly interested when I was about ten years old, in hearing Mr. Spaulding talk of the *grand millennium*; and I have always been interested in it; and it is one of the most astonishing things in the world, that christians should think so little about it. It seems as if *their eyes were holden*."

Before his eye, the millennium stood as the bright vision of a glorious reality; and every event around him, and every act of his own, was viewed in its relation to this consummation. The man of the world is not more steadily bent on the accumulation of fortune, nor the patriot on the deliverance of his suffering country, than was he on contributing his aid, however feeble, to this deliverance of a world from satan's bondage.

For the very purpose of inspiring such views and feelings as these—and such a life as this—were the rich promises given, which crowd the word of God; which fired the hearts of ancient seers; and which will soon fire the hearts of a more blessed generation than has yet existed. When all good men shall thus feel and thus live, the millennium will very soon be. AMEN EVEN SO, COME, LORD JESUS.



## APPENDIX.

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THE following account of our ancestors, was drawn up by my brother, on his dying bed, as already stated in the body of this work. It is placed at the end of the volume, not through any want of respect to a revered ancestry, but from the apprehension, that the extent of these notices might detain most readers too long from the particular subject of the foregoing work. Had my brother lived to execute his own plan, this account would very properly have retained the place he had assigned it.

Two classes of readers may find a special interest in the narratives here subjoined. The first are the numerous descendants of the persons here noticed; the second class are those who delight in the antiquities of our country, and such as are fond of genealogical investigations. For the sake of these classes, if for no others, the facts are deemed worthy of a record in this place. According to my brother's arrangement, they were to constitute a separate and preliminary chapter, which he thus began.

### MY ANCESTORS.

"A son honoreth his father." This duty is to me peculiarly delightful. It is but giving honor to whom honor is due. Most gladly would I reflect back, upon all my known ancestors, as much honor as they have conferred upon me. I have reason to believe, that they were all honored in their day, and some reason to hope, that they are all now rejoicing together in heaven. Some of them were highly distinguished, and are peculiarly deserving of everlasting remembrance. O that I were worthy of such an ancestry. Descent from such characters, should surely be regarded as a substantial privilege—a real blessing. For though we must stand or fall in a great measure according to our own personal conduct, and be judged wholly according to our deeds, in the world to come, yet doubtless the influence of excellent parents and ancestors, is among the most hopeful means of forming us to virtue. They may be considered as a kind of monitors and guardians, to point our way and urge us onward in the course of goodness. Besides, we may hope, if we do not most obstinately and wickedly refuse the boon, that they have laid up a store of prayers and covenant engagements, which will descend in blessings upon our heads. (See Gen. xvii, 7.) Notwithstanding my many and great imperfections, there is no doubt they would have been much greater still, had all these

ancestors been opposite characters. As for me and my house, may God give us grace to walk worthy of our fathers.

*Bulkley and Fiske.* Two of my ancestors were distinguished above the rest. These were Peter Bulkley and John Fiske. They were both delivered from the furnace of England, and brought to this western wilderness, nearly at the same time. They were both wealthy, and benefactors to others; both distinguished ministers of the gospel; founders of churches; fathers of Massachusetts; genuine *puritans*, and among the most distinguished of that illustrious band. They were among my elder and more remote ancestors, being both great-grandfathers to my grandfather Emerson of Holles.

*Peter Bulkley*, the elder of the two pilgrims, was born in England, 1583, being four years older than Winthrop. After receiving a college education, he was twenty-one years a minister in England. At the age of fifty-two, he came to this country. The next year, 1636, he formed the church in Concord, being the twelfth in Massachusetts, and was soon regularly established as their minister. In the year 1637, in connection with Mr. Hooker, he was moderator of the synod of Cambridge, occasioned by the errors of Ann Hutchinson. He was distinguished as a scholar, an author, and a preacher; and perhaps still more, for his ardor and gifts in prayer. Respecting this, tradition has left us an anecdote that is worthy of permanent record. When Concord had arrived at some degree of consideration, it attracted the notice of a neighboring tribe of Indians, who panted for its goods and thirsted for the blood of its inhabitants. Having conspired its destruction, they held a council upon the best time and means of attacking Concord. Several animating speeches were made in favor of the enterprise. At length an old chief arose, and said to this effect: "Brothers, your plan is not good; you cannot take Concord; the great spirit will not suffer it. Don't you know, Bulkley is there, the man of the *big pray!* You can never take Concord." This frustrated their plot and delivered Concord. This deliverance was no doubt in answer to the good man's prayers, though at that time he probably knew nothing of those machinations. He died in 1659, aged 76.

His daughter was married to Joseph Emerson, minister of Mendon. They were the parents of Peter Emerson of Reading, who was the father of Daniel Emerson, minister of Holles, who was the father of Daniel Emerson, my immediate father. Or, to state the whole line more briefly. Peter Bulkley, Elizabeth Bulkley, afterwards Elizabeth Emerson, Peter Emerson, Rev. Daniel Emerson, Dea. Daniel Emerson, Joseph Emerson.\* [See Allen's Biographi-

\* The genealogy of the Bulkley's is traced for a period of about six hundred years; but concerning most of the line, perhaps little if any thing is now known, except their names, which stand in the following order;—Robert Bulkley; William; Robert; Peter; Hugh; *who died in 1450*; Humphrey; William; Thomas; Rev. Edward, D. D.; and Rev. Peter, B. D., the same that is mentioned in the text above, and who came to this country. According to this list, my brother belonged to the fifteenth generation from Robert Bulkley.

Some materials are here afforded to aid the inquisitive in determining the length of a generation of *common men*, with somewhat greater accuracy than from the data generally employed by chronologists, viz. the reigns of princes. The lives of princes are often shorter than they would probably have been in the sober and peaceful walks of common life. Some die by the sword; more, by the dagger



cal Dictionary and Mather's Magnalia, in which will be found many other interesting particulars.]

*John Fiske*, related to me in the same degree with Peter Bulkley, was great-grandfather to my grandfather Rev. Daniel Emerson. His daughter, Elizabeth Fiske, was the first wife of Esq. Brown of Reading. Their daughter, Anna Brown, was the wife of Peter Emerson, and they were the parents of my grandfather, as already mentioned.

Mr. Fiske was born in England in 1601, where he was publicly educated, and became a minister of the gospel. Greatly distinguished for piety, and persecuted for righteousness' sake, he fled to this country in 1637. Coming in the same ship with John Allen, afterwards minister of Dedham, they were accustomed to preach

and by poison; and more still, by sensual indulgence. We may, then, well suppose, that if accurate genealogical tables of men in common life, had been kept as extensively as those of long lines of princes, they would have shown a result in favor of ordinary life, in respect to longevity. And some allowance has in fact sometimes been made, on conjectural grounds of this nature. On these principles, a generation has been commonly computed at thirty years. Let us now glance at the facts presented in the above pedigree, and see how the result agrees with the computation from royal life. The first *date* which we find in this list, is at the death of Hugh, the fifth in the series, which occurred in 1450. From him to Rev. Peter-Bulkley, who died 1659, we have five generations; and, as will be seen by computation, nearly 42 years to a generation. For the subsequent five generations that remain, viz. from the death of Rev. Peter B., 1659, to the death of my brother, 1833, we have 174 years; which gives nearly 35 years to a generation. By this it would seem, that life has grown shorter, in these generations, by seven years. It is, however, possible that, in this period, the line was continued more in the older sons of their respective families, than it was in the former period. This would increase the number of successions in a given period. And as to at least two of the five, they certainly were among the oldest sons, my father being a first son, and my brother a second. It is obvious, too, that early marriages must affect the computation. These are probably more frequent in this country, where the last five generations have lived, than in England, where the means of supporting a family, are not so easily acquired. Thus, for instance, it has happened, from one or both of these causes, that we have only five successions from Joseph E. of Mendon, through the line of my *grandfather*, while there are six successions through that of my *grandmother* E. who was a descendent from the same Joseph. This fact, by the way, affords a presumption that *five* successions in this period, (the number I am using,) is not *too great* for the ordinary fact in this country, however it may be in Europe. It is, however, the prevalent doctrine, that longevity has increased instead of being diminished, in this time.

But be this as it may, let us now take the whole series of the ten generations whose dates we here have, and we shall find the average to be considerably longer than the period commonly assigned to a generation. The whole period is 383 years; which affords 38 years to a generation, instead of only 30, the common period now assigned.—In ancient days, Herodotus allowed three generations to a century, or about 33 years to each generation; while Dionysius of Halicarnassus, reckoned but 27 years to a generation.

Should curiosity now prompt the inquiry, When was Robert B., our first named ancestor, probably born? the question may be answered by computing backward, from 1450, for the first five generations of which we have *no date*. It will probably be right, in this computation, to assume at least as long a period to each succession, as we find in the *second* five generations; for the comparative few who arrive at adult age in a rude state of society, are supposed generally to live longer than those in a more refined state—a principle confirmed by the facts just considered respecting the comparative longevity of the second and third portions. Assuming 42 years, then, as the ratio, it will carry us back to the year 1240, for the date of the death of Robert's father. Allowing him, then, to have been seven years old, at the death of his father, we have the year 1233, for the nativity of Robert B.

I may add, that at this period, family names had just begun to be common, the earliest trace even among the nobility of Germany, being in 1162. He may therefore have been the first of the name. [See Enc. Americana, Art. Genealogy.]

two sermons a day, during the voyage, greatly to the edification and comfort of their seafaring brethren. One of the passengers, being reproved for fishing on the Sabbath, protested, that he did not know that it was the Sabbath; *for*, said he, *they do nothing but pray and preach all the week long*. To some, this may seem like supererogation, or being righteous over much. But by the christian, who well considers the circumstances, it must doubtless be regarded as a bright specimen of puritan piety, and well pleasing to God.

After preaching for some years in Salem, he became minister of the first church in Wenham, about the year 1644. In 1656, he removed to Chelmsford, with the greater part of his church, and became the first minister of that place, which was then new. He there continued, most laborious and faithful in his work, for twenty years, and died at the commencement of 1677. Six years before, he was called to one of his severest afflictions. This, says Cotton Mather, "was the loss of his concordance, I mean, of his godly and worthy consort, who, by her incomparable expertness in the scriptures, had rendered any other concordance of the bible, useless unto his library." [See Allen, and Mather, and also W. Allen's History of Chelmsford.]

*Joseph Emerson.* This man has been already mentioned as the husband of Elizabeth Bulkeley. Of his history, very little is known. There is no doubt, that he came from England, and was perhaps the progenitor of all the Emersons that have since lived in this country. He was minister of Mendon. In a few years, that little settlement was broken up by the Indians. It is probable, that he then removed with his family to Concord, where he died in 1680. Not long after, his bereaved wife removed with her children to Reading, where she was the second wife of Esq. Brown. Her son, Peter Emerson, married Anna Brown, the grand daughter of Mr. Fiske; and these became the parents of D. E., minister of Holles, as already mentioned.

*Samuel Moody of York.* This excellent and singular man was also among my ancestors. He was born in 1676. After being educated at Harvard College, he became minister of York in Maine in 1700. He was distinguished for piety, and zealous, faithful preaching. But, unhappily, he was still more distinguished for singularity of conduct. Some of his posterity have been suspected of inheriting from him this most undesirable leaven which may undoubtedly be regarded both as his calamity and his crime.

He once went into a tavern, and among a number of gamblers found a member of his church. In his indignation, he seized and dragged him out of the house.

In one of his sermons, his doctrine was, "When you know not what to do, you must not do you know not what."

I had the following anecdote from Prof. Sewall of Cambridge, nearly forty years ago. Being invited to go as chaplain, with some of our troops in the expedition against Louisburg, he replied, "I will go with you; we shall succeed in taking it; and I shall cut down the cross there." When about to embark for that enterprise, he seized his axe, and jumping on board exclaimed, *The sword of the Lord and of Gideon*. After the capture of Louisburg, he actually cut down the object of papal worship, as he had foretold.

It is said, that he was exceedingly irritable, and sometimes almost outrageous. Some have thought, however, that he fully atoned for these faults, by the wonderful humility and condescension which he manifested in confessing them, even to children and servants. But would it not have been much better, to have forsaken these sins, so as to leave no occasion to confess them. Were not his singularities and angry passions, lusts of the flesh, that he should have crucified? Had he faithfully done this, as he might have done, he might probably have been as great a christian as Fiske or Bulkley. Is it not too common to excuse the faults of men by saying, "It is their way," when this their way is their folly and their wickedness.

He died 1745, aged 69.

Mr. Moody's daughter Mary became the wife of Joseph Emerson of Malden, and mother of Hannah Emerson, my grandmother, the wife of Rev. D. E. of Holles.

*Joseph Emerson of Malden.* This faithful servant of God was born at Chelmsford. After being educated at Harvard College, he became minister of Malden, in 1721; and died 1767, aged 67. For nearly half a century, he preached on every Sabbath but two. He was son of Edward Emerson, and grandson of Joseph Emerson of Mendon. His wife was Mary, daughter of S. Moody of York. His eldest daughter was Hannah who became the wife of Daniel Emerson, minister of Holles, to whom she was naturally related as cousin's daughter.

Three of Mr. J. Emerson's sons, were ministers, Joseph of Pepperell, William of Concord, and John of Conway. William E. of Boston, who died in 1811, was son of William of Concord.

*Daniel Emerson, minister of Holles, N. H.* There has been frequent occasion to mention him already. He seems to be a kind of central point, from which we may survey the field of genealogy. He was the son of Peter and Anna Emerson, and was born at Reading, now South Reading, May 20, O. S. 1716. In his youth, he was remarkable for his alertness and very fond of the exercise of skating, for which the large and beautiful pond by his father's dwelling, afforded the best opportunity. Tradition relates the extravagant feats of his, of this kind.

He was educated at Harvard college, where he received his first degree in 1739, and where he still continued to reside, for some time, as a graduate, and in the capacity of butler. While at college, he is said to have been fond of the gay pleasures of this life, until his attention was effectually called to religion by the preaching of Whitefield, while on his first tour through New England, in the autumn of 1740. Him he followed from place to place, for several days. His conversion under the preaching of such a man, as we may well suppose, exerted a powerful influence on his subsequent life, and his style of preaching. Example, at that most important crisis in our existence, tells with its utmost power to bless or to blight the budding character of the new convert. Ministers should then so preach, not only as to save their hearers, but also as they would wish those hearers to preach, when themselves shall have gone to heaven.

After becoming a preacher, this follower of Whitefield was ordained in Holles 1743. That place, now so pleasant, was then but

little better than a waste howling wilderness, containing only thirty families. The population, however, rapidly increased, partly in consequence of their having a minister, while almost the whole surrounding region was destitute. Not long after his settlement, his house and large library were consumed by fire. On this as on other occasions, the kindness of his people and his friends abroad, was great.

Perhaps none of my ancestors was more extensively known in his day, or more admired as a preacher. The chief excellences of his preaching, were sound doctrine, deep feeling, and zeal at times almost overwhelming. He was, indeed, a son of thunder, a flaming new light. In some respects, however, his preaching was very imperfect. With scanty study, having little or nothing written, his discourses were apt to be disconnected, scattering, rambling, and sometimes meagre. These deficiencies were no doubt great deductions from the good effects of his preaching. Yet still, it is probable that he was among the most useful men of his age. Being an able counsellor, he was much employed in this work, both far and near.

He was also very frequently abroad, for the purpose of preaching, attending funerals, etc. in neighboring towns during their early destitution. He was, in fact, the bishop of the whole region. His labors were much blessed among his own people, where he witnessed several revivals of religion; and where such revivals have been frequently repeated, down to the present time;—and where, in connection with the revivals, about thirty ministers of the gospel have been raised up; which is probably a larger number than has been afforded by any other place of equal population in this country, with the exception of South Hampton, Ms. The important and responsible duty of selecting and encouraging suitable young men for the sacred work, was early inculcated, and a kind of female education society existed there, near the commencement of this century, if not before.

In the French war, he served as chaplain in the army at Crown Point, in 1755, where he took rank of other chaplains, in those days of royal etiquette, from the trifling circumstance of the family coat of arms, which contained three lions. A brief journal of his during his absence, is still extant. It is said that he was offered a township, in the northern part of New Hampshire, by the governor, in approbation of his services, if he would procure the survey; which he neglected, as it was then doubted whether the land would ever be of much value.

The manner of preaching and the personal appearance of my grandfather, I can recollect. His face had a great resemblance to that of Baxter, who flourished a hundred years before. He was tall though rather slender, at least in old age. His complexion was rather dark. After a ministry of fifty years, he received as his colleague Rev. Eli Smith, and in a great measure ceased from his labors. He died in 1801, aged eighty-five. His last years were peculiarly gratifying to his friends. As he was naturally of a very ardent temperament, and somewhat irritable, it was feared, that he might be uncomfortably peevish and fretful, under the infirmities and pains of extreme old age. But the reverse was found to be remarkably the case. With a happy degree of the lamb-like, dove-



like disposition of the Savior and the Spirit, he languished into life. This spirit of love was doubtless most intimately connected with that spirit of prayer which brightly shone till his dying hour. When reason was too far gone to admit of connected thought in any other form, he would pray with great propriety. While sitting in his great chair, he would frequently inquire, at different times in the day, if it was not time for prayer. On being answered, *yes*, he would pour out his heart in holy devotion, unconscious whether he had any to unite with him or not. Sometimes in prayer, he would mention by name such of his grand-children as he could recollect.

*His wife, Hannah Emerson*, was daughter of Joseph and Mary Emerson of Malden, and grand daughter of Samuel Moody of York, and also of Edward Emerson of Chelmsford. She sustained a character of eminent piety. So I was accustomed to regard her in my tender years. She seemed to me without blemish. Her fair and lovely countenance, at seventy, seemed but the emblem of her fairer mind. About that time, I inquired of my grandfather, if she was not very handsome in her youth. By no means displeased with my impertinence, he replied, "She had a handsome mind," at the same time shaking his head with great energy, according to his custom when deeply interested.

From early life, she was afflicted with deafness, which finally became almost total, in fear of which she would request her friends to pray, that her eye-sight might be preserved.

For several years, she was accustomed to attend the services of the sanctuary, sitting in the pulpit, with the head of her long hearing trumpet a few inches distant from the mouth of the speaker. After she became unable thus to hear, the house of God was too precious to be forsaken. "There," would she often say, "is the place to go for a blessing." With the deepest interest, she would read the psalms and the text. No worshipper appeared more devout than she, and perhaps few were more edified. Sometimes, after her return from meeting, she would inquire for the train of thought in the sermon; and when informed, would then, perhaps, say, "I supposed it was so," or, "I thought it would be *thus*;" and not unfrequently, her "thoughts" were quite appropriate to the text and perhaps constituted as good a sermon for her as the one we were hearing.

After she was unable to hear her husband in their social prayers, she was accustomed to take the lead.

From the imperfection of her hearing, she was very often observed to be praying when she thought herself in secret. So much did she abound in that duty, that she seemed almost literally to comply with the requirement, "Pray without ceasing."

With all her piety, she seemed to have very little hope of herself, and would rarely acknowledge that she thought herself a christian. The grand difficulty with her, was, that she knew nothing of a *change* of heart in herself, while she deeply realized the necessity of being born again, in order to enter the kingdom of heaven. Her father supposed, that she experienced this great change at a time too early for her recollection in maturer years. Once in her life, and probably but once, she was so filled with the love of Christ as to exclaim, "My Redeemer is mine and I will



praise him." She afterwards much regretted, that these words had escaped her lips, lest others should think more highly of her than they ought. She seemed a most remarkable instance of one who feared the Lord, and obeyed the voice of his servants, still walking in darkness. Alas! how much precious comfort did she lose by adopting a defective rule of self-examination. Though every christian has passed from death unto life, yet many who give the most comfortable evidence to others, cannot tell either the time or the circumstances of this spiritual resurrection. But if they can find the true life in them, it is comparatively of little importance to ascertain at what hour of the night they rose from the dead, or whether this blessed change was attended with earthquake, tempest, thunder, or merely a still small voice. It may, indeed, be exceedingly pleasant and profitable, for christians that are able, to declare to one another, what God has done for their souls, both in conviction and conversion, as well as sanctification. But after all, the grand question is not, When, or where, or how, was I converted? but, Do I sincerely love the Lord Jesus Christ? Am I striving to learn and do his commandments? Do I bear the cross after him, from day to day?

Having attained the age of ninety, Mrs. Emerson rested forever, as we trust, from all her doubts and darkness, fears and sorrows.

*Daniel Emerson, Esq.*—the eldest son of Daniel and Hannah Emerson, was born at Holles, Dec. 26, 1746. His means of early education, though inconsiderable, were faithfully improved. In point of natural talent, he was quite respectable. In the course of his life, when sometimes asked *where he had his education*, he was accustomed to reply, *at the plough*; and farmer was a name in which he always gloried. A great multiplicity of other pursuits, however, prevented his making those improvements in agriculture, that he earnestly desired.

He early engaged in the employment of teaching, by which his own education was considerably improved.

He was of the common stature, rather inclining to corpulency; and his countenance and aspect exhibited a happy union of pleasantness and dignity. Sufficiently decided in character and conduct, he was rarely known to speak an unpleasant word. Probably to very few can that sacred passage be more justly applied, "O Daniel, a man greatly beloved!"

At the age of twenty-two, he married Miss Ama Fletcher of Dunstable, Ms. Nearly at the same time, he made a public profession of religion. About the year 1778, he was appointed a deacon in the church at Holles, the duties of which office he continued to discharge, to good acceptance, to the day of his death.

Probably very few men in the common walks of life, have accomplished so much business, with so much integrity and correctness, and so much to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Through a great part of his life, he discharged the various and responsible duties of Deacon, Justice of the Peace, and representative of the town or the county in the legislature of New Hampshire.

His disposition was eminently pacific; and his civil office afforded him frequent opportunities for persuading men "to leave off contention before it was meddled with." Rarely if ever could he be

induced to issue a writ or a warrant, when a spirit of litigation appeared in the applicant. In this way, he did much to check that baleful spirit in the community.

During the revolutionary war, he twice had the command of a company of volunteers, for short periods of service; once at Ticonderoga, in 1776, and once on Rhode Island, in 1778. In the latter company, were six captains, all except himself then voluntarily serving in subordinate capacities;—a circumstance which strongly marks the patriotic enthusiasm of the times. Though he often spoke of the trying scenes of the revolution, with great ardor, yet he always lamented the corrupting influence of the army, and the baleful effects of war in general.

His private and domestic duties were numerous and pressing. He had a family and a large farm to superintend. He was also much engaged in traffic; and, for many years, kept a small store. In addition to all these cares, he cared much for the poor, and did much to relieve them, not so much indeed by direct donation as by "shewing mercy and lending;" assisting them in paying their debts; encouraging them in their business; and furnishing them with useful employment. How often has he made the widow's heart to sing for joy. Having much commercial intercourse with the poor, and hundreds of them being among his debtors, he had it often in his power to oppress them, but surely no person was ever at so great a remove from the disposition. He rarely if ever resorted to the civil law to compel the payment of a debt. Perhaps this lenity was excessive. It doubtless occasioned many losses. Possibly, in some cases, it might encourage iniquity. One man was heard to say, 'I owe such and such debts, that I must try to pay; but my debt to 'squire Emerson, I never intend to pay.' But notwithstanding these losses, 'he was blessed in his basket and in his store'—had bread enough and to spare, which, from time to time, he had the satisfaction to cast upon the waters. Though not rich, he had enough to supply all his necessities, while he lived; and at his death, enough to leave to his surviving kindred. It was the blessing of God upon his honest and honorable enterprizes, and his uncommon industry and economy. So signal and affecting to himself were these temporal blessings, that he was sometimes distressed with the apprehension, lest he should finally be found among those who have their portion in this world.

But what effect upon his happiness had his pressure of business—his multiplicity of perplexing cares? and what effect upon his religion?

Upon his *happiness* the effect seems to have been by no means so unfavorable as we might suppose. Feeling that both body and mind were formed for activity, he delighted to act, "nor blundering split on idleness for ease." No man was more averse to eating the bread of idleness, or living upon the labors of others. Business was the element in which he delighted; and in the midst of perplexity, he seemed gratified with action. He was generally cheerful, and perhaps never gloomy. He would, indeed, sometimes say; "I have so many irons in the fire, that I fear, some of them must burn." But this was not complaining, nor in the manner he uttered it, was it an indication of much unhappiness. If something in his affairs might occasionally suffer, for want of attention, the great

multitude of them generally went on prosperously, under his hand and his eye. This was gratifying, especially to a man who formed his plans, not to gratify the lusts of the flesh, but for doing good.

But there is reason to fear, that the influence of his worldly cares upon his spiritual condition, was highly injurious, especially during a considerable period of middle life. This we might reasonably expect from the deceitfulness of this present evil world. It is indeed true, that in external morality, in attendance upon public worship, etc., he always set an example worthy of imitation. Nay, more than this is true. Sometimes upon the Sabbath, and on special occasions, he seemed to manifest some engagedness in religion; and in times of revival, too, he was known to be greatly excited, and to pour forth his prayers and tears in a most interesting manner. But in general, his religion seemed scarcely more than a lifeless form. He was indeed very scrupulous to attend family prayer, morning and evening. But with rare exceptions, it was cold repetition of nearly the same words. His religious instructions in the family, were almost nothing. He seemed to manifest but little concern for our salvation.\* I do not recollect, that he ever prayed with me alone, or attempted to teach me to pray, or gave me any private exhortation to repent. Perhaps some apology may be found in the consideration, that the religious education of children, imperfect as it now is, was much more imperfect then. My parents seemed to have scarcely any acquaintance with the subject. What a change since the days of Bulkley and Fiske! The religious intercourse of my father abroad, appears to have been very similar to what he practised in the family, far from being seasoned by the salt of grace. Worldly cares produce worldly conversation. His regard, too, for some of the essential doctrines of the gospel, seemed to diminish. His influence in the church was much impaired. How small the amount of good he then performed, how little the heavenly comfort he then enjoyed, compared with what they might have been, if he had dismissed one third of his cares, and fully discharged the duties of his high calling.

When I beheld him thus, I was greatly troubled, and felt pressed in spirit, that I had a great and momentous duty to do to a parent that I highly honored and tenderly loved. I felt, that I must write to him and tell him all my heart upon the subject, in a manner least likely to give displeasure, and use my utmost endeavors for his spiritual improvement. This no doubt I ought to have done. But before I collected resolution to begin this most self-denying work, the Lord prevented my proceeding, by manifestly quickening the graces of his backsliding servant. As he advanced towards old age, about twenty years before his death, a gradual change was

\* What my brother here so frankly acknowledges respecting the imperfections of a dear father, is no doubt *literally* true: and yet I feel it my duty to say that, although 'he manifested but little concern for our salvation,' I have reason to believe that he felt much more than he manifested. One circumstance which long since led me to this comforting conclusion, was the great and *unexpected* joy and gratitude he manifested, at a subsequent period, when one of his younger children expressed a hope of salvation and became a member of the church. This joy was a proof of his previous solicitude; and I then thought that, had he previously manifested his anxiety to this individual, it would have been felt as a powerful means of grace to bring him to earlier repentance. But my father was naturally reserved in respect to his religious feelings and solicitudes, though in this case he had occasionally given private counsels and brief exhortations to piety.

manifest, as happy as it was wonderful. This was particularly visible near the time of the great revival in 1801. It seemed as though he were converted anew. From this period, he was a constant attendant at religious conferences and prayer-meetings, and ever ready to bear his part in conducting them. Previously, his attendance at such meetings was but seldom, and rarely did he consent even to lead in their prayers. He was peculiarly punctual at a weekly prayer-meeting held by a few members of the church in the pastor's study. From this, he was scarcely ever absent till his death; and was frequently the only one present from abroad.

From this period, with increasing ardor and delight did he engage in the various operations of God's people for the spread of the gospel abroad and the promotion of religion at home. He was instrumental in the formation of the Philanthropic Society of Holles, the object of which was the free support of the gospel and of schools in that place; and was the chief contributor to its funds. He was ever ready to aid the cause of missions. To this and other charitable objects, he gave with increasing liberality as he advanced in life. In his later years, when desired by some of his children to rest from his cares and labors, his reply was; 'I am at work, not for you, but for the Lord, and have consecrated all my future earnings to his treasury. It is my pleasure to work, and to work for him.' To this amount, and beyond it, he probably gave to religious charities, for several of the last years of his life. His house was also a home for ministers, and had been so from the days of our grandfather. His interest in the distribution of tracts, was uncommon, being in the habit of procuring and carrying with him for the purpose, small religious publications, long before the formation of the Tract Society. Bibles, too, he often gave away, especially to newly married persons, accompanied with good but brief counsels. He was a member and a director of the New-Hampshire Bible Society, for many years, perhaps from its commencement. He was at great pains in regularly attending the annual meetings of this society; and it was in his last tour, chiefly for this purpose, after the meeting at Portsmouth, in which his holy zeal glowed with peculiar fervor, that his over-excited system was seized with the paralysis, of which he died in a few days. It was kindly ordered in providence, that when this calamity seized him, he was at the house of his brother, Dr. S. Emerson of Kennebunk, who kindly attended him home, and did all which could be done for his comfort and recovery. Though unable to speak, he seemed conscious of his state, and resigned and happy. Thus during his last years, his faith continued to shine with brightening lustre, until it ended as we trust in heaven.

It may be proper here to remark, that in the year 1795, my father was called to the great trial of parting with my worthy and honored mother. This he appeared to bear in a manner becoming a christian. The next year, he married Mrs. Hannah Moshier who had two daughters at that time. Never perhaps, were two families more happily united by a second marriage. She was indeed a person of uncommon excellence. With very small advantages of education, her mind was considerably improved. Without being loquacious, she was an interesting and instructive companion, especially on the great theme of religion, to which her heart seem-



ed deeply and steadily devoted. She understood well her place and her duties. Few could guide the house better. To me, she was all I could expect from an own mother. To my father, she was a help indeed—his joy and comfort in his advancing and declining years. She survived him about ten years.

She was very assiduous and faithful in training up the younger children in the ways of godliness, and often most tenderly urged them to the duty of immediate repentance. Her religious influence on the whole family, was great and happy in all respects.

My father's history in relation to Hopkinsianism, was remarkably singular. His opposition, not to say his prejudice, against that system of doctrines, was great. He labored much to convince others of their incorrectness and injurious tendency; and none more than myself. As I was looking forward to the ministry, he was extremely solicitous to guard me against what he considered so great an error. How much time did we spend in pleasantly discussing the great and knotty points, without making any progress, except, perhaps, to render me more favorably disposed to what he considered the dreadful system. My mind, however, was biassed by the opinion, that Hopkinsians were by far the best christians in the world, as they seemed to me to be much more engaged than others.\* But the great wonder was, that among his seven sons, whom he lived to see ministers of the gospel, three or four of them were found most decided Hopkinsians and the rest, but very little below what he had been accustomed to consider as that bad eminence. This was more strange than that, finally, he should be almost persuaded to become a Hopkinsian himself, even without formal argument.

Here it may be proper to remark, that these seven ministers, were not all his own sons. They were related to him in three ways. Three of them were his own sons; two of them married his daughters; and two of them, Stephen Chapin and Walter Chapin, married his wife's daughters. As he advanced in years, in piety, and in love for his sons, the *dreadfuls* of Hopkinsianism seemed to evaporate.

He died October 20, 1820, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

*My Mother, Ama Emerson.* She was the daughter of Dea. Joseph and Elizabeth Fletcher; and was born at Dunstable, Ms. 1746;—the same year with my father. I have reason to believe, that she was naturally possessed of uncommon delicacy of taste, and superior understanding. Her means of literary education, however, were almost nothing; the whole time that she ever attended school, amounting to a very few weeks. Living in the midst of woods and rudeness, her faculties could not be much unfolded. And yet perhaps few female minds, in that age, were more improved. Her reasonings were sometimes highly acute, and her conclusions re-

\* How often do we see the same impression made on the minds of many, by the young zeal of a new order of men, when first rising in the christian community; especially if such men are essentially right in their views, as well as ardent in their zeal. Such has always been the fact, and such we may expect it always will be, for its foundation seems deeply laid in human nature. It is delightful to participate in the lofty hopes that fire the breasts of such men. We revere their devout heroism, and readily yield them the grateful tribute of our hearts. This tribute may be just; but it is certainly liable to become extravagant.



markably correct. How exceedingly would she have rejoiced, could she have had the literary opportunities that most of our young females now enjoy. Her conversation was one of the greatest advantages of my childhood. A more kind and tender mother, no child ever need to desire. O that my conduct to her had been in any good degree correspondent. From my earliest recollection, she was an invalid to an extreme degree, being scarcely able to superintend her domestic concerns. Rarely did I ever know her do so much, in the way of manual labor, as to sweep a room. Though always feeble, she had enjoyed more health in her earlier days, and was very dexterous with the needle. We hope she was a sincere christian, though by no means forward in christian conversation; and as for christian enterprise for the world at large, she probably never heard of any such thing. She could name no particular day nor year, in which she supposed her heart was renewed, which tended exceedingly to cloud her prospect into the future world. Her conscience was tender and scrupulous to a degree that is rarely witnessed. She seemed wonderfully comforted and delighted, when her two daughters were hopefully brought to embrace the Savior, in the year 1793.

Her sensibility and delicacy of feeling, were extreme. Her sympathy was so acute, that she could not bear to inflict or to witness pain. She had a passion for the cultivation of flowers. When in very feeble health, her nervous system was much impaired, and trivial circumstances would give her trouble or fill her with apprehension. Once, (a circumstance perhaps known to but few even of our family,) she gave the following indication of mental derangement. When she had long been too feeble for the least exposure, my father found her, one morning about the break of day, walking in the pasture and much wet with dew. She very pleasantly observed, that she had been taking a walk; and readily returned to her room. Nothing was ever said to her on the subject; and no evil ensued from the exposure, as is probably the common fact with persons under the exciting influence of derangement.

After she had languished several years, she fell asleep, as we trust, in Jesus, November 22, 1795, aged 49.

*Joseph and Elizabeth Fletcher.* These were the parents of my mother. They were born in Westford, about the year 1712. Her parental name was Underwood. Being united in marriage, they removed to Dunstable, where they were among the first settlers. Though my personal acquaintance with them, was inconsiderable, on account of my youth, particularly with my grandfather, who died when I was about ten years old, I have reason to believe they were among the best pillars of the church and society in that place—that they were highly respected, beloved, and honored, as citizens, neighbors, friends, and christians. My grandfather was deacon of that church; and probably few men, in that day, discharged the duties of that office more faithfully. He lived to acquire a large property in land, and reared a numerous and respectable family; but was able to do scarcely any thing for their literary education. All his children, nine in number, were alive at his death, in 1784; and I believe followed him to the grave, eight of them with their companions.

My grandmother survived her husband about eighteen years, and gave me considerable opportunity to become acquainted with her intellectual, social, and christian character. She was one of the most interesting companions with whom I ever conversed. In the days of my childhood, it seemed as though I could sit forever and hear her tell stories about bears, deers, foxes, Indians, etc., relating to the early history of Dunstable, and to the history of our forefathers. Her kindness and tenderness towards me, were wonderful; and my affection was correspondent. Scarcely ever did I eat, with such a relish, apples, cakes, etc., as those which were conferred upon my childhood by her dear, trembling hand.

A few years before her death, she stated to me, that though she had been exceedingly desirous to dream of her husband, ever since his death, yet she never enjoyed that satisfaction but once. Though such facts are not uncommon, yet who can account for them upon the common principles of the association and suggestion of ideas? The final cause is not so recondite. God seems to have made this arrangement, in his most mysterious providence, to prevent delirium. Should we be intensely thinking of our dear departed friends, by night and by day, year after year, it must be more than we could bear, and the balance of the mind must be lost.

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Other facts might be adduced respecting our ancestors, but perhaps too much space has already been occupied in this manner. Let it, however, be remembered, that this account was prepared, (not for the world at large, much less for the fastidious critic,) but to gratify the laudable curiosity and benefit the hearts of a numerous circle of family connections, and for such other friends as may feel a special interest in the early history of this section of our country, and of the churches so early planted here. It was not conceived in the heart of my brother, on his dying bed, by a spirit of egotism, nor dictated to gratify family pride. The hour was too solemn;—and in the hope of doing good, his soul soon rose above even the *fear* of such a charge.

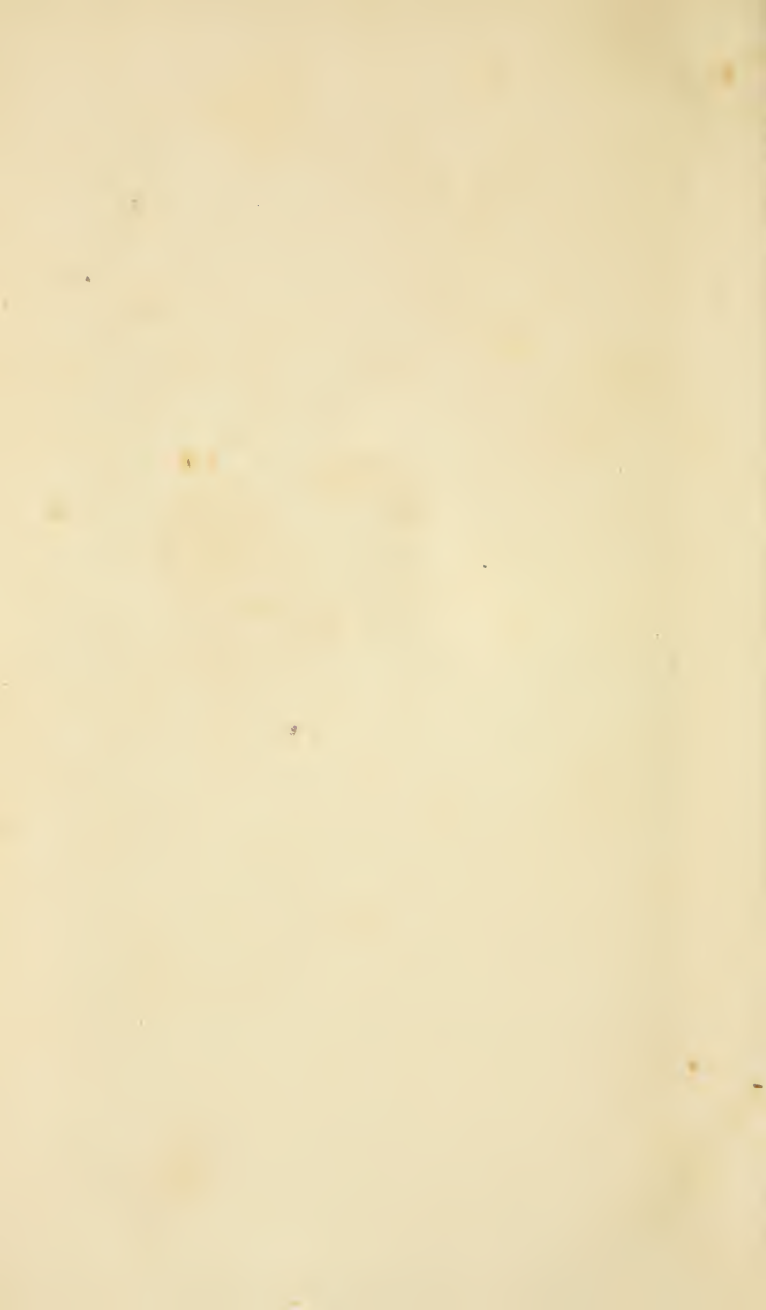
Possessing some means of information which my brother had not at hand, I have here and there taken the liberty to add a fact or to modify a statement, without stopping, in each instance, to trouble the reader with a notice of my separate responsibility for such statements. The notes also are added by me. The same liberty, however, I have not taken with the productions inserted in the body of the foregoing work, where I have endeavored always to indicate to the reader those portions for which I was alone responsible, however short.

















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